THE VALIANT KNIGHTS OF DAGUERRE

Selected Critical Essays on Photography and Profiles of Photographic Pioneers

BY SADAKICHI HARTMANN

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EDITED BY
HARRY W. LAWTON AND GEORGE KNOX

AMONG THE FORERUNNERS of photographic criticism in America none exerted such personal influence on so many photographers as Sadakichi Hartmann (1867–1944), the Japanese-German novelist, dramatist, poet, and art critic. From 1898 until shortly after World War I, Hartmann rampaged through the photographic world, first as Alfred Stieglitz's iconoclastic hatchetman of the Photo-Secession movement, later as an unruly rebel sniping away at his mentor under the pseudonym of Caliban. One of the most prolific photographic critics of all time, Hartmann discovered many of our greatest photographers, championed photography as an art form, and sparked endless controversies about the medium.

Rowdy self-proclaimed genius, rough-house opportunist, a touch of Aretino on the make and Villon laughing at the world, Hartmann reigned in Greenwich Village as the most original and greatest of American Bohemians. Always in the vanguard of his time, Hartmann introduced the symbolist movement to America in the 1890s, invented the psychedelic light show in 1896, wrote haiku and tanka long before the Imagists, and published some of our earliest *avant-garde* magazines.

The forty-six essays in this volume represent many of Hartmann's most influential essays on photography, including a series of semi-biographical sketches focused on individual photographers, revealing their personality and spirit and often providing us with our only knowledge of their aesthetic philosophies and photographic and darkroom techniques. Some of the photographers represented in Hartmann's interviews, such as Zaida Ben-Yûsuf, one of the first women to become notable in American photography, have been almost forgotten. Others, such as Elias Goldensky and Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr., have recently been rediscovered by photo-historians after many years of undeserved neglect. All the photographers captured by Hartmann in these sketches are worthy of recognition for their contributions to photography.

$25.00

THE VALIANT KNIGHTS OF DAGUERRE

This One

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I HAD SEEN them depart on their great mission, those valiant knights of Daguerre, Amfortas–Stieglitz, suffering from acute pictorialitis; Gurnemanz–Keiley, his faithful friend and adviser; Titurel–Steichen, whose pictures were not quite immaculate enough to prove him the best photographer in the world; and young Parsifal–Coburn, who but recently started from Ipswich in quest of the Grail—I had seen them depart, fully armed with kodaks and cameras, on their perilous journey over the Allegheny Mountains to open the Secession Shrine at Pittsburgh, leaving me behind with deep yearnings in my heart. Imagine my ecstatic joy when I received a telegram which read as follows: "The Shrine will be opened tomorrow. Take the next train and join us. Money enclosed. We can not do without you. We need somebody to write us up." So I sharpened my pencil, took my dress-suit out of pawn, packed both into my suit-case which had led a dream-like existence in the garret, as my traveling of late consisted largely of "L" trips in the rush hours, seized it with a grim grip, bade farewell to my wife and offspring, and set forth on my nocturnal pilgrimage.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN, 1902

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J. C. Strauss: Sadakichi Hartmann, 1911, whl-ucr.

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BY SADAKICHI HARTMANN

EDITED BY HARRY W. LAWTON AND GEORGE KNOX
with the collaboration of Wistaria Hartmann Linton

FOREWORD BY THOMAS F. BARROW

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FOREWORD

The forty-six essays in this volume by Sadakichi Hartmann, originally published between 1898 and 1913, are filled with prescient observations on photography by one of its most important critics to date. I am certain they will stimulate further research into Sadakichi Hartmann's almost forgotten contribution to photography's critical literature. Such further investigations will be greatly abetted by the comprehensive Sadakichi Hartmann archive at the University of California, Riverside, which is part of the recently acquired Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection. The essays presented here are an accurate sample of what the archive contains in depth: the writings of a critic of the visual arts that have, many years after their origin, significantly more than a clinical, archaeological interest. Hartmann is an excellent example of an author who can be read with great pleasure while he is informing us about art, the process of making art, and the act of assuming a critical position.[1]

During the last seventy years of photographic history, it has been a continuing question whether the critic is a necessity or a pernicious luxury. It may be hoped that the pieces that appear here will indicate the necessity of critical work like Hartmann's. When any art form is in its youth, an individual who can establish benchmarks for the judgment of quality is invaluable. Hartmann did this and did it well in large part because he *knew* art; not merely the relatively narrow area encompassed by photography (which, with a conviction shared by few of his contemporaries, he truly believed to be an art), but much broader areas that included printmaking, painting, and sculpture. And while one is always aware of his enormous respect for American art, he consistently paid homage to European and Oriental accomplishments. This broad understanding and catholic sensibility were reflected in his 1903 article "On Pictorial and Illustrative Qualities"[2] in which, after an intelligent discourse on the somewhat cloudy boundary between painting and illustration (with reference to Callot, Corot, Alma-Tadema and Gérôme, among others), Hartmann turns the entire discussion specifically to printmaking and photography, stating:

> Illustration and the various black and white processes . . . can express *everything* that happens in actuality or in imaginary worlds with impunity; they have, in regard to choice of subjects, no limitations, although etching, lithographs, etc., that treat an exceptional pictorial moment with painter-like concentration, like Whistler in his etching of a young girl, will always evoke the remark: "What a pity to waste such a motive on a monochrome process." Photography has, as we all know, its mechanical limitations, but aside of these it enjoys the same liberties as the other graphic arts, with the difference perhaps—as it lacks manual spontaneity in its manipulation—that painter-like effects are even more desirable than purely illustrative ones.

Throughout his writing career, Hartmann acknowledged and explored the very real relation-

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ship between photography and printmaking in an informed manner with numerous references to specifics in the history of art. Given the unevenness of photographic criticism at the turn of the century (with the significant exceptions, in addition to Hartmann, of Roland Rood and Charles Caffin), Hartmann's comparative analyses alone would have been important; but he also displayed a special understanding of the unique possibilities inherent in the photographic medium and the divisive problems it would create for the artist. In an 1898 article, Hartmann outlined many of the dichotomies that separate amateur and what he called "artistic photography."

> Since amateur photographers are as plentiful as bicyclists, the more astonishing it seems to me that those men who really produce something artistic can be counted on the fingers of one hand.[3]

In fact, the entire article might serve as a palimpsest for the illumination of the recent attempts to establish the amateur's snapshot as photography's taproot. Strangely, as is the case with many of Hartmann's writings of importance, this article has not been widely read and seems virtually unknown even among photo–historians. In the same article, questions of major aesthetic import are posed, for example "Why does a man photograph?", and answers are given that are still germane to all creative endeavors. Hartmann often seems to have possessed an almost intuitive comprehension of the photographic medium, as in the following observation: "In higher stages photography can reflect all the subtleties of a man's mind; but then it is no longer a pastime, but the strenuous study of a lifetime."[4]

Another way of appraising Hartmann's unique critical quality might be through his idea that "The essential point is that the photograph should be seen *as a photograph* and not be judged by the formalist rules of the other arts."[5] And yet somehow it was precisely those formalist rules that gave him the concepts and vocabulary with which to discuss the images of a process that continues to confound critics.

There are no quick or easy answers as to why Hartmann understood so much so early. There can be no question that his ideas would be as valuable today as at the turn of the century, but he was fortunate in the time that he wrote. He did not suffer from the restraints of any "New Criticism." It was possible and necessary for him to know an artist personally and enter into his life and his working habits. This appears to have been an enormous asset in his creation of the amalgams that inform us so clearly today. Hartmann's intimate manner of working was not without its weaknesses.[6] But when his writings are viewed in anything approaching their totality, they maintain an extraordinarily strong sense of lasting quality in art. This sense was greatly supplemented by the enthusiasm with which Hartmann availed himself of the constantly expanding cultural resources that existed in New York City.[7] His friendship with men of brilliance equal to his own, James G. Huneker for one, also assisted his evolution as a critic. All of the preceding and many, many more aspects of Hartmann's remarkable life (see Editors' Introduction) add to the substantial prophecy of his work. In a more romantic vein, perhaps his German extraction helped make the entire body of his writing, in Goethe's words, "fragments of a great confession."

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Many of the photographs reproduced here have been made from original negatives or by copying images in the collections of the International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House, Rochester, New York; the Art Museum of the University of New Mexico; the photo library department of the Museum of the City of New York; the department of photography, Museum of Modern Art, New York City; the photography, prints, and photographic division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C; the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., and the Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, special collections, Library of the University of California, Riverside. These photographs are indicated, respectively, by the letters IMP-GEH, UNM, MCNY, MOMA, LC, SI, and WHL-UCR. We gratefully acknowledge the assistance of these institutions in making this book possible and for giving us permission to reproduce photographs. Unfortunately, the editors were unable to locate the negatives or original images of some of the photographers represented in this volume—if such works still exist. It was therefore necessary to copy these photographs as faithfully as possible from the reproductions in the original magazine articles. In some instances, we could not secure a satisfactory copy of a photograph from the magazine. Occasionally also, a Hartmann article was published without accompanying illustrations, even though he might refer to specific examples of the photographer's work by title. In the latter two cases, museums were rarely able to find the photographs we desired. We found it necessary to accept substitutes from museum collections or copy other examples of a photographer's work from magazines of his period. This may prove disappointing to a reader intrigued by Hartmann's description of Breese and Eickemeyer's portrait of Yvette Guilbert, "Le Désir," for example, but hopefully some of these missing prints will eventually be discovered now that attention is focused upon them. For assisting us with copying, we wish to express our thanks for the very generous help provided by Herbert Quick, senior photographer, and Thomas Neff, photographer, of the photographic service, University of California, Riverside. They did the best job possible, working with magazines that were frequently brittle with age and stained by users.

The editors also wish to acknowledge the conscientious assistance and major contributions made to research on Sadakichi Hartmann by Michael El-

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derman, formerly a graduate student in the English department, University of California, Riverside, and Brent Sweeney, also a former graduate student in English at the same institution. Mr. Elderman began our bibliographic file on Hartmann while in graduate school, and has continued to maintain it since that time. He is primarily responsible for the thoroughness of the bibliography of Hartmann's photographic writings which appears in this volume. Mr. Sweeney served as a diligent research assistant, ably assisting in the preparation of the notes and an index.

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FOR BEAUMONT NEWHALL

who first charted the territory
and left for the rest of us the discovery of new trails

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EDITORS' INTRODUCTION

You have never had much literary discrimination, but you must have instinctively felt I was the right man of the period.

—SADAKICHI HARTMANN TO ALFRED STIEGLITZ
LETTER OF MARCH 9, 1923

He was admired; he was feared; he was detested. Among the pioneers of photographic criticism in America none exerted such direct personal influence on so many photographers as did Sadakichi Hartmann (1867–1944), the Japanese-German writer and critic. He began his career as a photographic critic by allying himself with Alfred Stieglitz and the cause of artistic photography, but he soon expanded his focus to include all aspects of the medium—artistic, professional, and amateur. Whereas Stieglitz's milieu was New York and the international scene of art photography, Hartmann's encompassed the backwater towns of America—where the ordinary photographer struggled to perfect his craft in the darkroom along the railroad track. A stimulus to talent at every level of photography, Hartmann also served as ambassador for Stieglitz in bringing the photographic revolution to the provinces.

From 1898 until shortly after World War I, Hartmann rampaged uncompromisingly through the photographic world, saying whatever he believed needed to be said, discovering and championing unknown photographers, sparking endless controversies, and serving as an unconventional speaker and outspoken judge at innumerable conventions and exhibitions. Under his own name and the *nom de plume* of Sidney Allan, he published two books and hundreds of essays on all phases of the medium in photographic journals throughout the country, at a time when the Kodak was a new craze and such magazines flourished in almost every large city. Photo-historian Thomas F. Barrow, associate professor of art, University of New Mexico, recently called Hartmann "the last really prolific, sensible, constructive critic" of photography.[1]

Quixotically Bohemian and whimsically cynical, Hartmann was a raffish orphan of the American *fin-de-siècle*. To John Ward Stimson, founder of the New York School of Artist-Artisans, he was "full of force, fire, and fearlessness."[2] Critic Benjamin De Casseres characterized him as "a man who belonged in Cellini's gang or with the rowdy geniuses of the Mermaid Tavern."[3] Usually he affected an aristocratic studiousness in photographic circles—as contrasted to the gypsy-like spontaneity of the Hartmann who frequented the *avant-garde* ateliers of Greenwich Village, where he reigned as self-proclaimed King of Bohemia. Yet his sense of the absurd and his loathing of sham and genteel convention were such that in moments of capriciousness or inebriation Hartmann might turn the most proper gathering into a Marx Brothers' comedy.[4]

Since Hartmann's forthright opinions on all matters concerning art sometimes made enemies, he was not an ideal companion for those intimate luncheons Stieglitz held for many of his colleagues at Holland House in the Prince George Hotel.

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Hartmann resented the fact that Alfred Stieglitz recognized this and often maneuvered to keep him in the background, away from the pleasant social occasions of the Photo-Secessionists. Nonetheless, Stieglitz was one of the few who understood how Hartmann's diverse talents might be best employed, who commanded his full respect if not his full allegiance, and who had the patience to work with the unruly critic for more than a decade, despite several serious breaches in their relationship.

Because of a series of annual lecture tours across country, initiated in 1905 and extending intermittently until his death, Hartmann became better known to the rank and file of photographers outside New York than such outstanding critics as Charles H. Caffin and Roland Rood. He amassed followers in city after city, photographers who eagerly read and discussed his essays and awaited each lecture circuit to show him their latest work. Because Hartmann's sensibilities were wounded easily over trifles—often imagined slights—and he could be abrasively difficult over payment for his work, some photographic magazine editors published him reluctantly, only to satisfy the demand of their readers, men and women who relished being visited in their small-town studios by the cosmopolitan Sidney Allan.

At exhibitions Hartmann was a formidably aggressive judge, striding from picture to picture, denouncing slipshod workmanship with Whistlerian sarcasm that delighted or horrified gallerygoers, praising prints that met his exacting standards, and always tempering even his caustic outbursts with common sense advice. In 1906, a reporter from the *Des Moines Register and Leader* spent a morning trailing Hartmann about as he judged entries at the Iowa State Photographic Convention. To the reporter, Hartmann with his shock of long black hair and flowing cape, followed anxiously by photographers, was a "unique figure." "The photographers worship the ground over which Allan walks," he wrote. "He is harsh and brutal at times in his criticism, but he hits the nail on the head every time."[5]

Hartmann's influential role in the American art and photographic movement that began in the 1890s has generally been ignored or only partly comprehended by modern art historians. He is usually accorded a measure of praise which assumes that his reputation rested on several popular books on art: *Shakespeare in Art* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1901); *A History of American Art* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1902); *Japanese Art* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1903); and *The Whistler Book* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1910). All of these works, except possibly the last, were written hastily against contractual deadlines. The first and third of these works were written in less than a month with little research and a heavy reliance by Hartmann on his almost photographic memory. All were churned out in periods of desperate poverty to stave off creditors. *A History of American Art* has been recognized as a pioneering effort and once was a standard textbook. Despite incisive evaluations of many artists, however, much of the *History* is uneven, partly as a result of the cut-and-paste methods Hartmann employed in assembling the book from his earlier critical articles and reviews in magazines. Of these four volumes, the work on Whistler is the most durable and literate, exploring the affinities between different arts and using its subject as a base from which to examine the sources of artistic inspiration. Hartmann also wrote two instructive manuals for photographers: *Composition in Portraiture* (New York: Edward L. Wilson, 1909); and *Landscape and Figure Composition* (New York: Baker Taylor Company, 1910).

Hartmann's most impressive writing on the visual arts, however, lies buried in the art journals, photographic magazines, and newspapers of the 1890s and early twentieth century. Jerome Mellquist was the first art historian to assert that Hartmann had been a pathfinder, noting that among the "scouts and raiders" engaged in a

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continuous battle to crush prejudice against a native art "none had been more effective than Sadakichi Hartmann."[6] In his *The Emergence of an American Art*, Mellquist provided some sense of the kaleidoscopic range of Hartmann's interests:

> Sometimes he merely darted forward on a swift foray, naming Pictorial Photography as a possible source of stimulation to interior decoration. Again he nimbly sketched Steichen's studio, or memorialized a suicide sculptor, John Donoghue. Still later he cast a strange fragrance as he wept over the death of Whistler in *White Chrysanthemums*. But the main charges of this restless intelligence were elsewhere. As early as 1903, in an essay entitled *The Value of the Apparently Meaningless and Inaccurate*, he unforgettably identified the magazine [*Camera Work*] with an objection to the merely accurate in art. For, said he, "the love of exactitude is the lowest form of pictorial gratification." Thus he had already forecast the fighting lines of a decade later.[7]

More recently, Barbara Rose presented excerpts from two Hartmann essays in her *Readings in American Art Since 1900*, observing that Hartmann and Caffin were "two of the earliest apologists for modernism in America."[8] Hartmann first entered the arena for modernism with articles on new European painters in *The Boston Evening Transcript* in the mid-1890s. He was probably the first American critic to speak of Gauguin, mentioning him in an 1894 essay on French painters.[9] During the early 1890s, he was already corresponding with, or visiting the studios of, members of the future Ash Can School who would launch their revolt in painting in 1908 at the Macbeth Gallery. By the middle of the 1890s, Hartmann was reviewing the works of Robert Henri, Arthur B. Davies, Maurice Prendergast, George Luks, and many other young painters who were scarcely known to the American art world until the Armory Show of 1913.

Art critics usually become more conservative and entrenched as they grow older, but Hartmann's critical arteries failed to harden until the late 1930s.[10] When his contemporary, James Gibbons Huneker, once an apostle of insurgency, charged that the "Younger American Painters" show held at the Photo-Secession Gallery in 1910 was a "revolution that doesn't revolve," it was Hartmann who prophesied that the war cry of the future would be color and "palettes will pour forth a stream so rich and many colored that the death of the art of painting alone could dam it."[11] When almost every American critic joined the onslaught against Max Weber's first comprehensive exhibit in 1911, Hartmann rallied to the painter's defense, perceiving that Weber's work was not so mystifying and that he "merely dissects the human form into geometrical ratios and color patterns and apparently proceeds like a primitive bent upon conquering his own knowledge of visual appearances."[12]

But however sensitive to newer currents, Hartmann was not hypnotized by schools. Impressionism, symbolism, realism, cubism, vorticism, expressionism—all passed Hartmann's scrutiny at various periods, and all he evaluated in terms of the excellence of individual practitioners. For what was any movement really? "As is always the case when painting undergoes a change and is entering upon a new phase of development," he explained, "a score of men, perhaps entirely unconscious of each other's efforts, are bent upon solving the same problem, to unravel the intricacies of a subtler and more convincing method of representation and to find the safest and surest medium to convey this new view of life."[13]

Although Hartmann's ambitions were primarily literary—he was the author of numerous dramas, short stories, poems, and one novel—he earned his livelihood for more than three decades primarily as an art and photographic critic. His critical output was prodigious, but none of Hartmann's most significant essays on either art or photography were collected in book form during his lifetime. His work appeared wherever he could find a market—from the literate monthlies such as *Harper's* and *Forum* to the obscure quarterlies and promotional house organs of commercial firms. Since much of his

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criticism was written on demand, often tailored to a length predetermined by editors, the quality of his production is highly erratic. While Hartmann distinguished between his better essays—such as those which appeared in *Camera Work*—and his blatant hackwork, he was at heart didactic, forever at the mercy of sudden insights which he could not resist affixing like jewels to otherwise jejune material. For this reason even many of his lesser essays on photography contain illuminating ideas.

As a reviewer Hartmann's frequently sarcastic or ironical approach—as when he said he had "seen few men represent Nothing as interestingly" as the pictorialist Joseph T. Keiley—often precipitated feuds with artists and photographers.[14] Still, he had many partisans among them who believed that they profited from even his most acerbic stances. The painter William M. Chase considered Hartmann's art criticism always interesting, and in the domain of composition thought his views were "the sanest and most practical ones I have ever read on the subject."[15] Another painter, E. E. Simmons, once said: "Hartmann may be capricious and malicious, and rather careless at times, but he is, after all, the only critic we have who knows a good picture when he sees it and who is not afraid of expressing his opinion."[16] The critic Roland Rood, in an article he later repudiated, ranked Hartmann as one of the three important factors in the pictorial movement, stating that when Hartmann "lent his pen to the photographic movement he helped it as no other man could."[17] Rood rather extravagantly eulogized Hartmann's achievements in photographic criticism as follows:

> . . . He was the first art critic who realized the possibility of photography being developed into a fine art. His were the first pictorial criticisms in the photographic world. It was Hartmann who first conceived the idea of writing about a photographer as an individuality. What Hamerton did for etchers, Hartmann did for photographers. His first series of [sic] Stieglitz, Käsebier, White, Eickemeyer, Keiley, Day, and Eugene (which latter one Hartmann discovered)[18] gave a new note to the art world, and was imitated in England by Bernard Shaw. If it had not been for Hartmann, many of these and others, too, would never have been heard of, most of them would have been forgotten. He came between these artists and the art loving public, he explained to the public, he gave them courage. Hartmann fought their battles when all other critics passed by, or at best scoffed.[19]

Much of this goes too far and is not really accurate, but then Rood was apparently captivated at the time by the charismatic Sadakichi, who appears, in turn, to have been promoting the younger critic as a protégé.[20] Arguments as to whether there was a place for photography among the fine arts went back almost a half century in Europe, and continental resistance towards its aesthetic merit was fast fading before the turn of the century. In America, J. Wells Champney, Thomas Harrison Cummings, Darius Cobb, and William M. Murray—to name only a few—preceded Hartmann in discussing the aesthetic issue. Other critics also had written articles on photographers in a personal vein, including Ralph Adams Cram, Osborne I. Yellott, and Cummings. Although photographers may have embraced Hartmann as an art critic joining their ranks, he was not a member of the critical establishment of the American art world represented by such academy-sanctioned spokesmen as Kenyon Cox and the arch-conservative Royal Cortissoz. Indeed, from the standpoint of the art academy, his credentials were the shaky ones of the itinerant art scribbler.

Yet in some respects, Rood's evaluation mirrors truth. Hartmann, by exploring the aesthetic problem of photography more doggedly and on a more cerebral level than most of his predecessors, helped give photography a public exposure previously lacking in America. He took the controversy out of the realm of self-defensive quibbling among photographers in their own journals, forcing even painters to think about it, and confronted the American art world with the task of rendering a verdict. In the same way, although he never neglected the technical aspects of the medium in his interviews, Hartmann's essays on individual photographers lifted such sketches above darkroom shoptalk, captured something of the individual

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personality of each photographer, and dignified the solitary worker as artist and craftsman.

When Hartmann briefly turned upon Stieglitz in 1904, assailing him as the dictator of American photography, he wrote one of his blistering attacks under the pen name of "Caliban." The pseudonym was well-considered. Stieglitz, on the island of Manhattan, fighting against the isolation of the American artist, was indeed a Prospero with a magician's touch. Inevitably Hartmann's immense ego chafed under the feeling that he had become the creature of this man he envied and toward whom he nourished an unfamiliar awe. Like Shakespeare's Caliban, he believed that his master relegated him to the background, assigned him menial tasks, "whiles you do keep from me/The rest o' the island." Stieglitz undoubtedly knew or suspected the identity of the hidden sniper—Hartmann's rhetoric was inimitable—yet he was magnanimous when Sadakichi sought to resume their relationship.

As the prophet of an American art (and we will not concern ourselves in this introduction with his role as a photographer), Stieglitz's genius lay in being an emblem of courage for other artists and photographers, inspiring them by his example to keener efforts, bringing their works and those of foreign artists to attention at his '291' gallery, and serving as a translator between the arts. Although he wrote frequently about photography, Stieglitz disliked making value judgments on the work of colleagues. In Hartmann he found a spirited gadfly with the necessary sting, unlike such genteel critics as J. Wells Champney, whose reviews in *Camera Notes* were exercises in amiability and who could not bear to judge exhibitions for fear he might hurt someone's feelings.[21] As one commentator observed: "Stieglitz was in need of a man who could write up his disciples and at the same time criticize them in a manner which he, in the position of their patriarch, could not very well do himself. Hartmann performed this task with great verve."[22]

When Stieglitz resigned from *Camera Notes* and in 1902 launched the most remarkable publication in the history of American art, *Camera Work*, he gave Hartmann a chance to broaden his range of expression. It was then that Hartmann discovered his most authentic voice. His gift was the seeing of aesthetic possibilities where none had been seen before, for analyzing subterranean influences and inter-connections between the arts, and for portraying the lonely fight of individual artists for recognition in a manner with which all artists could identify. Although Shaw, Maeterlinck, Galsworthy, Gertrude Stein, and other illustrious literary names appeared in *Camera Work*, Hartmann, Caffin, Keiley, and De Casseres were the mainstays among contributors during the magazine's fourteen-year span.

Every great magazine has a unique tone, shaped first by the vision of its editor, next communicated to his editorial and art staff, and finally realized best through the few contributors who can perceive and rise to the magazine's aspirations. *Camera Work* was a mixture of photographic and artistic reproductions and literary materials brought together through Stieglitz's exacting craftsmanship into a luxurious marriage of typographic art. Next to Hartmann the most frequent contributors in the magazine's first two pioneering years were Caffin, proofreader Dallett Fuguet, and columnist J. B. Kerfoot. During this formative period Fuguet was the most prolific of the latter three men with twelve pieces, chiefly short verse; Kerfoot indulged in light humor and satire; and Caffin concentrated mostly on distinguished appreciations of work by members of the Photo-Secession. In the first two years alone, however, Hartmann provided twenty contributions, two or more each issue. In these pieces, Sadakichi raged across the arts, kindling sparks and signaling to future contributors that here was an independent journal which did not follow beaten paths. In large measure it was Hartmann—the magazine's most prolific writer throughout its existence—who reconnoitered far afield from purely photographic contributions to give intellectual substance and variety to Stieglitz's most imperishable achievement.

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II.

The photographer B. J. Falk once inscribed a portrait he made of Sadakichi Hartmann with the phrase "To a Beloved Vagabond."[23] Hartmann's tumultuous career can best be described as that of a vagabond among arts and letters, following wherever his myriad interests led him. In his last years, broken in health and drinking heavily, Hartmann often found temporary refuge when he was down-and-out with Los Angeles artist Peter Krasnow and his wife, Rose. Edward Weston lived just down the street from the Krasnows. Weston hadn't seen Hartmann for many years when he encountered him one summer evening in 1928 at the artist's home. Weston was shocked to discover a "sad old ruin . . . paying for a dissipated, malicious life."[24] According to Krasnow, Weston had never liked Hartmann and usually avoided visiting when Sadakichi was present.[25] One night soon afterward, Weston arrived late at a party at the Krasnows and found Hartmann dancing for the guests:

> I had never seen Sadakichi dance, though from time to time I had heard enthusiastic comments.
>
> I add my eulogies. He is a much finer dancer than a writer. His gestures and facial expressions were superb. He knows the dance. No woman dancer could have approached his feelings and understanding. Again the male in art transcends the female—and in a field almost monopolized by females.[26]

Hartmann was then in his sixties. More than forty years had passed since Sadakichi had studied dance in Paris—according to him, under Grille d'Egout. Many who saw Sadakichi's improvisations insist he was one of the great interpretive dancers of all time. The incident recounted by Weston illustrates the peculiar virtuosity of Hartmann, who not only wrote about most of the arts, including an early essay on modern dance,[27] but also attempted to master each art to better understand it.

The multiple facets of Sadakichi were such that he is difficult to approach outside the scope of biography. At the age of twenty-three, he wrote with mock seriousness: "Until now my life has been a romance; it promises to become a spectacular play, in which I shall play alternately the hero, the lover, and the clown, and in the last act I'll die a penitent death."[28] Except for the last act, he played out his script with Rabelaisian gusto. A grab-bag of human extremes, he was both idealistic and cynical, arrogant and obsequious, ruthless and gentle, parsimonious and improvident, deceitful and honest—a man who acted many roles. One of these roles was Sidney Allan—his alter ego as photographic critic—and it is to that role we will primarily confine this introduction.

Carl Sadakichi Hartmann was born in 1867 on the island of Desima in Nagasaki Harbor, then a European trading colony, foreigners still being barred access to the Japanese mainland. His father was a German merchant, Carl Hermann Oskar Hartmann, and his mother, Osada, was Japanese, probably of the servant class. After her sudden death in 1868, the father shipped Sadakichi and an elder brother, Taru, back to Germany, where they were raised by their grandmother in the household of a wealthy, retired Hamburg uncle, Ernst Hartmann.

The uncle was a connoisseur and patron of the arts. His house had an excellent statuary collection; many original paintings hung on the walls, including a fragment of a Veronese; and one bedroom was embellished with large photographs of Venetian scenes.[29] As a child Sadakichi spent many hours leafing through dozens of illustrated books on art from his uncle's library. When his brother and other neighborhood boys played cricket, Sadakichi preferred walking a mile or two to the library or art museum. He was fascinated by the stereopticon shows presented at the Theater Marieux, and he acquired his own magic lantern and gave shows for the household. The uncle expected the boy to be able to discuss both art and the theater with discernment. Years later Sadakichi dedicated his *A History of American Art* (1902) to Ernst Hartmann "whom I have to thank for my first appreciation of art."

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Above. Osada Hartmann, 1867, WHL-UCR.

Top left. Oskar Hartmann, n.d. WHL-UCR.

Left. Sadakichi Hartmann at the age of thirteen, 1880. WHL-UCR.

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When Sadakichi's father returned from overseas and married a widow with two daughters, he placed the boy in a naval academy at Kiel. Sadakichi rebelled, ran away from the academy, and defied his father's attempt to send him back. Infuriated, the elder Hartmann shipped Sadakichi off to Philadelphia in 1882 to live with an aunt and uncle who had immigrated there. Soon after arriving in America, the teen-aged boy drifted away from his relatives to live on his own. In 1883 he worked for a short period for the lithographic firm of Wells & Hope, copying designs on stone; then as a stippler for another lithographic house; and finally as a negative retoucher for a Philadelphia photographer.

For a while, before he decided he lacked sufficient talent, Sadakichi entertained the hope of becoming an artist. At fifteen he took an evening drawing course at Spring Garden Institute, getting up early each morning in his cold garret to practice drawing before going to work. Sometimes he visited the landscape painter Carl Weber to seek advice on his sketches. In an effort to train his memory to be more rigorous, he spent his spare time in Philadelphia bookshops, where under the wary eyes of booksellers he would manage to browse through a hundred or so photographic reproductions of world art by the Soule Photographic Co. before being asked to leave. In this fashion he eventually managed to study most of the firm's fifteen thousand reproductions. He recalled that "even forty years later I was never at a loss to refer to pictures in this or that gallery which it had not been my privilege to enter."[30]

Meanwhile, prompted by an acquaintanceship with Walt Whitman, whom he occasionally visited at the poet's Camden cottage, Hartmann was also embarking on a literary and journalistic career.[31] He began selling free-lance articles—mostly on art, literature, and the theater—to newspapers in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. Between 1885 and 1893 he made four trips to Europe, where he studied the theater and visited major art galleries in London, Copenhagen, Antwerp, Paris, Munich, and Berlin. He was still unsure how he would utilize the self-taught education he was acquiring, nor did he foresee "that for more than a quarter of a century I would be busy as a writer on art."[32] Instead, he viewed himself as something of an esthetic sybarite:

> . . . I wanted to see more and still more and remember what pleased me. The right way to go about it at the start. To fill up holes in the ground for a good foundation in art knowledge, to establish a high level of information advantageous for immediacy of judgement and vision.[33]

In 1892 Hartmann became staff writer for *The Weekly Review* in Boston. The earliest known article on photography which can be attributed to Hartmann is a brief item in the March 11, 1893 issue of that magazine. Since technological innovation interested Hartmann throughout his life, it is difficult to know whether a fascination with invention or a developing interest in photography motivated his report that William Kurtz, the New York photographer, has "lately done some photographic color painting that, when more perfected, threatens to oust Prang and lithography altogether."[34] The article is confined, however, only to a description of Kurtz' process of printing three negatives, each reproducing a still-life object to one of the primary colors.

When Hartmann in 1893 launched his own art and literary magazine in Boston, *The Art Critic*, he traveled up and down New England with a prospectus, taking advance orders from 388 subscribers. The magazine, one of the first *avant-garde* publications in America, with a heavy emphasis on the French Symbolist movement, lasted only four issues. Although it contained many articles on American and European art, photography is not discussed. Among the subscribers, however, were the pioneer theatrical photographer Napoleon Sarony and J. Wells Champney, both a painter and photographer.[35] During that same year Hartmann published his first play, *Christ*, which contained scenes in which the young Jesus was subjected to

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Caricature by Sadakichi Hartmann of himself and Walt Whitman, 1895.

Sadakichi Hartmann as lecturer in Japanese kimona, Boston, 1889.

sexual temptations by the harlot Queen Zenobia.[36] Although the play was fiercely moral in tone, it kicked up a stir in Boston and Hartmann was jailed on obscenity charges. The cost of attorney's fees and a $100 fine forced Hartmann to suspend his magazine.

After the failure of *The Art Critic,* Hartmann moved to New York, where for the next decade he was associated with the staffs of several magazines and wrote free-lance articles for many more. In 1896, he served as art critic for Richard Hovey's unique publication, *The Daily Tatler,* the only daily literary magazine ever published in this country. The magazine lasted thirteen days before the staff collapsed in exhaustion, agreeing it was an unfeasible venture.[37] Hartmann was probably the author of an unsigned editorial in one of the issues on the death of Napoleon Sarony, which noted "he took pride in his photography, and justly felt that he had raised it to the dignity of an art."[38]

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Concerning his earliest involvement in photography, Hartmann himself wrote as follows:

> There was a time, idyllic and serene, in my life when I was ignorant of the existence of such a thing as artistic photography, when I was only acquainted with the mechanical industry of the professional photographer, dignified by the name of portrait. Alas, those days are far remote now. One day I happened to meet Mr. William Murray, at that time one of the pillars of the Society of Amateur Photographers, who presented me with the admission card for some photographic exhibition. I went, and from that day on I have wielded my pen also as a critic of photography as well as of art.[39]

Assuming Hartmann's memory was accurate, his interest in photography probably began shortly before the consolidation of New York's two photographic clubs, the Society of Amateur Photographers and the New York Camera Club, which merged on May 7, 1896 to form the Camera Club of New York.[40] Much of Hartmann's critical writings during the 1890s was for the New York newspapers, where many of his *feuilletons* were printed without by-lines or under pseudonyms. If he was reviewing photographic exhibitions prior to the merger of the two clubs, these articles have yet to be found.

Hartmann's earliest known critical article on photography was published in German in the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* of January 30, 1898 under the title "Art Photography and its Relationship to Painting."[41] In the article Hartmann introduced the work of Alfred Stieglitz to America's German-speaking population. The essay revealed more than a superficial knowledge of the medium and its history, and thus suggests there may have been earlier articles. Noting that most artists considered the camera to be separated from the genius of the artist by a gaping abyss, Hartmann asserted that "one can with complete justification defend its artistic worth."[42]

The article was written soon after Hartmann's first encounter with Alfred Stieglitz at the old quarters of the New York Camera Club on Thirty-Eighth Street. Stieglitz had already taken over the stodgy *Journal of the Camera Club*, and his first issue of the new magazine *Camera Notes*, appearing only a few months earlier in July, 1897, had astounded the photographic world with its quality. Letters of congratulation poured in on Stieglitz. A. Horsley Hinton, editor of England's *The Amateur Photographer*, wrote Stieglitz to say: "Strange we cannot do this sort of thing in England."[43] Even Alfred Dreyfus sent a tribute from Devil's Island: "*Camera Notes* is my only comfort in captivity."[44]

Opposite page top. Cover of *Camera Notes*, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1897.

Opposite page bottom. FRANK EUGENE: Alfred Stieglitz.

Below. GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER: Alfred Stieglitz.

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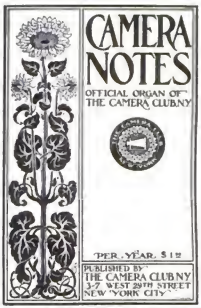

From the moment Sadakichi entered the offices of the Camera Club, where he immediately ran into his old friend William Murray, he sensed an air of vitality and seriousness. He was also impishly amused at the awe in which Stieglitz was held. None of the club members were willing to be interviewed. To every question Hartmann asked, they responded: "Wait till Mr. Stieglitz comes."[45] It reminded Sadakichi of his last visit to Paris in 1892, when mixing with the Symbolist crowd he often heard them speak of a school of poetry known as "Les Poètes Français," only to find on gaining access to this circle that it consisted of one poet, Charles Morice.

> When Mr. Stieglitz appeared on the scene, I was agreeably surprised. I had before me a man of the world of wide culture, very modest withal, but of rare diplomacy, an enthusiast to such a degree that even his voice changes its keynote as soon as he begins to talk of photography. I am not given much to eulogies of one man, but I am a hero worshipper in the truest sense. Any man who asserts himself in a certain vocation of life has my fullest admiration. There may be hundreds of amateur photographers in New York who do their very best to advance the art of Daguerre, but it would be absolutely foolish to deny that artistic photography in America would not have reached its present standard of perfection without Mr. Stieglitz.[46]

Hartmann's meeting with Stieglitz was propitious both for photography and for his own critical career. At the age of thirty, Hartmann was already embittered, haunted by a nagging sense of failure. Although he had been writing on aesthetic problems for more than a decade, the large circulation magazines had for the most part ignored his work and his criticism was scattered in a multitude of *avant-garde* and ephemeral little magazines. As Gorham Munson has pointed out, the major quarterlies of the 1890s were dominated by a clique of preacher-professors who consigned all that was original and vital in criticism to the cloudy limbo of fly-by-night magazines. Concerning Hartmann and two other forgotten critics of the period, Walter Blackburne Harte and Michael Monahan, Munson asserted: "These men should have been the powers

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in criticism of their day, but the times were against them. There were no giant critics to whom they might have allied themselves in a profitable warfare, nor was there any access to an adequate circulation for their thoughts."[47]

Through Stieglitz and the photographic magazines, Hartmann discovered a partisan readership and an outlet for his most seminal ideas on the arts. For more than two decades he threw most of his energy into writing articles for the photographic press. If national fame had eluded him, his alter ego Sidney Allan was at least a celebrity in the photographic world. Not only did the photographic journals provide Hartmann with a steady if slender livelihood, but his contact with their readership and active involvement in the affairs of photographers provided an audience that Sadakichi desperately needed.

Probably at their first meeting Stieglitz realized that here was a colleague who had thought deeply about the problems confronting American art, and who had a gift for analyzing its deepest dilemmas—as when Hartmann wrote of Puritanism as a force gone bad in America, "its tentacles, octopus-like, having entangled our very customs and manners."[48] Art historian Roger P. Hull has pointed out that of all Steiglitz's associates, the "one most similar to him in intellect, imaginativeness, temperament, and ambition undoubtedly was Hartmann."[49] Both men were of German ancestry, aristocratically Teutonic at times, yet committed to the democratic ideals of the new world; both shared a common sense of European cultural traditions and an awareness of the struggle that lay ahead before American art could aspire to parity with that of the Continent; both saw their role as championing and encouraging native artists in a materialistic environment that stifled the well-springs of creativity. Even Hartmann's outrageous Bohemianism probably appealed to a similar side of Stieglitz's nature. He was reasonably tolerant of many of Hartmann's foibles which alienated other members of the Stieglitz circle, seeming to understand that Hartmann saw himself as a latter-day François Villon, who might lift your purse even as he composed a sonnet in your honor.

Indeed, Stieglitz's letters often reveal a certain amusement at Hartmann's audacity and ingenuousness as a rip-off artist. Sadakichi had an endless series of tricks for upping rates on his articles retroactively or demanding payment for essays that mysteriously never reached their editorial destination. He wasn't above selling the same article more than once. (In fact, Stieglitz caught him selling an essay, "White Chrysanthemums," to Elbert Hubbard after it had already appeared in *Camera Work*.)[50] Sometimes Sadakichi sent a flood of telegrams to editors and friends announcing he was stranded in some remote city, unable to pay his hotel bill, a prisoner of management. This stratagem occasionally brought him enough money from concerned acquaintances—including those wise to his ways—for a month or more of high living. Increasingly, as Hartmann grew older, he considered patronage his due, and in his last sick years hundreds of patrons, including Ezra Pound and George Santayana, regularly sent him small contributions.

It may be said in Sadakichi's defense that editors were impressed by his professionalism. He was never at a loss for subject matter, he composed articles rapidly, he usually met deadlines, and he often helped an editor by turning out an article on the spot to fill a hole in the magazine's next issue. He was, as he often said, a "bread and butter critic," that is, a professional as distinguished from the many sporadic contributors to the photographic press. Although he tried desperately to support two families and twelve children (five by Elizabeth Blanche Walsh and seven by Lillian Bonham,) he frequently suffered from severe asthmatic attacks which incapacitated him for months. Thus there were many periods when he actually lived in dire poverty. Stieglitz never permitted himself to be conned by Hartmann, but he usually came through with help when he believed Hartmann's distress to

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F. Holland Day: Portrait of Mrs. H., 1899. (Sadakichi Hartmann's first wife, Elizabeth Blanche Walsh).

Charles L. Peck: Portrait of Lillian Bonham, 1915. (Hartmann's second wife). Collection of Marigold Linton.

be genuine. Even so—as Stieglitz appeared well aware—his associate was incapable of being anyone other than the irrepressible Sadakichi, continually shattering his carefully manufactured image of the more serious and responsible Sidney Allan.

Although the extent to which Stieglitz concerned himself with the literary content of his magazines has been challenged,[51] the lengthy correspondence between Stieglitz and Hartmann fails to substantiate the view that Stieglitz left editorial policy in the hands of associate editors and was primarily interested in pictorial content. While he gave Hartmann considerable latitude in choice of subject matter, Stieglitz could not be maneuvered by Sadakichi into accepting essays on subjects that did not appeal to him. His letters indicate that his was the firm hand in charting the course of both magazines:

> What's that about my giving you an order to write on the New Color Theory, as brought out by color photography, upsetting Goethe's, Newton's, and Chevreuil's theories; or a real critical review of Kandinsky's book? You amuse me. Why should I be interested in anything as serious as that. You do talk like a hayseed.[52]

Hartmann's first major essay on photography and the first of his long series of interviews with photographers, "An Art Critic's Estimate of Alfred Stieglitz," appeared in *The Photographic Times* in June, 1898. Probably Hartmann had already been tapped at this time as a contributor to *Camera*

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TOM HARRIS: Portrait of Sadakichi Hartmann, 1898. The earliest photograph taken of Hartmann by an artistic photographer.

Notes and Stieglitz preferred to see this eulogy to his own work appear in another magazine. *The Photographic Times* then launched a series of Hartmann portraits of individual photographers—Gertrude Käsebier, Frank Eugene, F. Holland Day, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr., among others—which ran for several years, only to be resumed later in other photographic journals. In this first article of the series on Stieglitz, one finds Hartmann setting forth a concept in some ways like Cartier-Bresson's *decisive moment.* That which separates Stieglitz's work from that of most artistic photographers, observes Hartmann, is his ability to select the right moment for his picture, to wait days or even years for it, and it is in the sureness of this instinct that "the photographer can show genius."[53]

In October, 1898 Stieglitz published Hartmann's first contribution to *Camera Notes,* "A Few Reflections on Amateur and Artistic Photography." In that same month Stieglitz called upon Hartmann to cover a photographic exhibition at the National Academy of Design. It was an indifferent show, marked by amateurishness and second-rate submissions—despite some excellent entries by F. Holland Day, Elias Goldensky, and Stieglitz—and it drew forth a devastating critique from Hartmann. The photographs, he noted, made an "adequate backdrop to the asters, grapes, and pumpkins" in the hall. He was particularly impressed by the framing:

> . . . It was a revelation to me. I have never seen an exhibition of photographs so excellently framed as this one. Why the composition of many of these frames and colored mats revealed more temperament, more pictorial quality, and more inventive handling of pure tone and color than many exhibitions of pictures which fate has had in store for me.[54]

Today such trenchant cuteness may appear excessive, but Stieglitz recognized that this was exactly what was demanded at the time, if photographers were to be aroused to strive for higher standards of aesthetic excellence. Only Stieglitz's associate editor Joseph T. Keiley could occasionally match Hartmann's bite, and the two men enlivened

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Camera Notes by taking pot shots at each other. When Hartmann blasted the fuzzy tonality of an impressionistic print by Keiley as "pioneer work that opens up untrodden realms to general traffic,"[55] Keiley praised the misty quality in a print by Day, suggesting that it really ought to appeal to his friend Hartmann, who sought just such effects in his own pastel work.[56] Years later, after Keiley's death in 1914, Hartmann paid homage to him in a letter to Stieglitz:

> And so Keiley has fallen by the wayside, for what is life but a foolish endless pilgrimage! Brave, narrow minded soul that he was, so impossible from the Bohemian point of view and yet so subtle, pure, and appreciative. I wish there were more like him.[57]

As with all the arts he wrote about, Hartmann also sought assiduously to learn the rudiments of photography so that he might better understand its technical requirements. So far as is known he never exhibited any of his work, although one of his short stories, "The Broken Plates," suggests that for a while he nourished an intense ambition to master the art.[58] Although he lacked the requisite talent or drive to become a front-rank photographer himself, Hartmann—as he liked to recall—was the subject of more portraits by notable photographers than any literary figure of his period—a favorite model of hundreds of photographers from Tom Harris in 1898 to Cliff Wesselmann in the 1940s.[59] The unrivaled Steichen portrait delineated a stolid, Teutonic Hartmann, almost a grim academic. J. C. Strauss captured a Mauve Decade dandy, poised with a cane on a six-foot pedestal, proudly surveying the world. Käsebier realized a brooding luminous face, almost on the verge of sainthood. Eickemeyer's rugged, assertive-looking Hartmann in a great coat might well have been a longshoreman. The mobility of Hartmann's features lent themselves to almost any treatment until, as he said, "I was not sure any longer about my looks."[60]

Hartmann wrote under many pseudonyms, including Chrysanthemum, Hogarth, Juvenal, Caliban, and A. Chameleon; but his best known was

ZAIDA BEN-YUSUF: Sidney Allan, 1898.

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Above. B. J. Falk: Sadakichi Hartmann, 1907. WHL-UCR.

Top left. Bessie Buehrmann: Sadakichi Hartmann, 1908. WHL-UCR.

Left. Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.: Sadakichi Hartmann. WHL-UCR.

Opposite page. Gertrude Käsebier: Sadakichi Hartmann, 1910. Collection of Peter C. Bunnell.

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Sidney Allan, used only in his photographic writings. In a letter to Stieglitz in 1899, Hartmann expressed concern that two numbers of *Camera Notes* in succession were filled with his material.[61] Probably Hartmann's use of the pseudonym Sidney Allan was occasioned by Stieglitz and other photographic editors, who frequently used several of his essays in a magazine issue. He soon began employing the pseudonym as a lecturer also, and many newspaper reporters over the years interviewed him under that *nom de plume*, unaware he was Sadakichi Hartmann. As Sidney Allan he delivered his most applauded and reprinted lecture, "A Plea for Good Taste and Common Sense," the keynote address before the Twenty-Fifth Annual Convention of the Photographers' Association of America in August, 1905.[62]

In 1899, seeking a wider audience for the work of Camera Club members, Stieglitz launched a series of public one-man shows of the works of John E. Dumont, Charles I. Berg, Virginia Prall, Gertrude Käsebier, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr., F. Holland Day, Joseph Keiley and others. Hartmann's incisive reviews of many of these shows were ruthless, but tempered always by his effort to examine each work in the light of the artist's intention. In his reviews and portraits of individual photographers, his approach was impressionistic—an attempt to recreate the work in the minds of his readers through literary devices. Although he wrote numerous semi-technical and instructional essays, since such essays were popular with photographers, he was inclined to question their value. He believed that didacticism was permissible only in the highest order of criticism and photography was too young an art to command such a critic. What then was the primary task of the photographic critic? His answer was as

Top. Edward Weston: Sadakichi Hartmann, n.d. WHI-UCR.

Left. J. E. Mock: Sadakichi Hartmann, 1930.

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follows: "The question is simply whether the artist has something to express and expresses it well, and it is the critic's business to tell his own impression frankly, without personal subterfuge, to his readers."[63]

Between 1898 and the turn of the century, the brilliant proselytizing for American photography of *Camera Notes*, the success of two international photographic exhibitions at the Philadelphia Salons of 1898 and 1899 (sponsored by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts), and the excellence of American entries at shows in Munich, Glasgow, and at the prestigious London Photographic Salon of 1898 focused attention both in the United States and abroad on the development of a distinctive American school of pictorial photography. The new school of photography hunted down fresh subject matter instead of time-worn clichés, favored bold highlights and dark shadows, experimented relentlessly with new techniques, and sought to formulate distinctive principles for photography apart from the other visual arts.

Amid a swirl of controversy generated by one of Sadakichi Hartmann's essays, F. Holland Day completed the "invasion" of the Continent in 1900.[64] Early that year Day began putting together a show of his own work and that of other American photographers—Zaida Ben-Yúsuf, Edward Steichen, Yarnall Abbott, Frank Eugene, Joseph Keiley, and others—which he offered to the forthcoming London Photographic Salon. Stieglitz, having reservations about the adequacy of the selections, hung back from supporting the show. The exclusive Linked Ring society, which Stieglitz had joined in 1895, rejected the exhibition for the salon. Day succeeded, however, in obtaining the sponsorship of the Royal Photographic Society and the show opened at Russell Square in October of 1900.

Hartmann's criticism had attracted attention in England as early as 1898, when the conservative *British Journal of Photography* reprinted one of his essays.[65] The journal now swung into a demolishing attack on Day's exhibition, republishing Hartmann's portrait of Day from *The Photographic Times*, which depicted some of the photographer's eccentricities, including his fondness for smoking water pipes and wearing Oriental costumes.[66] From the British point of view, it all smacked of humbug and "the aesthetic craze of 20 years ago." Hartmann had referred to a Day portrait as "plastic psychological synthesis" of the person represented. When the exhibition opened, the British magazine ridiculed it as "Plastic Psychological Synthesis at Russell Square."[67] It rapped Hartmann for "oleaginous admiration" of the new school of American photography, dubbing him "appreciator-in-chief" of the "Cult of the Spoilt Print." The exhibit, argued the journal, upset "all the old-fashioned ideals of the English photographer" and had no redeeming qualities.

> . . . The wordy Hartmann deludes his neurotic dupes that these faked camera images are plastic psychological syntheses, and the authors of the things, at any rate, appear to believe him. . . . The little coterie which calls itself the new school of American photography is so wrapped up with a sense of its own importance that it has clean forgotten such men as Dudley Hoyt, Pirie MacDonald, Strauss, Falk, Bremer, and scores of other masters of American photographic portraiture. . . . But new or old, representative or the reverse, and with all its cleverness, its excellence, and its failures, the Russell-square show will not in the least advance the revealed ambition of Mr. Day and his two or three friends or get photography ranked as an art.[68]

As arguments over the show simmered through the next six numbers of the journal, Day's exhibition steadily attracted crowds and won converts. Frederick H. Evans urged an objective appraisal, free from the "feeble extravagances" of Hartmann's essay, although he later added that Sadakichi had said some "true and critical things" about Day's work.[69] If anything, the controversy generated by the "Plastic Psychological Synthesis" label helped draw attention to the show. The British press was generally enthusiastic, the exhibition moved on to a warm reception in Paris, and the American photographic breakthrough on the Continent had been achieved.

In 1902 Stieglitz resigned as editor of *Camera Notes*. For some time dissatisfaction had been

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building up in the New York Camera Club between two factions: those who viewed the journal as a house organ for the club and its interests, and resented or disagreed with the emphasis on aesthetics; and those who supported Stieglitz's battle for recognition of pictorial photography as a fine art. On February 17, 1902 Stieglitz and his supporters organized the "Photo-Secession," which was formally introduced to the public through an exhibition at the National Arts Club. The parting of Stieglitz from *Camera Notes* was managed amicably between both sides, and Hartmann later summarized the issues involved:

> Photo-Secession! The outsider is generally startled at the name; he does not know the exact meaning of the word nor in what way it is applied to this class of energetic and enthusiastic workers. People wonder what the Secessionists really want, and yet their aim is such a simple one. They want to be artistic, that is all. They want to see their work classed as an art; but this is only a secondary consideration, as recognition can not be forced; it must come by itself. Their first and last aim is to do artistic work.
>
> Why, then, all this mockery, noise, and opposition? Because it is a fight, after all. It is a fight of modern ideas against tradition, or more modestly expressed, a fight for a new technique. I am convinced that the better class of photographers also want to be artistic, not quite as much as the Secessionists, but to their best understanding. The whole trouble is that the two parties can't agree on the mediums of expression. It is a fight about conception, theory, and temperament. And the Secessionists, even if they accomplish nothing but the improvement of the average standard of photographic work, will remain victors, because they are more sincere and are willing to sacrifice everything to reach their end.[70]

Opposition to the new photography was not simply from the professionals, established in their commercial studios and worried that new ideas might overturn the skills they had spent a lifetime acquiring. Any popular conception that painters and sculptors in America were interested in the advance of photography was shown to be misguided by Hartmann in an article, "A Photographic Enquête," in one of the last issues of *Camera Notes*.[71] Taking along a portfolio of prints (containing the work of Steichen, Stieglitz, Day, Käsebier, Eugene, and others), he bearded the artists and sculptors in their studios. D. C. French, the sculptor, was one of the few who was in sympathy with the movement, but even he, turning over the prints in the portfolio, said: "No wonder that these men do such good work. I understand they are nearly all men of leisure, who photograph for a pastime." Most of the other artists interviewed—William M. Chase, Frederick S. Church, Childe Hassam, George de Forest Brush, D. W. Tryon, and Thomas W. Dewing—either argued hotly that photography was not an art or attributed every artistic effect to the mechanism of the camera or an accident. If the tide had turned in Europe, it was clear that the fight for pictorial photography was far from won in America.

When Stieglitz launched publication of his independent journal, *Camera Work*, in January, 1903, Hartmann was asked in advance to write for the magazine and he was listed as a supporter in an editorial in the first issue.[72] Hartmann was most active as a contributor during the magazine's first two years, when he also served as an ardent publicist of the Photo-Secession by writing articles on the movement for other magazines. Intermittently, his relationship became cool with Stieglitz and he ceased writing for the journal. When Stieglitz began to heavily feature other visual arts in 1910, however, Hartmann demonstrated renewed enthusiasm with eighteen contributions over a two-year span. Despite some lulls as a contributor, Hartmann was the magazine's most prolific writer, and forty-two essays and poems, both signed and unsigned, can be attributed to him.[73] Roger Hull, summing up Hartmann's accomplishments for *Camera Work*, was particularly struck by his prescience:[74]

> Hartmann's contribution to the intellectual tone of *Camera Work* was substantial. His proclamation of 1903 that "accuracy is the bane of art,"[75] in conflict with the entrenched realism of the American school, forecast the revelations of the European entries in the Armory Show of

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1913 and anticipated a style of painting (emphasizing the beauty of the brushstroke, however random, and other apparently accidental effects) which emerged fully in this country only in the 1950s with Abstract Expressionism. On Cubism, Hartmann alone among critics understood and intelligently discussed the movement's analytical orientation, its geometric underpinnings, and its relationship to primitive art.[76] He wrote the only discussion in *Camera-Work* of the motion picture, predicting films with color and sound and the use of motion pictures as a "home amusement" and as "home portraiture."[77] He alone dealt with the aesthetic possibilities of the skeletal frame then beginning to supersede the bearing wall construction of New York's tall buildings and urged readers to study the alley-side of skyscrapers for the unadorned aesthetic of the future.[78] With Louis Sullivan, he was prophetic of the distilled style of Mies van der Rohe and, in the visual arts, Mondrian.

In the first two years of *Camera Work*, the Photo-Secession made up of forty-seven members from many different areas, consolidated its position under Stieglitz's leadership as the stronghold of the pictorial movement in America. It developed rigorous rules concerning exhibitions and permitted only the finest photographs of its members to be shown. Hartmann appeared to be at the center of things, covering many activities of the Photo-Secession, including the important show held at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh in February, 1904, which he praised as in advance of all its predecessors and hailed as eclipsing the Chicago and Philadelphia Salons of 1898–1901.[79] He attended monthly dinners of the Photo-Secession and at the February, 1904 banquet at Mouquin's restaurant delivered a much-applauded satirical sketch. In the medieval role of "Klingsor the Magician," scribe of the movement, he dubbed the Pittsburgh show the "Secession Shrine" and described the quest of the "valiant knights of Daguerre" in pursuit of the Grail.[80]

In the midst of the ascendancy of the Photo-Secession, Hartmann seems to have been playing an underhanded game, however, which went beyond any obligation of an objective critic to keep himself informed on everything going on in the photographic world. At this late date it is difficult to evaluate how deeply Hartmann was involved in the intrigues of rival photographic groups that were preparing to challenge the Photo-Secession, to what extent he instigated their efforts, and whether his motives were solely revengeful. He had always been his own man and Stieglitz respected Sadakichi's independence and his impartiality in giving credit wherever it was due. In the case of the American Photographic Salon of 1904, however, Hartmann's role was clearly not that of an observer and must have entailed duplicity in his dealings with the Secessionists.

Stieglitz had been planning to organize a governing body for all of the national pictorial groups, which would include the Photo-Secession and encompass ties with The Linked Ring in England. He also envisioned a large international exhibition of pictorial photography to be held in New York in 1905. None of this came about. Instead, a rival group of pictorialists—the Salon Club of America, which had been quietly organized in December, 1903, led by Curtis Bell, a professional photographer only recently arrived in New York—stole a march on the Photo-Secession and announced plans for the first "American Photographic Salon" in New York to be held in December, 1904. The photographic press was filled with the attacks of Bell and his supporters on Stieglitz, whom they charged with trying to dictate the future of pictorial photography. Hartmann's stance was to appear neutral and aloof:

> It nevertheless sounds like an open revolt. And there may be opposition! A duel between Messrs Alfred Stieglitz and Curtis Bell would prove indeed a great attraction. There are none upon whose swordsmanship I trust more surely upon than that of these two gentlemen. It will stir up the stagnant waters of pictorial photography—they surely need it—and make us all more happy at the end.[81]

Hartmann was not a disinterested observer, however. Sometime in 1904 he had begun to detect what he believed to be a waning enthusiasm for his company on the part of Stieglitz. This he

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J. C. Strauss: Portrait of Curtis Bell, Chairman of the Salon Club.

partly attributed to the return of Steichen from Europe and his increasingly active role in the Photo-Secession. Steichen, he was convinced, had never liked him. In addition, Hartmann appears to have been jealous of Roland Rood, the young critic who was capturing more and more of Stieglitz's attention, and who he believed was aspiring to the press-agentry of the Secession.

All of Sadakichi's resentment poured out in a letter he wrote to Stieglitz on September 2, 1904, announcing that he had "wheeled over to the other side."[82] No one, he insisted, had ever treated a loyal worker "so shabbily" and he had "simply got tired of your dictatorship." He was furious that Stieglitz had invited him to a luncheon and then shown a preference for the company of Steichen and Rood. He was angry that he had not been invited to a banquet honoring A. Horsley Hinton and that invitations had suddenly ceased to the monthly Photo-Secession dinners, which he charged was the result of objections raised against him by Steichen and Käsebier. Finally, he had asked for a $1 advance on an article and Stieglitz had humiliated him by "shouting all over the place that you were not my banker in the presence of Keiley and several other gentlemen." He ended this diatribe on a gracious note: "As far as your own work is concerned nevertheless always sincerely yours . . ." He was now openly committed to Curtis Bell and the Salon Club crowd. Caliban had found new lords and would help them seize the island from Prospero.

The charges of indifference on the part of Stieglitz are difficult to substantiate. In the first place, Hartmann was at the time being given more space in *Camera Work* than any other contributor. Secondly, Stieglitz's responsibilities had grown, and he may not have been able to spend much time assuaging his Bohemian colleague's easily ruffled sensibilities. Furthermore, since Stieglitz was also a master of preventing friction between co-workers, he probably deemed it necessary to keep Hartmann and some of his associates at bay.

On the other hand, Stieglitz may have become perceptibly cooler to Hartmann in 1904 as a result of the critic's own activities. Hartmann's was not the straightforward position of undeviating loyalty which he professed in his September letter. For some time he had been involved in the counter-attack that was building against the Photo-Secession. In June of the same year, Hartmann had drafted and personally signed the letters which the Salon Club sent to German and Austrian exhibitors inviting them to participate in the American Photographic Salon.[83]

That rumors of Hartmann's association with Curtis Bell and the Salon Club had reached Stieglitz is indicated by an undated letter from Keiley to Stieglitz in which he reported that the "Hartmann-

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Bell-Rood situation is most interesting" and that Rood had become pitted against Hartmann and Bell.[84] More damaging, however, is the fact that Hartmann was the author of several attacks against the Photo-Secession, written under the pseudonyms of Caliban and Juvenal, which began appearing in various photography magazines that fall and winter. One of these essays, "Little Tin Gods on Wheels," appeared in the September issue of *The Photo-Beacon*, which means Hartmann had written and submitted it prior to notifying Stieglitz that he was joining the other camp.[85] An eloquent piece of satirical invective, it charged the Secessionists with being a small clique who excluded the work of all who were "not *tony* enough to be expounded in the pages of the gray magazine . . . "

The first American Photographic Salon was held in December, and most of the critics found the exhibition of mediocre quality. Although the Secession had refused to have anything to do with the Salon, Stieglitz showed his impartiality with a diligent and fair review in *Camera Work*.[86] For a while, the Salon Club was dominant in photographic affairs in New York, but gradually it fell apart. One outgrowth of the feud, however, was that Steichen persuaded Stieglitz that the Photo-Secession needed its own gallery for exhibitions. As a result, two rooms adjoining Steichen's studio at 291 Fifth Avenue were leased, and on November 24, 1905 a new era in American art and photography was inaugurated with the opening of the "Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession." Through exhibitions of the most advanced art of the period, the "291" galleries, as they were known, were to effect a revolution in American art attitudes.

Meanwhile, Hartmann concentrated on writing for other photographic journals and assisted Charles Caffin with art reviews for the "Studio Talk" column in *International Studio*. He was in widespread demand as a lecturer on art and photography, and in 1905 began his first of a series of annual lecture tours. In that year alone, he spoke before the Ohio-Michigan Photographers' Convention, the Photographic Association of Wisconsin, the Photographers' Association of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, and at the annual convention of the Photographers' Association of America.[87] Through such lecture tours, he gradually became familiar with all of the major studios and haunts of photographers in America. In St. Louis he spent many convivial evenings with J. C. Strauss and his gang of Bohemian friends in the "Growlery" underneath the photographer's studio. He hung out at the Saturday night assemblages of photographers in the Cafe Thorndike in Boston, listening to the Armenian John Garo argue pictorial problems with Morris Burke Parkinson and Henry Havelock Pierce until the night turned grey. In San Francisco, he was accustomed to staying with Francis Bruguière, always eager to hear about Stieglitz.[88] As a speaker before camera clubs and conventions, he occasionally discussed art photography, but in general his topics were practical ones relating to the day-to-day problems of professional photographers. In 1912 he became the first critic ever engaged by the Photographers' Association of America to be available to members for three days at their annual convention for private criticism.[89]

Three years elapsed before Hartmann in his own words "swallowed my pride" and wrote to Stieglitz, begging him to forget what had happened. He did not apologize—he could not—but in a letter written on August 22, 1908, which he urged Stieglitz to destroy, he spoke of financial hardship and pleaded with Stieglitz to "lend a helping hand for old time's sake."[90] Stieglitz was generous, the breach was healed, and once more Hartmann embarked on a productive period of writing for *Camera Work*. Possibly his relationship with Stieglitz was reestablished on a sounder footing, since Hartmann was now aware he would never be a dominant force in the Photo-Secession inner circle. He could even joke with Stieglitz about it:

> The people that still object to my presence should be poisoned. What a chance you miss. Your Holland luncheons could so easily gain genuine and lasting fame by being a little more like the banquets of Heliogabalus or a Borgia.[91]

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Above. J. C. Strauss: Strauss and Hartmann, 1905. (Note bulb release being held by Strauss). WH,-UCR.

Opposite page top. J. C. Strauss: In the Court, Strauss Studio. Upper row, reading from left to right: Henry Havelock Pierce, Boston; Lewis Godlove, St. Louis; William Crooke, Edinburgh; Judge M. N. Sale, St. Louis; Fred J. Feldman, El Paso; Lower row, reading from left to right: Frank A. Rinehart, Omaha; H. Walter Barnett, London; Frank Scott Clark, Detroit; A. J. Fox, St. Louis; E. E. Doty, Battle Creek; E. Swarzwald, Berlin.

Opposite page bottom. Hubert Studio: Hartmann surrounded by members of Buffalo Section No. 6 of the Professional Photographers' Society of New York, after giving a lecture at the studio of Hubert Brothers on West Ferry Street, Buffalo.

Hartmann's last essays in *Camera Work* appeared in 1912, one of which was his prophetic pioneer article, "The Esthetic Significance of the Motion Picture." Although he continued submitting manuscripts, none of them proved quite suitable to Stieglitz; perhaps because Hartmann, having moved in 1911 to East Aurora, New York, was no longer in regular contact with Stieglitz and the direction of his thinking. Yet the two men kept in touch, possibly because Stieglitz felt that Hartmann as much as anyone continued to understand his aims. In December, 1911 he wrote to Hartmann:

> . . . Since you left a year ago I have undoubtedly had the most remarkable year in my career. Beginning with the Albright Art Gallery show it has been one crescendo culminating with a most remarkable three weeks spent in Paris. There I have had long most interesting sessions with or at Picasso, Matisse, Rodin, Gordon Craig, Vollard, Bernheim's, Pellerin's; finally winding it up with two days at the Louvre which in reality I saw for the first time. Then too I saw the various Salons beginning with the old one, then the Champs de Mars and the Salon des Independents, finally the Salon d'Automne. All this I did in the company of De Zayas or Steichen or both. De Zayas has developed remarkably and is a big fellow. Steichen too is growing fast. What a pity you couldn't have been with us . . .[92]

There were years of triumph for Stieglitz, followed by years of discouragement. At times Stieglitz wearied of the effort. Subscriptions to *Camera Work* dwindled. Photographers became increasingly indifferent to the emphasis given to modern art and literary experimentation in the magazine. The goal of making a nation receptive to modern art often seemed as far away as ever. This Hartmann could respond to with sympathetic encouragement, as in a letter of October, 1912:

> . . . The largest part of your work is done. And it has done its work. It has been beautiful, unselfish, and it will remain so to all who appreciate beauty. A year more or less will not add considerably to its merits. And yet—there is the trouble—art hungry men like you must always do something. Well, there are other ways. I know that you will never give up the fight . . .[93]

After 1912 Hartmann published few essays of a

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serious critical nature on either photography or art. Although he remained astonishingly productive until 1919, his photographic writing was mostly journalistic—popular articles appealing to the professional or amateur, tips on how to arrange bridal dresses, advice on photographing domestic pets or guiding a sitter toward a natural expression, and series articles in which he analyzed the "good points" of prints submitted by photographers. To a whole new generation of photographers, Hartmann became better known for his expertise as a teacher than for his earlier role in championing the pictorial movement. Eventually it all bored him. He stopped writing for the photographic journals.

In 1923 Hartmann moved to southern California, where he cultivated the Hollywood motion-picture crowd. Between 1925 and 1931 he was Hollywood correspondent for an English theatrical magazine, *The Curtain*, reviewing films and describing Hollywood mores. He wrote the first motion picture script of *Don Quixote*, but was unable to find a producer. Douglas Fairbanks, fascinated by Hartmann's face, cast him in the brief role of the Court Magician in *The Thief of Bagdad* (1923). Although Sadakichi's acting was much acclaimed, his irresponsibility and unstable health during the filming of Fairbanks' classic made directors reluctant to take a chance on him for other roles.[94] His drinking became excessive, and he continued to act out a Bohemian charade that had now become *passé*. To many who met him in that period he appeared to be a grotesque caricature of the artist *manqué*—a fierce old man who told unbelievable stories of hobnobbing with Walt Whitman and bumming around Paris with Verlaine—in short, a charlatan.

In his last years he found refuge in a one-room shack which he built on the Morongo Indian Reservation, near Banning, California, adjoining

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Above. JOHN DECKER: Sketch of Sadakichi Hartmann. WHI-UCR.

Top right. Hartmann with John Barrymore in Hollywood.

Right. "Opus to Sadakichi," by American cubist BEN BERLIN, 1934. Given by Berlin to Phillips Gallery, 1939. WHI-UCR.

Opposite page. Hartmann as Court Magician in *The Thief of Bagdad*, 1923.

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WISTARIA HARTMANN LINTON: Hartmann outside his Catclaw Siding shack on Morongo Indian Reservation, 1943.

the home of his daughter, Wistaria Hartmann Linton, who was married to a Cahuilla Indian cattle rancher. From the reservation he made frequent sorties to Hollywood, where he had become a drinking companion of the John Barrymore crowd, a group that met often in the studio of artist John Decker on Bundy Drive. Amid these cronies, brushing aside the skeptical quips of W. C. Fields, he displayed his mordant wit and cynical humor.

Occasionally, there was a letter from Stieglitz who, with some of his greatest photographic achievements still lying ahead, felt that his own career was also fading, yet, as he said, "Always fighting for photography—the same old fight."[95] Then, in one of his last letters, dated November 22, 1930, Stieglitz described the finality with which he relinquished the past.

> . . . A year ago in Lake George I burnt up negatives, prints, over 1000 copies of *Camera Work*, including a complete set—nearly a library of books—just to get rid of things. It was a great sight watching all these things disappear into the starlit night. I'm still in the ring—ever the damned Fool but alive.[96]

Hartmann, who had burned many bridges, as Roger Hull noted, could savor such a dramatic gesture.[97] "So you have turned into an Omar burning things . . . ," he responded. "Are you now tired of living among corpses? You and I are at least alive—and what did old Lake George think of that particular bonfire!"[98]

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III.

Sadakichi Hartmann made his way across the continent by bus in November, 1944 to the home of a daughter, Atma Dorothea Gilliland, in St. Petersburg, Florida. He was seventy-seven years old and in a race against time—determined to gather material he had left with his daughter so he could complete a long-abandoned biography.[98] He died suddenly a few hours after arriving in St. Petersburg.

Behind him in a battered old trunk in his shack on the Morongo Indian Reservation, Hartmann left a portion of the manuscript for this book—several critical essays on photography and a series of semi-biographical profiles of individual photographers clipped from *Wilson's Photographic Magazine*, page-numbered in his own hand in the order he wanted them to appear. The essential plan of Hartmann's projected book was clear. When Hartmann put this manuscript together we don't know, but the dates of some of the essays suggest it was probably toward the end of his career as a photographic critic and maybe later than 1915. None of his early essays on photography were included (perhaps he had lost them in his wanderings), and there was little sense of historical continuity in the selection of critical essays. The manuscript suffered from an over-emphasis on the work of members of the Salon Club and inclusion of profiles of purely commercial photographers whose work has left little impress on the history of photography.

As editors we have not followed Hartmann's original outline, nor do we believe that he would have done so if he had had access to all of his writings on photography. The forty-six essays presented in this volume—many of which were in the Hartmann manuscript—were chosen only after we had reviewed all of Hartmann's available essays on photography. We began research for this book under the illusion that it would be a simple anthology to bring together, not knowing that Hartmann's boast of having written enough on photography to "wallpaper a palace" would be confirmed by bibliographic research.[100] Wistaria Hartmann Linton's faith in her father's statement—and her childhood memories of his productivity—impelled us to expand the search beyond the boundaries of the photographic press and thus make many discoveries that would have otherwise been overlooked.

The first section of this book consists of nineteen critical essays on photography, followed by a second section containing twenty-seven portraits of individual photographers. Both sections present the essays in chronological order by year of publication. This arrangement was chosen to provide the reader with a sense of the historial progression of artistic photography between 1898 and 1915, an awareness of the conflicts that developed between rival groups such as the Photo-Secession and the Salon Club, and some idea of the evolution of Hartmann's own ideas on photography. Although Hartmann wrote on all aspects of photography, we have confined our selections mostly to essays dealing with artistic photography. While a few important commercial photographers who made contributions to artistic photography are included in the second section, the focus of the volume is on the work of the members of the Photo-Secession and other pictorialist photographers.

A few selections may appear curious to our readers, who will wonder why some essays of indifferent quality are presented at the expense of more impressive or influential pieces such as "A Few Reflections on Amateur and Artistic Photography" (1898) or "A Plea for Good Taste and Common Sense" (1905).[101] The latter two essays, significant as they were in their time, however, contain much that would be redundant in terms of other selections. Sometimes we chose an essay of lesser quality because it added to the historical continuity—such as the essay on the Salon Club—or contained data that has been generally neglected by photo-historians. One of our aims was to stimulate inquiry into areas that have been bypassed by

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photographic scholars. The Salon Club, for example, dominated artistic photography in America for several years before fading into obscurity, yet there has been little effort by archivists to secure examples of the photographic work of its members for museum collections.

In focusing only on photography, we were forced to exclude many of Hartmann's very finest essays—essays that are far more polished than most of his photographic writings. Hartmann gave more attention to literary style in his art essays than in his photographic writings, a notable example being his essay on Manet, "The Fight for Recognition."[102] Many of his best art essays—as noted earlier—appeared in *Camera Work* and other photographic publications, where they were read with equal interest by artists and photographers. His much-cited essay "The Flat-Iron Building—An Esthetical Dissertation" (1903),[103] for example, while concerned with American architecture, undoubtedly had an impact on photography. Such essays deserve an eventual volume of their own. So far we have developed only a rudimentary bibliography of Hartmann's essays on art, which may finally turn out to be more extensive than his photographic writings. The few art essays presented in this volume—such as the review of Marsden Hartley's paintings—were chosen because they also contain reflections on photography.

The second section of the book will prove of particular interest to photographers as well as students of photo-history. These essays provide an outstanding historical record of what it meant to be a photographer in those formative years between the turn of the century and World War I, when the language of the medium was continually being enlarged through the exploration of the camera's aesthetic possibilities and limitations. Some of the photographers depicted here, such as Zaida Ben-Yúsuf, one of the first women to become notable in American photography, have been almost forgotten. Edward S. Curtis, profiled in a brief essay, has emerged as the great photographer of the American Indian, while the more realistic Frederick Monsen, who did not idealize his subject matter, is unknown today. A number of photographers, such as Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr. and Elias Goldensky, have only recently been rescued from obscurity after many years of undeserved neglect.

Art criticism to Hartmann was "nothing but a peculiar mania for searching in every expression of art, and life as well, for its most individual, perhaps innermost, essence."[104] Since he believed art was largely a matter of individual temperament, Hartmann was fascinated by those qualities which differentiated the genius or talented man and woman from the multitude. In 1898, he set out to capture everyone he considered of importance in photography—to produce in a series of portraits a documentary record that would "reflect the character" of his subjects. Eventually, such a project proved impossible; there were too many converts every year to the ranks of artistic photography. Yet despite some notable omissions, such as Helmar Lerski and Edward Weston, whose works he reviewed but whom he never got around to depicting in character sketches, Hartmann was astonishingly successful. In some cases he provides almost the only knowledge we have of the personality, aspirations, and working habits of a particular craftsman.

In all, Hartmann wrote approximately fifty-five sketches of photographers, which were published between 1898 and 1916 in *Wilson's, The Photographic Times, Photo-Era, Camera Notes, Camera Work, The Camera,* and the *Photographic Journal of America.* The problem of selection posed many difficulties. In a number of instances, Hartmann wrote several sketches on a single photographer, each of which had merits. As a skillfully sustained mood piece, for example, an appreciation of John H. Garo, which Hartmann published in 1914, is far superior in literary style to the 1906 essay chosen for this volume.[105] Nevertheless, the former essay tells us less about Garo's background, his attitude toward his craft, and his working methods than the article selected for inclusion. Because this volume

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is intended primarily for photographers and students of photographic history, rather than readers of literature, the decision was made to select those essays richest in factual information.

Minor editing changes have been made in preparing the book for publication. Occasional typographical errors or misspellings in the original articles have been corrected. As an emigrant to America, Hartmann in his early years often had trouble with syntax. His photographic essays—often written rapidly—show less concern with syntax than his art essays. We have therefore sometimes taken the liberty of modifying infelicities in the service of readability: the misuse of prepositions, the entanglement of punctuation where confusing, and an occasional change in the paragraph structure for purposes of clarity. Notes have been provided to clarify statements understandable to contemporary readers which might puzzle readers of today. Photographers and artists mentioned by Hartmann—and occasionally celebrities of his time—are identified in the notes, except when they are as well-known as Leonardo da Vinci or Michelangelo. If we have bent slightly in the direction of over-identification, it is because we recognize that books on photography have a lay readership to which we also feel responsible. Where only a last name is given in fleeting references to personalities of the period and the context is reasonably clear, we have omitted any note, permitting an entry in the index to serve for clarification. Photographers who are the subject of an essay in the book are not identified by notes when they are referred to in other essays.

Although over a half-century has passed since he wrote on photography, Sadakichi Hartmann's concerns in the essays that follow remain contemporary. The problems that absorbed him have obsessed photographic critics throughout the twentieth century.[106] He is, as others have observed, sometimes spiteful, occasionally careless of facts, gratuitously erudite, given to a chameleon-like style that ranges from slang to the academically *caduc*,[107] and often contradictory (usually as a corrective to photographic fads and with a gleam of self-mockery). Henry Holmes Smith has deplored the "lack of workable terms" with which to describe real differences between photographs, but the critical models he suggests for the future can all be found in Hartmann's earliest writings on photography.[108] Sadakichi's continuing relevance may, as art historian Peter Plagens pointed out, lie in the fact that among the trio of the finest art critics of his age—the others were James Gibbons Huneker and Benjamin De Casseres—Hartmann is not only the most compelling and tragic figure, but the only one who approached criticism with the vision of the artist.[109]

HARRY W. LAWTON
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SELECTED CRITICAL ESSAYS ON PHOTOGRAPHY

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1

Portrait Painting and Portrait Photography

"I WOULD CONSIDER it a great honor if you would allow me to paint your portrait," I overheard a painter say to Prince Peter Kropotkin during his recent stay in New York.[1] Kropotkin replied laughingly, "You will have to excuse me. First, it is very tiresome for the sitter; and second, one never gets a likeness. I have seen four or five portraits of Gladstone by eminent English artists. None looked like him. Artists have too much individuality. One cannot be a portrait painter and an artist at the same time."

This curious answer, valuable, as it came from a man—scientist, explorer, enthusiast, and egotistic altruist—interested in the expression of every human endeavor, but with a preference for those conditions that concern the welfare of the masses, and therefore looking at everything from an utilitarian point of view, contains more truth than one is at first willing to credit to it. It suggests many of those contradictions inherent in portraiture that have never been satisfactorily explained. In this article I shall endeavor to state the intricacies of the problem rather than to solve it.

Lessing,[2] who, with scientific accuracy in his *Laocoön* and *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, laid down fundamental laws for modern art which will resist the tide of many a century to come, did not grant portraiture a very high rank in the art of painting, because portraiture, although allowing ideality of expression, must be dominated by the necessity of producing a likeness, and thus it can only represent the ideal of a human being, not the ideal of humanity at large.

Neither the Greek nor the Japanese—the two styles in which Western artists like best to mask their incompetence to create a new style of their own—cultivated portraiture in the sense we do.

The aim of portrait painting is to produce a likeness—a likeness that reveals in one attitude as much of the sitter's individuality as is possible in a flat surface view. Beauty of outline, correctness of drawing, harmony of coloring, truth of tonal values, division of space, the individuality of brush work, contrast of light and shade, virility of touch, variety of texture, all become secondary attributes, because first of all the sitter will demand a likeness, and ought to have one for the time and money he spends.

But that this is rarely the case, everyone knows who has ever sat for a portrait painter; consequently, I have come to consider it as a somewhat crippled branch of art, which cannot be brought into perfect harmony with the demands made on it by the public, on whom it is after all dependent. Portraiture as it is practised to-day is, when at its very best, nothing but an aesthetic enjoyment for the few who like to see a personality delineated as another personality sees it, and which enjoyment increases the oftener it is repeated. Who would not, out of sheer vanity, like to have himself painted by

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Whistler, Sargent, Bonnat,[3] Boldini,[4] Lenbach,[5] Watts, etc.?

It seems a portrait becomes a work of art only when sitter as well as artist have a strong and decided individuality. If these conditions do not exist, the portrait invariably becomes a conventional interpretation.

To produce a likeness of an ordinary vapid being is impossible without ignoring the laws of art in some way or other, and, sad to state, a portrait that is a work of art is rarely a perfect likeness.

The cinque cento masters nearly all made a habit of portrait painting, but at that time portraiture was not exercised on its present democratic plan, when everybody who has a smattering taste for art and can afford it has himself painted. Portraiture restricted itself (largely by the conditions of the time) to men and women of prominence, of character or rare beauty, and such types as the artist himself thought worthy of delineation. For this reason nearly all Dutch and Italian portraits of the Renaissance show good workmanship. How far they are correct as likenesses is, however, beyond our capacity of judgment. I believe people were formerly more easily satisfied. Photography had not yet taught them how their faces looked on a flat surface, as it has to our generation. The demand for a likeness has thereby become much stronger and more difficult to satisfy than ever. The sitter himself, the members of his family, his friends and acquaintances, all have formed their opinions about his looks, and the portrait painter must possess the gift to discover and perpetuate those characteristic traits which appeal to the sitter's inner circle of friends.

Portrait painting, like modern art in general, is divided into three distinct phases. I can best explain them by mentioning three men who wield the brush to that purpose: Bonnat, Boldini, and Sargent.

Of all the Frenchmen, Bonnat was always the most congenial to me. He is a fighter for truth. His portraits are always brutally correct; they are like confessions involuntarily made by his sitters. His art never lies; it is cold but sincere, and sometimes has a touch of grandeur. To represent man as he is, entirely, so to speak, dug out with the very roots of his existence, with all that blackish soil from which his personality has sprung up—for that Bonnat has striven in restless work and passionate ardor all his lifetime. With him painting approached science. He wanted to grasp the whole truth, theoretically apprehend it, and convince the world by painting the results of his investigations. Imagination had but little room in his art.

León Bonnat: Portrait of León Cogniet. Photo N. D. Roger-Viollet.

Eccentric Boldini is, at times, not less faithful to Nature, but in another direction. He paints the desires, theories, and dreams of a decaying civilization, the thirst for pleasure, the pessimism of a period of dissolution. His flowing lines, his grotesque poses, his instinct for the brilliant, capricious, sensuous charm of life are unexcelled. He

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GIOVANNI BOLDINI: Duchess of Marlborough, and Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gift of Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan, 1946.

JOHN SINGER SARGENT: Robert Louis Stevenson. Taft Museum.

can, however, only paint highly seasoned personalities, like Whistler, the Count Montesquieu de Fezensac, and capricious *mondaines*. Just as Raffaelli,[6] the painter of proletarian socialism, can only depict tramps, indulging in his portraits even in the idiosyncracy of making men like Zola and Huysmans look like emaciated loafers on the verge of anarchism.

Paul Bourget once said, taking up the cudgel for the Psychological School of Literature, which began with Stendhal: "*La vie qui dépasse l'imagination en rutalités la dépasse aussi en délicatesses.*" Boldini also believes in this. Like Henry Gervex,[7] Blanche,[8] Jan van Beers,[9] he symbolizes only in a superior, more clearly defined manner, our modern intellectual life, in which we find treasured up the whole wealth of the past, what millenniums have created. And despite our soaring ambition to create something new, we know no better than to waste our time by playing and flirting with the stored up treasure of dead ages, and exclaiming in hours of despondency: "Oh, could we but forget all we have learnt, be naive again like children, open to all new impressions, without everlastingly thinking of what has happened before us!" It is the disease of the century, and Boldini is one of the artists who endeavors to represent it.

The third phase is represented by John S. Sargent, expressed in the resistless desire to attain a perfect technique that has taken possession of all studios. We all know his breadth of method, his ostentatious brushwork, his dashing schemes of color, his masterly handling of accessories, tapestry, silk hangings, etc. His ambition is to permeate every stroke of his brush with color and virility, independent of an idea, a work of art in itself. Every

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picture was merely a step forward in attaining this ideal. Sargent is a fanatic of technique, who sacrifices even facial characteristics to suit his own taste. He does not care a jot about the sitter's individuality if it does not harmonize with the decorative fancies of his marvelous execution. Whoever wants a sober, characteristic portrait should surely not go to Mr. Sargent.

The man who combines the characteristic faculties of these three men is James McNeill Whistler, in my opinion with Chavannes,[10] Manet,[11] and Monet[12] the greatest artist of this century. He combines the fanaticism of a perfect technique, the search for truth, and the refinement to create new sensations. Boldini also is curious to analyze what the French call *La Modernité*, which in one word expresses our breathless, nervous modern life with all its intricate desires; but he merely courts it, Whistler masters it. His art revels in the realms of imagination unknown to Bonnat's realism, and Sargent's pyrotechnical displays of technique look crude and barbarous in comparison to Whistler's unobtrusive, unerring brushwork, which masters all the optical illusions of this world with wizard-like dexterity. Are you acquainted with his Paganini? That is not the Paganini of ordinary life, nor is it the one we know from the concert hall. The artist has attempted to give us the whole atmosphere that surrounds an artistic genius. And how has he accomplished such a task? By a male figure in an ordinary dress suit with shimmering shirt front, the outlines of which are lost in a space of vibrant emptiness.

In his masterpiece at the Luxembourg Whistler does not merely represent his old mother. He endowed this old woman, sitting pensively in a gray interior, with one of the noblest and mightiest emotions the human soul is capable of—the reverence and calm we feel in the presence of our own aging mother. And with this large and mighty feeling, in which all discords of mannerisms are dissolved, and by the tonic values of two ordinary dull colors, he succeeded in writing an epic of

Above. James McNeill Whistler: Arrangement in Black: Pablo de Sarasate. Museum of Art, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

Opposite page top. Claude Monet: Springtime. Walters Art Gallery.

Opposite page bottom right. Pierre Puvis de Chavannes: The Toilette. (c) Arch. Phot. Paris/S.P.A.D.E.M.

Opposite page bottom left. Edouard Manet: The Balcony. (c) Arch. Phot. Paris/S.P.A.D.E.M.

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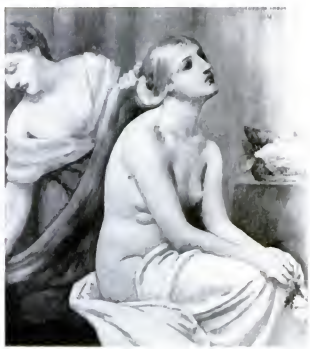

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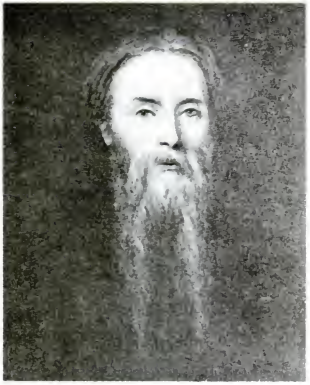
superb breadth and beauty, a symbol of the mother of all ages and all lands, slowly aging as she sits pensively amidst the monotonous colors of modern life. Nothing simpler and more dignified has been created in modern art.

Two other interesting phases of portraiture are expressed by George Frederick Watts[13] and Franz von Lenbach. Since Leonardo da Vinci nobody has expressed the soul life of a human being in a face as well as Watts. It shines from the eyes with an intensity that is appalling. Watts seems to concentrate all his feeling upon them. Take his Burne-Jones. Does not everything that is valuable in that man seem to radiate from the eyes and exist in their direct and searching glance? Color is not his strength. As delightful as his deep greens and browns and dull golds sometimes are, so unpleasant at times is his flesh painting. Even his vigorous drawing is secondary to his breadth of conception, which neglects all outside characteristics in order to reveal the inner life. All his portraits—I may mention his Sir Panizzi, Stuart Mill, Dr. Martineau, Spottiswoode, Lord Shaftsbury—suggest the grandeur of mental labor, the peculiar noble traits of their specific characters, be they men of action or study, scientists, political economists or philanthropists. In this lies the intrinsic value of Watts' art, and also its limitation. He is the painter of the human soul.

The keynote of Lenbach's portraits is intellectuality. He is an exceedingly faithful reproducer of facial characteristics, but unsatisfied with merely copying them, he invariably makes his lines, so to say, a commentary on the sitter's personality; they are his means of telling what he thinks about them. Every turn and bend of his lines bristles with thought; that is his claim to originality. And with these lines—the other qualities of his technique are

G. F. Watts: Burne-Jones.



Franz von Lenbach: Portrait of Bismarck. Städtische Galerie im Lenbachhaus, München.

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rather too dependent on the old masters—he endeavors to write history, and as he has created for himself the opportunities to paint more representative men than any other portraitist living, he has succeeded to some extent; the more so as he, realizing that it is well nigh impossible to do justice to and exhaust individualities like Bismarck, the Pope, or Duse[14] in one picture, has made various commentaries on each person. His portraits of Bismarck will become trustworthy documents, because he has painted the statesman so often that future generations will be able to deduct from them a reliable composite likeness.

On this occasion I also want to mention two of our American painters, who even among such illustrious company fairly hold their own. It afforded me a special pleasure to note that the two best portraits at the last portrait show—one of those peculiar institutions where only personages of the most exclusive circles are hung on the line—were painted by two Americans, F. P. Vinton[15] and Thomas W. Dewing.[16] Vinton is our American Bonnat; his vigor and power of characterization of men are marvelous, while Dewing is to me, with Stevens,[17] the most remarkable depictor of ladies of the elegant thinking world. He is the interpreter of aristocratic womanhood. A painter cannot describe the melodramatic situations of a woman's life in colors; his brush can only dwell upon her sensuous, flirtatious charms, and the atmosphere and the environment in which she lives. This Dewing has accomplished. His best pictures have something so curious and delicate about them as almost to suggest the vague dreams and aspirations of womanhood. With what sentiment can that man imbue the texture of a simple gown! And what chaste voluptuousness can he suggest in some lady's languid face or furtive movement of her hands or neck!

F. P. Vinton: Wendell Phillips, 1881.

My particular favorite among modern portrait painters—although he is little known in the vocation—is Bastien-LePage.[18] Of all the great naturalists who have enriched painting since Courbet and Manet seized the pallette, Bastien-LePage was the greatest, because his naturalism disdained all pose, always possessed simplicity and dignity, and still was something beyond mere faithfulness to nature, for which we usually seek in vain among the ardent followers of this creed. Also Manet and Courbet[19] loved truth, but not so much for truth's sake as to affront conventionality and the old methods. Bastien-LePage was a naturalist, neither by intention nor theory, and least of all for effect, but because he had to be one; with him it was unconscious intuition, the natural way of expressing himself.

I have seen four of his portraits—his Albert Wolff, André Theuriet, Prince of Wales, and Sarah Bernhardt. His remarkable—one might almost say clairvoyant—power of characterization, which saw the most minute details, as well as his superior traits, made him change his entire method of brushwork with each sitter. In the first portrait his style is coquettish, capricious, brilliant, and intellectual, like that of the famous Parisian art critic; in

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THOMAS WILMER DEWING: The Recitation. The Detroit Institute of Arts, Purchase, The Picture Fund.

the second reticent in gesture and of bourgeois dignity; in the third, loud, lavish, aristocratic, and ceremonious, and at last grotesque, nervous, electric-like genius. Bastien-LePage's Sarah Bernhardt is one of the few portraits which are likenesses and works of art at the same time. Observe the purity of the profile, the elegance of the nervous hands, the originality of the attitude, the virility of the line of the back! And the variety of texture! Dress, face, hair, background, statuette, each treated differently. And in regard to conception, is it not Sarah Bernhardt as we imagine her in her private life—bizarre, exotic, enigmatic, the supreme of artifice? Looking at this picture, we might come to the conclusion that there was, after all, a possibility for a harmonious union of art and portraiture.

Yet we cannot overlook the fact that even Bastien-LePage and all the other artists mentioned, Whistler included, find it impossible to adapt themselves to more than half a dozen types congenial to them, or to men and women of striking individuality. They all have produced numerous clever pieces of painting, and often masterpieces, but only on the rarest occasions, however, a likeness, and then generally of a personality of whom the public has always formed an ideal conception.

There is a great danger for portrait painters in being too individual. Boldini shows this most clearly. In short, nothing is rarer than a portrait painter who has the power simply to repeat nature and thereby produce a work of art. I only know of one who could take any ordinary human being—the first best one he meets—and, simply by studying the color and modeling, accomplish an interesting and artistic likeness. That is Anders Zorn.[20] He simply paints what he sees. He desires to reproduce nature as far as it is possible.

M. Chartran[21] remarked to me one day: "I have

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JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE: Sarah Bernhardt. (c) Arch. Phot. Paris/S.P.A.D.E.M.

ANDERS LEONHARD ZORN: Bank Director, Marcus Wallenberg.

no patience with artists who say that 'such and such persons have no interest for me, I can't paint them,' for in every person burns a flame that appears now and then at the surface." Chartran thought that a portraitist should not have too much individuality in his technique, but that he should be a man of individuality enough to find something of interest in every person. Now, as much as I despise Chartran, and as little as he can claim his "say" for himself—his portraits are like poems dedicated to the sitters; there is nothing genuine in them, yet one accepts them smilingly because they flatter one's vanity—he was perfectly correct in his statement (which proves that a bad artist can be a wise critic at times). There is undoubtedly something of interest in the physiognomy as well as pathognomy of everyone, of my grocer or coalman, for instance, however insignificant and faint it may be, which at times flares up and can be reflected on the canvas.

Well, Anders Zorn can do that, but he fails when he attempts to paint a striking personality; then he gets nothing but virility and color and a general outside resemblance, nothing of the inner man. There lies the rub. It is his individuality to comprehend the appearances of ordinary life.

To have the power to comprehend all types of humanity, to grow enthusiastic enough about them, and to paint them faithfully, subordinating one's flights of fancy to the necessity of the moment, would take a man of Whitman-like love for humanity. If such a man would appear, he would undoubtedly be a stronger individuality than all these others. And individuality makes an artist, as I have shown above, unfit for getting a likeness. And that art without individuality is no longer art is equally clear.

Yes, Kropotkin made an approximately true statement when he said: "A man cannot be a

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portrait painter and an artist at the same time."

The aim of portrait photography is also likeness, and the camera is capable of producing it. True enough, not one lens is like the other, and each camera has therefore a certain individuality of its own, but in certain things it is always correct; for instance, a man with a Cyrano de Bergerac nose will never be represented by any lens as having a Roman or Grecian nose, as at times happens in portrait painting.

The reports of the cameras in producing a portrait might differ, for instance, in the facial expression. But as it is impossible to take the same subject with several cameras at the same time and from the same point, and as the subject and the light are continually changing, one cannot know precisely how much is the work of the camera and how much that of its manipulator.

And the majority of us are such bad observers of facial expression. Not only the Chinese all look alike to us; no, we do not even remember the lines and plastic peculiarities in the faces of the members of our own family. How little one man knows another was shown by the remark of Mr. Keiley,[22] who so gracefully crossed swords with me in *Camera Notes*, Vol. II, No. 3, in which he was pleased to call me "a man who never laughs." Now I believe there are few men who laugh and smile more than I do, for I do it all the time, on all occasions. It is a racial trait, as Lafcadio Hearn[23] has so deftly explained, that unconsciously plays its part in my facial expression. The reason why I looked so glum in Mr. Keiley's presence was his own peculiar sanctimonious appearance, which dampened within me all feelings of joy in so forcible a manner that I did not even dare to smile. And such gentlemen want to photograph each other and produce likenesses! No—a careful, intelligent system of posing, lighting, and retouching is not sufficient.

A portrait photographer should be even a better character reader than a portrait painter. He should put into practice the theories of physiognomists like della Parta or Lavater, Piderit, Claus Harms, or Shyler,[24] as he is continually confronted by people he has never seen before. He cannot get acquainted with them like a painter, who commands numerous sittings; he has to rely on his general judgment.

There is no art which affords less opportunity to execute expression than photography. Everything is concentrated in a few seconds, when after perhaps an hour's seeking, waiting, and hesitation, the photographer sees the realization of his inward vision, and in that moment he has one advantage over most arts—his medium is swift enough to record his momentary inspiration. Right at the start I must confess that I have never met such spontaneity of judgment in a man, who was a competent character reader, artist, and photographer in one person.

At present the art of portrait photography can be divided into three distinct classes, the amateur, the professional, and the artistic photographers.

About the first class, consisting of all those hundreds of thousands who press the button or hide themselves under the focusing cloth for their own amusement, I have nothing to say. The second class, made up of those who are willing to photograph us for money, from 25 cents upwards, figure very prominently in the thoroughfares of our metropolitan life. But they have, excepting two or three, nothing whatever to do with art. They merely reproduce our face and figure in the most inane aspects, and retouch the plate until all resemblance is lost. Hollinger,[25] with his delicate modeling of half tones in light tinted grays, is one noteworthy exception.

The third class is the one which interests me. They endeavor to make photography an independent art, a new black and white process to represent the pictorial elements of life. There is much agitation among them. There are clubs and leagues and societies of artistic photography, and lectures and debates on the subject. There are dozens of

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ZAIDA BEN-YÚSUF: Sadakichi Hartmann, 1899.

magazines exploiting artistic photography, and exhibitions galore. An artistic photograph is, nevertheless, the rarest thing under the sun.

The majority of these ladies and gentlemen represent objects indiscriminately, or take bad painters as models for their compositions, and the results, of course, are dire. Others imitate, by all sorts of trickery, black and white processes, and the pictorial side of painting in general, and produce something which in my opinion is illegitimate.

There are a number of artistic photographers in town, who devote themselves to portraiture, and make you look like a Holbein or a Dürer drawing, like an etching, like a reproduction of a painting, or like a Japanese ghost, all wrapped up in mist. I had the pleasure of being photographed by one of these ladies—Emmeline Rives,[26] Anthony Hope,[27] and Rosenthal[28] were posing for her in the same week, so I was in good company—and the result was a print that she pronounced one of the best she ever made. True enough it was an excellent likeness, but the position of the head, bending forward, was so peculiar that nine out of ten of my acquaintances asked me if I had lately become a bicycle fiend, for the picture looked very much as if it had been taken by a snapshot when I was scorching away from some picture exhibition which had done its best to make me melancholy. Now this lady is one of the best artistic photographers we have, and my portrait is one of her best efforts. That, it seems to me, does not speak very well for artistic photography.

I also do not like their peculiar attitude. Instead of simply managing their business like ordinary professionals they avoid advertising, and act as if money is of no consequence to them, and yet contradict themselves by charging twenty-five dollars per dozen. They bother celebrities to come to their studio, as they would be ever so proud to focus

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the author of such and such a book and give them, after long waiting, two or three prints as a reward. These photographs are shown to the other customers, and, of course, if this great man had himself photographed by so and so, why should not the humble Mrs. X have herself depicted by the same photographer for twenty-five dollars?

Equally absurd it seems to me is that a limited number of prints of a photograph should make it more valuable. The producing of prints from a plate is an exceedingly delicate art, but after all, a mechanical process. One can make several hundred just as well as one (perhaps not all up to one's standard, but they can be made), and it would therefore fall into the vocation of photography to exercise its influence in an unlimited instead of a limited edition. A good photograph does not get less valuable because a hundred other copies of it are scattered throughout the world. With a painting or even a general drawing it is quite different; that can't be repeated, just as little as a photographer can pose a sitter twice in exactly the same way. But after the plate has once been made, the rest should be an ordinary printing process. That the plates have not yet reached the state of perfection to accomplish this may be an excuse for the present mania of retouching. I have a great weakness for artistic photography, but I must confess that I do not like its present ways of asserting itself, although I give due admiration to works of such portrait photographers as F. H. Day, Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier, J. T. Keiley, and Frank Eugene.

F. H. Day, apparently a man of wide aesthetic culture and of genuine, highly-developed, artistic insight, has the peculiar gift to render everything decorative. Sensitive to a high degree (I fear even oversensitive), he can only satisfy his individual code of beauty by arranging and rearranging his subject with all sorts of accessories and light effects, which show an extensive knowledge of classic, as well as contemporary, art. There is no photographer who can pose the human body better than he, who can make a piece of drapery fall more poetically, or arrange flowers in a man or woman's hair more artistically. He would have made (seriously speaking) an excellent manager of the supers of a dramatic company like the Saxon-Meininger.[29] Even Irving[30] could learn something from him. There are passages in his portraits which are exquisite, but all his representations lack simplicity and naturalness. He has set himself to get painter's results, and that is from my view-point not legitimate. He has pushed lyricism in portraiture as far as it can be without deteriorating into a mannerism; even his backgrounds speak a language of their own, vibrant with rhythm and melody; they are aglow in the darkest vistas. Day is indisputably the most ambitious and most accomplished of our American portrait photographers.

F. Holland Day: The Seven Last Words, I: "Father, Forgive Them, They Know Not What They Do," 1898. LC.

Lately he has managed to astonish the photographic world by making a series of photographic

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F. Holland Day: Untitled Triptych. LC.

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representations of the Crucifixion, of scenes at the Sepulchre, and the dies of Christ's head. In depicting this extremely difficult subject he has followed, as far as conception goes, absolutely conventional lines; I mean he has not interpreted Christ in a new manner, as, for instance, Uhde[31] and Edelfelt[32] have done. For such an innovation he had probably neither the inclination or the nerve. His is, nevertheless, an innovation in the photographic field worthy of unlimited praise. Anything to deliver us from the stagnancy of commonplace, stereotyped productions! And Day took a step, however short and faltering, toward Parnassian heights. Pictorial representation of a classic subject on classic lines has spoken its first word in artistic photography, and no one knows where it may lead to.

Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier brought her art to a degree of interpretive perfection which it never before attained. She *imitates* (Day does not imitate but adapts) the old masters with a rare accuracy. Her management of tonal values is at times superb; she also understands the division of space and the massing of light and shade. But she is absolutely dependent on accessories. Without a slouch hat, or a big all-hiding mantle, a peculiar cut and patterned gown, a shawl or a piece of drapery, she is unable to make a satisfactory likeness. She utterly fails to master the modern garb; only in rare cases, as for instance her "Twachtman," or the "Girl with the Violin," she succeeds, and solely because the sitters have themselves individuality enough. It is, comparatively, an easy task to get a good portrait of a personality, as the camera is sure to produce some of the individuality without the aid of the photographer. People will say that merely her "Mother and Child" pictures are free from these mannerisms, yet they have many fine qualities; but I, for my part, associate maternal joy rather with an outburst of gay sunlight than the stifling artificial atmosphere in which Mrs. Käsebier places them. Her skillful schemes of light and shade lack luminosity. Besides the subject in itself contains so much poetical charm, it suggests poetry even without the help of the artist.

Such people as Mrs. Käsebier depicts are very scarce on our streets, and whenever they appear they do it to the great sorrow of the rest of humanity. Why should a respectable citizen be transformed into an eyesore? But Mr. Day, as well as Mrs. Käsebier, pre-eminently wish it so, as they are eminently fit to represent that class of human beings who wear slouchy drapery instead of tailor-made costumes, and carry sunflowers, holy Grail cups or urns, filled—I presume, with the ashes of deep thoughts—in their hands. People do not seem to comprehend that it may suit an idol-woman like Sarah Bernhardt to be represented with a statuette in her hand (besides she is a sculptress herself), but that it would be absurd to represent an ordinary society girl (third generation of a parvenu who married a washerwoman) in the same way. It merely shows the incompetence of the photographer to tell character.

I do not believe in Maeterlinckism, I mean by that a combination of all that is suggestive and modernizable in the old arts—as one can trace, for instance, in Maeterlinck the influence of Greek simplicity, Chaucer's fancies, Japanese laws of repetition, of Shakespeare, Virgil, etc.—our modern life is beautiful enough, and our modern garb in no way less picturesque or less absurd (just as you like) than that of Holbein's or Velasquez's time, and yet these men succeeded in rendering it artistically without taking refuge in Assyrian and Egyptian fashions.

There is no sap of life in such art. It is still-born. The seeking of inspiration in the old masters without utilizing it in an original manner constitutes no creation. The intentional fabrication of a photograph to look like a Holbein drawing has nothing in common with the nobler aspirations of our age, and it is an insult to the colossal genius of that man who rooted in his time and mastered it.

Leave the work of those great men undisturbed, except in hours devoted to a silent admiration! They have contributed their share to the history of art, and if you could only produce the epigrammatic suggestion of an original idea, such as they have

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created, you would deserve and gain your little niche in the Pantheon of fame!

Frank Eugene is a painter of remarkable versatility, who has taken recently to portrait photography, and not for a moment does he deny his original profession. He strives for the same picturesque muddiness in his plates as in his painting. He relies largely on his instinct. Mr. Day and Mrs. Käsebier use a good deal of premeditation to arrange their subjects. Mr. Eugene knows at one glance what he can do with a sitter. He fakes up an artistic background out of gobelins, faded foliage, flowers, etc., throws some drapery over the lap or shoulder, lets somebody hold a mirror to throw a reflection on the face, and takes the picture. All the others *think* to accomplish their results; he *feels*. Look, for instance, at his portrait of the Misses H. I have never seen anything so nonchalantly artistic in photography before. The accessories are marvelously interesting without hurting the importance of the figures. Not a master in the exercise of his new profession, he makes many technical mistakes, but he understands how to cover them up. He scribbles and scrawls and scratches on his plates in a manner to which Mrs. Käsebier's "stopping out" processes, sprays, washes and baths are mere child's play. These corrections are not legitimate, but they are always right where he puts them, right for him and in the right place. He is a virtuoso in blurred effects, and understands values like few; his faces and shirt fronts have never the same values. He is little known to the photographic world at present, but I predict that his planned exhibition at the Camera Club next fall will be a revelation to many. He is, to my knowledge, the first American painter who has become a portrait photographer.

GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER: Mother Nursing Child. IMP-GFH.

FRANK EUGENE: Hortensia, 1900. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, The Alfred Stieglitz Collection, 1933.

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Joseph T. Keiley: Study of an Indian Girl, 1899. IMP-GEH.

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J. T. Keiley represents the Japanese phase in photography, which, for certain reasons, is very sympathetic to me. The "crazier" other people think them, the better I like them. It only shows that other people understand heartily little of the spirit of Japanese art, which the majority professes to admire so much. His blurred effects, his losing detail here and discarding it entirely there, and yet suggesting it frequently by an entirely empty place—you see a line and yet it is not there—are truly Japanese. The values of a beautiful head of hair are interesting enough, without the profile, neck, and shoulders, particularly if they are so delicately and poetically treated as Mr. Keiley at times succeeds in doing. If I were a Herrick I would write a villanelle to his "Japanese Coiffure." Yet these fragmentary outbursts of his muse can hardly be called portraits; they are studies (he wisely calls them so), and even if they should reproduce a complete face and neck, and not merely the vision of a shoulder, the broken silhouette of a seven-eighths view, or the fragile values of the sternoclido mastoid music, they will play frolic with the face of the vicarious sitter, who may be delighted, nevertheless, to know how he looks when conventionalized by Japanese codes of line, space, and tonal values.

The four artists (artist is the right expression for them; they are too much artists and not enough photographers—Mrs. Käsebier's ingenious signature alone shows that) have one grievous fault in common, they all overstep the limitations of photography. We may pardon a Wagner for ignoring the fundamental laws of music, but not a Mlle. Chaminade.[33] All four experiment. They are modifiers of the half truth the camera is capable of telling, for retouching is nothing but an artful destruction of the light and modeling done so graciously by Dame Nature herself—a covering up of technical mistakes, and the suppression, modification, accentuation, etc., of uncongruous details, until the picture looks no longer like a photograph, but is an hermaphroditic expression of one of the graphic arts. A plate on which retouching is necessary is not a perfect plate, that is all I have to say about it.

These photographers I am going to mention now, I believe they are all—perhaps not as fanatically as myself—adherents of photography "pure and simple." They disdain the assistance of retouching, by which Demachy[34] in Paris, and Einbeck[35] in Hamburg have attained some of their most marvelous results. They realize that artistic photography to become powerful and self-subsistent must rely upon its own resources, and not ornament itself with foreign plumes, in order to resemble an etching, a poster, a charcoal or a wash drawing, or a Käsebier reproduction of an old master.

Miss Zaida Ben-Yúsuf, G. Cox,[36] R. Eickemeyer, Jr., and I believe also C. H. White, work in that direction. They are less burdened with aesthetic lore, and for that reason better adapted to photography. They want likenesses, and that alone can make portrait photography great.

Of C. H. White I have seen only one print, his "Mrs. H," which alone ranks him among the best portrait photographers. A modern girl in a summer dress, conventional even to the crease in front, that is all. The figure is as well posed as a Sargent. The tonal quality is admirable in its delicacy and clearness. The only faults I have to find are that the parasol is not rendered as interestingly as it could be, and that the picture on the wall would have improved the portrait if it had been a landscape or Japanese print instead of a head.

Miss Ben-Yúsuf, of all the photographers I know, relies most on her camera. She is wise enough not to retouch. She is a fairly good character reader, and understands posing. She composes her pictures with the simplest means, without applying any special artistic arrangement; good taste and common sense seem to her sufficient. Her simplicity of purpose, the absence of affectation and of the display of great stores of knowledge is refreshing. She pursues her art on the right lines. It is only to be deplored that her work at present is so frightfully uneven. Many

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ZAIDA BEN-YÚSUF: Anthony Hope.

of her portraits are as bad as those of a Bowery photographer, while others, for instance her Anthony Hope (standing), is one of the most masterly plates in existence. The initial portrait of this article is a fair likeness; she got the swing of my body, although she knew me scarcely an hour then. The arm akimbo and the background on the left, however, are uninteresting.

Cox has taken several remarkable portrait heads, among which the head of Whitman belongs to the best. There we have a strong, straightforward handling, that knows what it is about; no wayward caprice—a simple, decided, and genuine method. One can speak neither of elegant taste, nor individuality of characterization but the unity, simplicity, and breadth of his execution is beyond praise. It is Whitman unmistakably for all those who have known the "good gray poet" when he was in the "sands of seventies," by far more enjoyable than Alexander's[37] portrait in the Metropolitan.

Breese[38] and Eickemeyer have produced one plate that deserves unstinted recognition—the portrait of Yvette Guilbert[39] called "Le Désir," which shows that they only meant it to be a study. Although this picture contains enough of a certain phase of Yvette Guilbert's art, a certain wanton forgetfulness characteristic of this "Lady of Vain Virtue" (as Rossetti might call her), it is not, and could not be, a portrait. We Americans have never known the real Yvette Guilbert—the "female faun"—and all on account of her wearing a wig here, while in Paris she appeared with her own carrot-red hair. In New York she was a naughty pre-Raphaelite maiden, while at the "Concert Parisien" she represented Ugliness singing the misery and frivolity of modern society. Nor was I aware that lilies of the valley expressed desire; lilacs would have been more appropriate. Or did the Carbon Studio[40] wish to convey that nervous Yvette Guilbert fell into a trance by inhaling the pure innocent odor of the lilies of the valley—a combination of refinement and naiveté, as we see in Chavannes' mural decorations? I hardly think so.

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George C. Cox: Walt Whitman, 1887. LC.

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Much more to the point, though less curious, are Eickemeyer's study of a ranchman and the portrait of his father. That is portrait photography. There is no transfiguring, magnifying, and generalizing of reality. Exactitude is in no way violated. And they are not accidents. Eickemeyer is only too scientific; he may be naive in the symbolism of flowers, but not in his technical methods. Read his "How a Picture Was Made," and you will know what hard and severe training he has gone through, and what strenuous study he has made. He also is on the right track, although a little more temperament would not harm him.

About Alfred Stieglitz as a portrait photographer I am not equally certain. We all know that a student of photography could not have (in references to technical usages) a better master than he. He is a fanatic of simplicity, but has done too few portraits, and these not individual enough to make an estimate. In his "Mr. R"—exact and cold like science, which may be a merit as it happens to represent a professor—he has succeeded very admirably indeed. The monotonous line of the left arm and the veins of his right hand, however, disturb my enjoyment. At all events it is a valuable object lesson, and as such worth hanging up where students congregate.

Letting all these artists pass in review once more in my mind's eyes, it seems to me that after all the genius of the painter, comparatively speaking, is more successful in getting an artistic likeness than the mechanism of photography. This is largely due to the fact that, with a very few exceptions, only mediocre talents have been drawn to the rubber bulb and focusing cloth. Artistic temperaments have avoided photography in fear of its restrictions, and so it has come to pass that until now the word genius could never yet be applied to any craftsman in this special branch of artistic photography.

The range of the technical expression of photography, in comparison with painting, is indeed very limited. First of all it lacks color. It controls line only as far as it is produced by broad opposite lights and shade (of which Mr. White's print is such an elegant example); it is impossible to accentuate any special part, as, for instance, Bastien-LePage has done in the back of Sarah Bernhardt. One cannot produce a clear, unhesitating line full of life from beginning to end. Also in representing texture, photography is handicapped. Of course the camera reproduces only too faithfully certain unimportant details, but the surface is always the same, unless where you retouch it so cleverly that it will suggest variety. It commands, however, tonality, but that other arts also convey equally well, and if photography is ever expected to assert itself as one of the independent—probably for a long time to come—minor arts, it has to develop that quality which no other medium has in common with it. The beauty of blurred lines, produced by the action of light, for photography does not draw lines but rather suggests them by painting values, may be compared in importance to the linear expression of etching or wood engraving,* and the massing of black (viz., Goya) and the moss-like gradations of gray (viz., Whistler) in lithography. These arts, although allowing big scope to creative power, are exposed to a certain restriction in regard to subjects. This is not the case with photography, as it has the power to express *movement*, for instance the spontaneity of facial expression, which no other art can do in the same degree and with the same ease.

What artistic photography needs is an expert photographer, who is at the same time a physiognomist and a man of taste, and great enough to subordinate himself to his machine; only a man thus adequately endowed could show us a new phase in portraiture, with which even the eye and hand of the painter would find it difficult to compete.

However, only when color photography has been

*Also pen and ink, and the various processes of engraving have given expression, but etching and wood engraving are capable of expressing tonality at the same time. Copper and steel engraving do this only to a limited degree, and besides lack the freedom of expression, which restricts them largely to reproductive purposes.

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made possible, and kinetoscope photography in the hand of artists has developed to that extent that full justice can be done to the spontaneity of *actual* movement—to the continuous, almost undiscernible changes in a human face, the delicate nuances in the evolution of a smile, or any other human sentiment, passion, or common every-day expression of routine life—will artistic portrait photography fulfill its highest vocation. For would we not prefer a fragment of our children's life represented in actual movement, just as if they were alive, to any representation of one stereotyped position by a painter, no matter how skillful? A child looking roguishly at us, quickly changing its facial expression into a smile, would mean infinitely more (and it could be equally artistic) than if a Sargent would place the same child like a big doll under a still bigger vase in a hall vibrant with emptiness (viz., Sargent's "Hall of the Four Children"). And a characteristic gesture, a pensive attitude, or furtive movement of one's wife, as expressed by the kinetoscope of the future, would be much more valuable than the rare aesthetic pleasure of letting Watts wrap her up in a pre-Raphaelite soul-mist, or Lenbach draw her picture in lines worthy of a Herodotus, or Boldini make her look like a languid bachantee of modern joy.

But artistic kinetoscope photography in color is so far off! We have to deal with the present, have to make the best of the existing conditions, and form from them, if we possess the power and are unselfish enough, those foundations on which the photography of the future will construct itself.

—1899

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2

A Plea for the Picturesqueness of New York

At every exhibition I am astonished at the limited range of subjects which the artistic photographers attempt to portray. One invariably finds numerous portraits and studies of heads or draped figures, a number of landscapes, interiors, and out-of-door- snap-shots, and a few—very few—serious compositions, mostly genre subjects, which can claim a general pictorial quality. This paucity of ideas is really embarrassing to the lover of art, who is interested in the sights and scenes of our own times.

Occasionally an artist seems to have resolved to be new and a few brilliant efforts are made, but, considering all, little has been done by the average amateur to exchange cheap portraiture and studio orientality and mediaevalism for a style more true to his existing surroundings. The passions of life and the passions of art are not the same to them.

They seem unaware that the best art is that which is most clearly the outcome of the time of its production, and the art signifying most in respect to the characteristics of its age is that which ultimately becomes classic. To give to art the complexion of our time, boldly to express the actual, is the thing infinitely desirable. What artistic photography needs most is a Steinlen,[1] who has succeeded in expressing in his weekly illustrations for the *Gil Blas* supplement[2]—as valuable as any Japanese wood cuts—the heat, the hurry, the vexations, the lurid excitements and frivolous graces, the tragedies and comedies of Parisian life, and in a more perfect manner than Zola[3] has in his long-drawn series of novels.

All these years our artistic photographers—and painters and sculptors as well—with a few exceptions have been mumbling old formulas, and have apparently combined in a gigantic trust of imitation. The dignified vigor of the old masters, the restless desires of modern art, the incomparable suggestiveness of the Japanese, have all been mortgaged. No past effort has escaped their versatility for reproducing. Everything seems to have struck their fancy, even that which is only questionably good.

I know that a large majority will object to my arguments: those who do not feel that there is an imposing grandeur in the Brooklyn Bridge; who do not acknowledge the beauty of the large sweeping curves in the new Speedway, which would set a Munich Secessionist[4] wild; who do not feel the poetry of our waterfronts, the semi-opaque water reflecting the gray sky, the confusion of square-rigged vessels with their rusty sides and the sunburnt faces peering from the deck; and who would laugh outright if anyone would dare to suggest that Paddy's market on Ninth Avenue or the Bowery could be reduced to decorative purposes.

Such men claim that there is nothing pictorial

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and picturesque in New York and our modern life, and continue their homage to imitation. The truth is that they lack the inspiration of the true artist, which wants to create and not merely to revive or adapt. They are satisfied with an incongruous mixture of what they know and see with what they have learned in school and what comes to them easily, no matter whether at second or at third hand; it saves them experiments and shields them from failures. They work as do the journalists, who write of things they know nothing about, and whose superficial knowledge is concealed by the rapid succession of publications. But for that reason their work can also be likened to the wake of a ship—it foams a little to be seen no more.

To open new realms to art takes a good share of courage and patience. It always takes moral courage to do what the rest of the profession does not; that of course the man possesses who starts out to conquer the beauties of New York. It takes actual physical courage to go out into the crowd with your camera, and to be stared and laughed at on the most inopportune occasions. But that even Mr. J. G. Brown[5] braved; why not you? It takes also a marvelous amount of patience to stand for hours at the same spot, perhaps in very bad weather—in rain, snow, or even in a thunder-storm—until at last one sees before him what he considers essential for a picture; or persistently to return at every opportunity to a subject—perhaps to something that may recur only once in a year, as the "May Festival" in Central Park—until he has at last mastered it.

And even after one has succeeded, there is no harvest of praise to reap, for all those who are in quest of beauty will experience that the very people who said there could be no beauty there will later on point out that it undoubtedly was there long before it was discovered.

But what does it matter? The true artist works for himself, and does not care a rap for the opinion of others, as long as he knows—if that should be his aim—that his work has been infused with the spirit of to-day, with something unmistakably the outcome of the present. I would like to make his acquaintance; I might feel inclined to become his Ruskin.

I am well aware that much is lacking here which makes European cities so interesting and inspiring to the sightseer and artist. No monuments of past glory, no cathedral spires of Gothic grandeur, no historic edifices, scarcely even masterpieces of modern architecture lift their imposing structures in our almost alarmingly democratic land. Despite this, I stick to my assertion, and believe that I can prove its truth. For years I have made it my business to find all the various picturesque effects New York is capable of—effects which the eye has not yet got used to, nor discovered and applied in painting and literature, but which nevertheless exist.

Have you ever watched a dawn on the platform of an elevated railroad station, when the first rays of the rising sun lay glittering on the rails? This Vance Thompson[6] compared to the waterways of Venice in pictorial effect. The morning mist, in strange shapes and forms, played in the distance where the lines of the houses on both sides of the street finally united.

Have you ever dined in one of the roof-garden restaurants and watched twilight descending on that sea of roofs, and seen light after light flame out, until all the distant windows began to glimmer like sparks, and the whole city seemed to be strewn with stars? If you have not, you are not yet acquainted with New York.

Then take Madison Square. Place yourself at one of its corners on a rainy night and you will see a picture of peculiar fascination: Dark silhouettes of buildings and trees, surrounded by numerous light reflections, are mirrored in the wet pavement as in a sheet of water. But also in daytime it is highly attractive. The paths are crowded with romping children, and their gay-colored garments make a charming contrast to the lawn and the foliage of the trees, to which the Diana's tower and the rows of houses with windows glittering in the sun form a suitable background.

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The Boulevard has many interesting parts. The rows of trees in the middle, the light brick fronts of the new apartment houses, and the many vehicles and bicyclists on a Sunday afternoon offer ample opportunity for snap-shots.

Comparing New York with other cities, it can boast of a decided strain of gayety and vitality in its architecture. The clear atmosphere has encouraged bright colors which, when subdued by the mist that hovers at times over all large cities, afford delightful harmonies that can be suggested even by the photographer's black and white process.

Almost any wide street with an elevated station is interesting at those times when the populace goes to or returns from work. The nearer day approaches these hours, the more crowded are the sidewalks. Thousands and thousands climb up or down the stairs, reflecting in their varied appearance all the classes of society, all the different professions, the lights and shadows of a large city, and the joys and sorrows of its inhabitants.

In Central Park we meet with scenes of rare elegance and dignity. Many a tourist will find himself transported to the palace gardens of the old world, as his eyes gaze on these quiet lakes peopled with swans and on the edifices shimmering in the

JOSEPH BYRON: Cornelius Vanderbilt House, Fifth Avenue and 58th Street. The Bryon Collection, MCNY.

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sun and rising from the autumnal foliage into the sky.

A peculiar sight can be enjoyed standing on a starlit night at the block house near the northwest entrance of the Park. One sees in the distance the illumined windows of the West Side and the Elevated, which rises at the double curve at One Hundred and Tenth Street to dizzy heights, and whose construction is hardly visible in the dimness of night. A train passes by, like a fantastic fire-worm from some giant fairyland, crawling in mid-air. The little locomotive emits a cloud of smoke, and suddenly the commonplace and yet so mystic scene changes into a tumult of color, red and saffron, changing every moment into an unsteady gray and blue. This should be painted, but as our New York artists prefer to paint Paris and Munich reminiscences, the camera can at least suggest it.

A picture genuinely American in spirit is afforded by Riverside Park. Old towering trees stretch their branches towards the Hudson. Almost touching their trunks the trains on the railroad rush by. On the water, heavily loaded canal boats pass on slowly, and now and then a white river steamboat glides by majestically, while the clouds change the chiaroscuro effects at every gust of wind.

JOSEPH BYRON: Skating in Central Park, 1894. The Byron Collection, MCNY.

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Another picture of surprising beauty reveals itself when you approach New York by the Jersey City ferry. The gigantic parellelograms of office buildings and skyscrapers soar into the clear atmosphere like the towers, turrets, and battlements of some ancient fortress, a modern Cathay, for whose favor all nations contend.

The traffic in the North and East rivers and the harbor offers abundant material; only think of the graceful four-masted East Indiamen that anchor in the bay, laden with spices which recall even in these northern climes quaint Oriental legends, of indolent life under tropical suns. I am also very fond of the vista of the harbor from Battery Park, particularly at dawn. How strange this scene looks in the cold morning mist. There is no difference and no perspective; the outlines of Jersey City and Brooklyn fade ghost-like in the mist; soft shimmering sails, dark shadows, and long pennants of smoke interrupt the gray harmony, and are in their uncertain contours not unlike the fantastic birds which enliven at times the background of Japanese flower designs.

Whoever is fond of panoramic views should place himself at the Highbridge Reservoir and look northwards. At sunset this scene—the wide Harlem River sluggishly flowing through a valley over which two aqueducts span their numerous arches—reminds one involuntarily of a landscape by Claude Lorrain.[7]

For the lovers of proletarian socialism—who like Dudley Hardy[8] and Gaston Latouche,[9] and would like to depict the hunger and the filth of the slums, the unfathomable and inexhaustible misery, which hides itself in every metropolitan city—subjects are not lacking in New York. Only it is more difficult to find them than in European cities.

Rafaelli,[10] the French painter, once asked me to show him the poorest quarters. I took him through Stanton, Cherry, Baxter, and Essex Streets. I could not satisfy him. But when he saw a row of dilapidated red brick houses with black fire-escapes covered all over with bedding, clothes lines, and all

Above. Jacob Riis: Baxter Street Court. The Jacob A. Riis Collection, MCNY.

Opposite page. Jacob Riis: Five Cents a Spot, 1889. The Jacob A. Riis Collection, MCNY.

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sorts of truck, he exclaimed: *"C'est fort curieux!"* and like a ferret ran from one side to the other to take a number of snap-shots.

True enough we have not such scenes of extreme poverty as Rafaelli found in the outskirts of Paris, at least not so open; but one only needs to leave the big thoroughfares and go to the downtown back alleys, to Jewtown, to the village (East Twenty-ninth Street), or Frog Hollow, to prove sufficiently that many a portfolio could be filled with pictures of our slums, which would teach us better than any book "how the other half lives."

From there you should go to the Potter's Field, on Hart's Island, that ragged little island where the nameless dead are buried in long trenches, each of which is marked by a stone to record that one hundred and fifty paupers lie below. And out beyond the sandy shore gleam the shimmering waters of the Sound.

But you can find mortuary themes in New York, without boarding at 6 A. M., the Fidelity, that sad little charity steamer which plies between the Morgue and Hart's Island. There lies in the very heart of the city, in the midst of a block bounded by Second Avenue, the Bowery, Second Street, and Third Street, a little neglected graveyard, as romantic as anything of that nature I have ever seen. The gravestones are sadly dilapidated, and almost

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ALFRED STIEGLITZ: The Terminal. IMP-GEH.

disappear in the wild flowers that sprout in great abundance from the untrimmed grass and weeds. Clotheslines cross this desolate spot everywhere, and on week days long rows of linen flap gayly in the breeze. More than half a century has passed over these graves and left plain traces of the flight of the years. A Hamlet-like mood takes me at the sight. There the two gravediggers might dig up Yorick's skull and prepare the grave for the fair Ophelia.

Vereschagin[11] was particularly interested in our telegraph poles, now largely a thing of the past, and the net of wires that is spread all over the city.

Wherever some large building is being constructed, the photographer should appear. It would be so easy to procure an interesting picture, and yet I have never had the pleasure to see a good picture of an excavation or an iron skeleton framework. I think there is something wonderful in iron architecture, which as if guided by magic, weaves its networks with scientific precision over the rivers or straight into the air. They create, by the very absence of unnecessary ornamentation, new laws of beauty, which have not yet been determined and are perhaps not even realized by the originators. I am weary of the everlasting complaint that we have

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ALFRED STIEGLITZ: The Street. IMP-GEH.

no modern style of architecture. It would indeed be strange if an age as fertile as ours had produced nothing new in that art which has always, more than others, reflected the aspirations and accomplishments of mankind at certain epochs of history. The iron architecture is our style.

I still could add hundreds and hundreds of suggestions for pictures, but I fear I would tire my readers, I will therefore only mention a few haphazard. There is the Fulton fish market, a wonderful mixture of hustling human life and the slimy products of Neptune's realm, at its best on a morning during Lent; then the Gansevoort market on Saturday mornings or evenings; the remnants of Shantytown; the leisure piers; the open-air gymnasiums at Stryker's Lane and the foot of Hester Street; the starting of a tally-ho coach from the Waldorf-Astoria on its gay drive to Westchester; the canal-boat colony at Coenties Slip; the huge storage houses of Gowanus Bay. Another kind of subjects now comes to mind—the children of the tenement districts returning from school; or the organ-grinder, and little girls showing off their terpsichorean skill on the sidewalk to an admiring crowd.

But really what would be the use of specifying any further? Any person with his eyes open, and with sympathy for the time, place, and conditions in which he lives, has only to take a walk or to board a trolley, to find a picture worthy of depiction almost in every block he goes.

I am perfectly aware that only a few of my readers endorse my assertions and see something in my ardent plea. In thirty years, however, nobody will believe that I once fought for it, for then the beauty of New York will have been explored by thousands.

But who will be the first to venture on these untrodden fields and teach New Yorkers to love their own city as I have learned to love it, and to be proud of its beauties as the Parisians are of their city? He will have to be a great poet and of course an expert photographer.

May he soon appear!

—1900

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3

On Plagiarism and Imitation

"To be free is not to be independent of any form,
it is to be master of many forms."

—SIDNEY LANIER

I HAVE ALWAYS endorsed Heine's defense of plagiarism, that it is permissible to steal entire columns and porticoes from a temple, providing the new edifice one erects with their aid is great enough to warrant such violent proceedings. The history of art has proven this somewhat surprising statement to be true.

What is the *Marguerite Gauthier* of Dumas but a modernized version of L'Abbé Prévost's *Manon Lescaut*? Did not Balzac in his *Père Goriot*, Turgéniev in his *King Lear of the Steppes*, and Zola in *La Terre*, make use of the same tragic theme as Shakespeare in *King Lear*? Is the story of the three rings in Lessing's *Nathan der Weise* not taken from Boccaccio's *Decameron*, which has served more writers with plots than any other book in the world's literature? And did Boccaccio himself not gather this collection of a hundred stories from every available source, often merely embellishing an old legend with the concise beauty of his style? Has it not been proven that Milton copied a large part of his *Paradise Lost* from the Dutch poet van den Vondel?[1] And did not Shakespeare take whole passages from Plutarch, simply changing them into blank verse and inserting them, for instance, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*?

To transform history into art is surely not a sin. In all those cases mentioned, the artist has freely borrowed material from predecessors, but has at the same time understood how to imbue it with his own individuality and to lend it new vitality through the vibrations of his own soul.

That is re-creation, which is almost as admissible as originality, if the latter is possible, and not, as in most cases, merely a new combination of the work of previous generations. For no artist is so self-sufficient that he will shape his course unaffected by, and apart from, what has been done before. It is impossible to wipe one's mind entirely clear of what one has seen and read and heard in intercourse with other beings. Every work of art must necessarily bear influences of previous accomplishments.

We are heirs of the ages, but the heritage bequeathed to us should merely be the basic soil for future growth, and reveal itself unconsciously. Otherwise it becomes mere copyism, a danger into which many a young artist, through an absorption of all that is best in the past and present, has fallen. It should widen, not narrow, our sympathies. Symonds[2] has well phrased it when he said, we modern men are in the need "of self-tillage, the ploughing and harrowing of self by use of what the ages have transmitted to us from the work of gifted minds."

It is logical for a young American comedy writer to imitate the so-called "paper chase" invented by Sardou,[3] in which the losing of an object is used to

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tangle up all the characters, and thereby produce most unexpected and funny situations. But it is also offensive to our code of ethics if he slavishly reconstructs each situation with slight changes in the characters, perhaps merely Americanizing them, and yet gives out the result as his original work. Burglaries of this kind are committed often, and furnish ghastly examples of intellectual impotence and degeneracy.

But if a man remodels an original after a classic pattern, he may be accused of copyism, which however, is no serious reproach. To copy intelligently shows good taste and does not absolutely bar inspiration, invention, and creative power.

If Mrs. Käsebier would only study the play of light and shade in the old masters to give a deeper artistic value to her photographs, I would heartily endorse her methods. But when she attempts an exact reproduction of a Holbein drawing, I consider it the most futile kind of art plagiarism. The same objection holds good if Mr. Eugene puts a man in mediaeval armor and lets him pose like one of the famous Innsbruck figures. What is the use of it? Every intelligent art lover would pronounce it at once an imitation and would surely rather possess an ordinary photograph of the original than a sort of reconstruction at second-hand.

Still more deplorable is the fact that so many photographers rely entirely on what they have seen of paintings and illustrations for the composition and arrangement of their subjects. They take a fancy to a picture, pose a model in the same or a similar way, photograph it, and think they have accomplished something wonderful. Of course the photographer has to go somewhere for inspiration, and nothing is more natural than his turning to pictorial art in search of ideas. But what satisfaction can there be in repeating in a new medium what has been done so much better in another?

The commercial spirit prevalent in all matters seems to have set aside almost all scruples about plagiarism and imitation. A well-known sculptor told me one day. "The easiest way to make a good monument is to copy one of the masterpieces of European sculpture, only to make it a little better." That is an absurdity, for a man who will descend to copying of that sort belongs to that class of thinkers whose thought crystallizes into what is known as art.

Allow me to cite a few of the many cases of appropriation, or art plagiarism, that have come to my notice.

In art circles, for instance, it is generally known that the figures of a certain artist's stained glass windows can easily be found in illustrated books on medieval art, yet nobody accuses him of stealing, for the color of his windows is so wondrously beautiful that we forget all criticism. A pity only that he did not do it more cleverly, for the stealing of ideas that is not found out is not stealing to the idea of the world, but merely a matter that the artist has to fight out with his own conscience.

Yet there are cruder forms. If you are acquainted with Boldini's[4] work you probably remember the portrait of a *mondaine*, who is seated in a nervous, almost grotesque attitude on the edge of a lounge. Now, I saw at one of the Philadelphia Academy exhibitions a picture by an American painter, given out as an original work, which represented the identical figure in the identical attitude, only the color scheme was changed. That was outright theft and should be legally punishable.

A similar case I witnessed in a New York studio, when I saw a picture by a well-known English painter reproduced in every detail, only in a smaller size. The artist had the audacity to ask me if I did not consider the composition original. I was dumbfounded and thought I might, after all, be mistaken. But no, there was the whole scene that I knew so well, as its simple composition had made a decided impression upon me.

In my wanderings through the studios I had opportunity to witness many queer proceedings, and I found the sculptors as guilty as the painters and illustrators. I pride myself on my knowledge of contemporary art, and the ability to trace adapta-

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MAX LIEBERMANN: Net Mender. Hamburger Kunsthalle, Germany.

tions and *adeptations* back to their original source, but from time to time I have come across cases of undeniable plagiarism which even puzzled me. Years ago I saw the painting of a female nude by a Frenchman, his name has escaped my memory, which immediately attracted my attention by the dignified and graceful recumbent pose. The same pose I saw later on, depicted by Clifford Grayson[5] and by another American painter. Still greater was my astonishment when I saw a clay model by Sir Frederic Leighton,[6] entitled "Iphigenia," of the very same subject. And to show that it has entered every branch of art, I may add that I recently saw it again in a photograph after the nude by Frank Eugene. Will anybody kindly tell me which of these gentlemen has the most claim to originating the pose? Is it mere coincidence, or did they all appropriate the Frenchman's idea? Or did they perhaps all use the same model, whose form was seen to the best advantage in this position, or is the pose itself so beautiful and natural that one after the other discovered it?

Another incident I experienced with Mr. Blashfield's[7] "Angel With the Fiery Sword," one of his most forceful pictures. Looking over a French illustrated magazine, I discovered an initial letter, the design of which contained the same figure which I had admired so much in the painting. Now did Mr. Blashfield elaborate the designer's idea, or did the designer copy Mr. Blashfield's figure? In the first case it would be justified adaptation, in the second, rank stealing. In this case it would be difficult to make an accusation of borrowing, and it is a sad fact that very often accusations are made when there is no cause or evidence whatever.

Artistic photography offers such a case. Mr. Stieglitz exhibited his well-known "Net Mender" in Germany and was at once accused by several critics that he would never have thought of treating the subject if Liebermann[8] had not painted it. Now

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ALFRED STIEGLITZ: The Net Mender, 1894. IMP-GEH.

Mr. Stieglitz states that although he is acquainted with Liebermann's work, he has never seen a painting resembling his "Net Mender" and that Liebermann's representation of Dutch fishing folk had never entered his mind. The critics consider it a foregone conclusion that if one of the two derived anything from the other it must necessarily have been the photographer. The general public is not yet sufficiently acquainted with artistic photography to know that it can rival other arts in originality and beauty. Much less do the artists realize this fact. They would unscrupulously make use of any photograph suitable to their line of work, and not for a moment consider it stealing, as to them photography is merely a helpmate, without any claim to artistic merit.

The similarity in this case is merely a matter of coincidence. Each in his respective medium has worked conscientiously to gain a certain effect, and both have accomplished it. But even if one of them were obliged for the idea to the other, it would be of no consequence. Both productions are works of art of a high type, and any indebtedness in this case would be owing to the creation of one masterpiece by the suggestion of another. And of that every artist is guilty.

Heine is right, borrow as much as you like. But be certain that you master the accumulations and accreted experiences of others to such an extent that they have become your own, only that you can rear on the understructure of precedent accomplishments still higher and more imposing monuments of beauty.

—1900

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4

Random Thoughts on Criticism

"The good critic is he who narrates the adventures of a soul among masterpieces."

—ANATOLE FRANCE

THE POOR PHOTOGRAPHERS! They no longer work in sylvan quietude. Also their efforts are now exposed to the utterances of harsh criticism, in the same way that sensational books, music-hall artists, and prize fights are.

I do not know whether the photographic profession considers this an advantage or a disadvantage. I believe they are, in this respect, very much like the painters; they like to be talked about, but they do not like adverse criticism.

They fail to see that we live in an age of advertisement and that no matter whether a notice is *pro* or *con*, it is of value. Of course the artistic photographer does not desire the adulation of the mob, he is mostly an amateur, and not dependent on his art for a livelihood. But he would like to establish his name, to become well known to the profession and the art-loving public. And for that the press, unfortunately, is indispensable. Good work alone is not sufficient. If a man is but little known to a community like ours, he is apt to be entirely forgotten; as it is, he has to make his reputation over again every five years. Naturally, if a man stands so high above common mortals that art is all to him, and that he entertains an utter and honest indifference to the public, he may also shrug his shoulders at criticism. I am certain that such a man would be amused by intelligent blackguarding. But too high an opinion of oneself bars every improvement.

The art critic is the agreeable means of intermediation and conciliation between the artists and the public. And the best criticism is, after all, nothing but an individual, carefully considered estimate of a man of taste, and, in rare cases when it is at its best, the concentrated opinion of a certain part of the public. Professional men should appreciate the difficult position of the art critic in a country which is as stagnant, commonplace, and businesslike in art matters as America is in this year of grace 1899. And in Europe conditions are not much better. There the production of paintings has reached such alarming conditions that Emile Bergerat,[1] the "Caliban" of the *Figaro*,[2] exclaimed in despair, "I return from the Salon and am dumbfounded; painting is no longer an art—it is a vice." It is well nigh impossible for a critic to sift the hundred thousands of prints which artistic photography produces and do justice to others and to himself. For is it not the critic's duty to enter an artist's individuality, to discover his intentions—intentions of which the artist himself is perhaps unconscious—so as to judge how far he has realized them, and then to determine what place he occupies in contemporary art?

The trouble with photographic criticism at present is that it is maudlin and insignificant, without the slightest pretense to any educational or inspirational power.

The so-called criticisms that appear now and

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then in the professional magazines are written either by photographers who have a special view to defend; or worse, by amateurs who consider photography, as well as the writing of the article, merely a pastime, or by clerks of wholesale houses of photographic material. That such concoctions are not worth serious thought is quite natural. They are merely ordinary writers, without any knowledge or discrimination about art, who indulge either in cheap praise or unjustified fault-finding. Some merely enumerate and write biographical notes, while others fill pages without venturing a single straight-forward opinion. Apollo be merciful to them!

The only branch in which something has been accomplished is in general technical criticism. I, however, know of no work on photography which would compare in clearness of purpose and expression with Philip Gilbert Hamerton's[3] etchers' handbook. But an account of processes can hardly be termed criticism, and criticism of individual methods becomes too easily didactic to be of much use. We all like to know how a man does a thing, but it is futile to advise him how to do it. The critic is not necessarily a pedagogue, although the majority of them possess that philanthropic disposition. When they visit a photographic exhibition they equip themselves with a big bag of regulations, and woe to the poor photographer who dares to violate one of these. They pursue with indefatigable advice, pity, and hostility all who are obstinate and endeavor to search for truth in roads different from those they consider right.

There is, in reality, only one kind of criticism which is just to all, and the man who practices it must be willing and able to understand and absorb the artist's idea and judge his work from the artist's point of view. No matter whether a photographer depicts New York models as Weeping Magdalenes, or himself as Christ, scientific foreground studies or Fifth Avenues in Winter, Japanese ghosts or morose Old Masters; no matter how he exposes, retouches, and paints; whether it is over or under exposure, whether he dodges or applies chemical baths, etches on the plate or lets it take care of itself; whether he prints light or dark, on platinum or on aristo—all that is but little consequence. The question is simply whether the artist has something to express and expresses it well, and it is the critic's business to tell his own impression frankly, without personal subterfuge, to his readers.

Only in the highest order of criticism is didacticism permissible—that is, in the laying down of universal rules for one or another art, as Lessing[4] has done for painting, sculpture, and the drama, and Boileau[5] for poetry. These critics do not bother with individuals and specimens of work unless they serve the purpose of proving one of their theories. Ruskin, who endeavored to establish rules for a certain school of painting, the Pre-Raphaelites, unnecessarily limited his field of labor, so that his theories now seem partial and already, in most cases, hopelessly out of date. They will be forgotten unless his style saves them.

Photography is still too young an art to command such a critic. The time has not yet arrived to write a history of artistic photography à la Taine.[6] The material would not warrant it. The majority of photographers do not consider their profession an art. Even a Demachy[7] and Stieglitz feel very sceptical about it. What, then, can be expected of the critic!

Looking over the list of the prominent art critics of to-day, I could not mention a single one who has occupied himself seriously with artistic photography, except in now and then launching an anathema against the mechanism of photography, which is received with great satisfaction in artistic circles, for the painters and illustrators, who do not disdain to use photography as a help, are very reluctant to give it a place amongst the fine arts.

And, sad to state, the general mass of production is quite unworthy of the critic's attention. The majority of amateurs seem to imagine that composition and chiaroscuro of a degree of badness which nobody would tolerate in a painting somehow becomes allowable in photography; that because no clearly-defined laws exist for the art of Daguerre,

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a photographer is at liberty to set at defiance all the known laws of nature and art; that the mere pressing of the rubber bulb implies in itself a cleverness, elevating the practitioner above the common canons of criticism.

There are a few able artistic photographers, a very few, however, and, of the quantities of prints which are turned out every year, nine out of ten are not only valueless, but a nuisance, doing much harm by propagating and confirming those false conceptions of the art which are still generally prevalent.

Here is, indeed, room for criticism, but hardly for that which demands printer's ink and paper. Verbal criticism, such as is practiced at private lantern slide exhibitions in the clubs, is by far preferable. There is no use analyzing nonentities for the public. The critic can only give his attention to exhibitions of the work of men that command universal attention. Even then his scope will be very limited.

No, indeed, the critic of artistic photography has no easy task. Very few of the exhibitors have a striking individuality, which would be as easy to handle as that of some European celebrity in the world of art. The critic of artistic photography has to dispense with brilliancy of style and striking metaphor. Instead, he has lovingly to pick out those more modest qualities deserving praise, to strengthen feeble knees and encourage the flickering blaze, and at the same time continually to contend against prevalent prejudices.

However, one satisfaction is undoubtedly contained in it; that of having been a pathfinder and roadbuilder when the victory at last is won. And I can only state, for my part, that it would be one of the greatest satisfactions of my life to see artistic photography occupy its proper place in the world of art.

—1900

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5

On Composition

A FRIEND OF Jean Léon Gérôme[1] came one day to the painter's studio, when he was busy with the composition of a new picture. One sketch after another appeared upon the canvas, only to be rubbed out again. In the afternoon the friend happened to call again, and seeing that the painter was still occupied in the same fashion as several hours before, exclaimed: "Still laboring at your composition?" "Oui, il n'y a que ça," answered Gérôme—"Yes, there is nothing else but that."—not meaning that the composition is the only quality of importance in painting, but very likely holding the opinion that it is the most valuable of technical accomplishments, as it determines the character of the entire work.

To Gérôme it has meant even more. It has saved his work from the clutches of absolute mediocrity. He is one of the men of whom the young art students say: "Pshaw, Gérôme, he is so old-fogyish; but he knows something about composition."

He is one of the few painters to whom composition is still a science, not merely a decorative scheme of handling a certain space in a way that does not offend the eye. Study his sketches, "Conspiracy" and the "Death of Marshal Ney," how, by continual alterations, he gradually improved the pictures, and you begin to understand why the constructive element played such an important part in the creations of the old masters.

It will only be necessary to mention some really genuine work of art, like Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" or Titian's "Entombment of Christ," to prove how sound principles of composition transfused and enabled all their mode of expression. The whole success or failure of their work, the sentiment, the character, the triumph of the soul over matter, hinged on composition in those times.

How marvelously do all the lines in da Vinci's picture converge to the central figure of Christ—he made the laws of perspective the laws of composition. Raphael composed in an entirely different manner—he applied the typical geometrical forms of nature with preference—the triangle, the circle, and the ellipse—giving them full sway to reign in supreme beauty and significance over the creations of his brain. Titian proved that an accurate juxtaposition of colors and the relations of their tones can be just as valuable for the making of a perfect picture as perspective and geometry. Michelangelo regarded architecture and the plastic element of sculpture as the foundations of great paintings, and Rembrandt believed that the massing of light and shade was sufficient to produce a masterpiece.

Each of these men excelled in his style of composition, which had become a part of their individuality; and one was as good as the other.

The situation has somewhat changed in modern

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times. Composition is no longer considered absolutely essential. It is even disregarded by the realists and impressionists, or at least subordinated to other qualities. They want to represent life as it is, and claim that nature cannot be improved upon. A faithful reproduction of what they see before them is all they desire. They claim they work on broader principles than hitherto, principles derived from the habits of the eye to note transient effect—largely produced by instantaneous photography of movement, and to compare the values of color-patches with each other and to arrange them in a harmonious ensemble. They even assert that composition is no necessity; that there are no iron east laws to go by, and that the true artist works out his salvation unconsciously.

I beg to differ on that point.

True enough, composition cannot be narrowed down to a few laws, which assure success to everyone who slavishly follows them. There are no definite laws for the composition of a portrait, a landscape, or an historical picture. But it has taken men like Chavannes and Whistler to prove that the decorative treatment of comparative values, or a solemn, low-toned key of color are as effective as the elaborate technical resources of the old masters. These men are geniuses who have beaten their own track through the labyrinthine thickets of modern art. Yet I doubt very much if they are not just as dependent on certain principles of composition as their predecessors, the only difference being that they proceed in a less scientific manner, and work more unconsciously—not because they know less, but, on the contrary, more. They have seen everything that art has ever produced, and their knowledge of composition really embraces the entire history of art: ancient, mediaeval, and modern, Oriental as well as Occidental.

Every great artist makes his own laws of composition by studying the methods of his predecessors, and by giving infinite time and trouble to the elaboration of their ideas on the subjects. The mastery of composition is the final result of patient study of everything that is available in life and art.

And who can deny that the elements of Japanese art, the parallelism, the continual repetition with slight variation, the wayward caprice of losing detail here and scorning it there, the rhythm of line and the harmony of space proportion have influenced modern western art to such an extent that nearly every artistic production of the last thirty years shows a trace of one or another of its peculiarities. We believe that by adopting Japanese methods of composition we have discarded science and become more intuitive. But it is an illusion. Nobody who has studied the rigid canons of Japanese art will make such an assertion, for he will have found out that the fundamental process of so-called space-art and the putting together of lines and masses is as scientific as the theories of Leonardo da Vinci and the Renaissance, and the academic rule of French artists.

As for the photographers, I do not believe that even the best have ever bothered themselves much about composition. Of course, they cannot do without it. But they have never taken it half seriously enough. They have simply imitated the painters in a more or less careless fashion.

It will be interesting to see how far they have succeeded.

There are four styles of composition in vogue at present: line composition, light and shade composition, space composition, and tone composition.

Eickemeyer is principally a story-teller of the old school, and his composition is largely a deduction of the methods of genre painters; he is at times very good in detail, but lacks fundamental principles. His pictures very seldom show concentration. Stieglitz excels in space composition (*viz.*, "Fifth Avenue," "Scurrying Home," or "A Decorative Study"). Also Day, in his "Miss Devens," for instance, and Käsebier, in several of her portraits,

Opposite page top. JEAN LEÓN GÉRÔME: Death of Marshall Ney. By permission of the City of Sheffield.

Opposite page bottom. TITIAN: Entombment of Christ. (c) Arch. Phot. Paris/S.P.A.D.E.M.

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Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.: The Lily-Gatherer, 1892. SI.

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GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER: Mother and Child. IMP-GEH.

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ALFRED STIEGLITZ: The Old Mill, 1894. CNM.

show how cleverly space can be broken up into parts of various shapes.

Light and shade composition (in the sense of Mauve[2] or Corot[3]) is rarely accomplished in photography. The distinction between light and shade in photography always lacks vigor and, what is more, proportional value. The first shortcoming is a mechanical one, the second due to the ignorance of the art. Stieglitz's "Old Mill" is a fair specimen of light and shadow composition (although from the point of subject, a sentimental platitude). A better one, because more rhythmic in its massing, is Käsebier's "Mother and Child." Line composition is still rarer. The only photograph I know that can claim this quality is Stieglitz's "Decorative Study." White at times makes weak attempts at it. So do others, but in most cases it is largely due to the model when they succeed in suggesting it, as in Eugene's "Miss Lillian." Keiley[4] is the only exception; he was wise enough to study A. W. Dow's[5] book on composition, and whenever he fails he at least knows why.

In tone composition our artistic photographers celebrate their greatest triumphs. Day, Käsebier, Keiley, and White are all ardent competitors for the harmony of tonal effects. I give the palm to Day and White; Day's tonal nuances in his portraits of Ethel Reed,[6] Mrs. Potter,[7] and some of his foreign types are so subtle and fugitive that any painter could be proud of them. I believe even Whistler would appreciate some of his prints in that respect. White's tonal schemes are managed with such delicacy of sentiment that they lend a peculiar poetic charm to all his work.

There is really not much else to say about composition in artistic photography—that is, of what is actually done. Volumes could be written about what should be done, but I doubt if it would do much good. As I have said before, every artist of any independence of thought must make his own laws of composition. The photographer must go outside his profession and enter the province of the painter. The wielders of the brush must be his teachers.

The great painters, in the course of their practice, have authorized a sort of conventional language of composition, which every photographer ought to know, and apply whenever he possibly can. You are astonished that I, who otherwise always clamor for individuality, give such advice. You argue that your originality would be sacrificed by the use of such conventionalism. Pardon me; do not. Authors of books use combinations of words which have been in use for centuries, and yet display their originality, when they have any. Do they not enhance the beauty of their style by such knowledge?

It is the same way with composition. It has certain qualities which are understood by all who have studied art. And it is wiser to express one's

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Above. Joseph T. Keiley: Shylock, 1901. IMP-GEH.

Left. Frank Eugene: Miss Lillian.

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F. Holland Day: Study of Drapery. LC.

own ideas, with such modifications as may be necessary, in this language, than to make the vain attempt to form a new one, or to talk incoherently.

If you are still young and do not aspire as yet to be ranked among the artistic photographers, amuse yourself for a while in trying different methods. Should you ever feel a decided preference for one or the other, have faith in your preference, for it is suggested by your own mental constitution, and practice your selected method till you succeed in it.

Les photographistes arrivés must work out their own salvation, for they won't listen any more to well-meaning advice; they know it all, or at least the largest part of it.

—1901

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Clarence H. White: Morning. IMP-GEH.

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6

On Genre

GENRE SUBJECTS have always enjoyed more popularity with the general public than any other branch of the art of painting. The wielders of the brush however have always looked upon story telling in painting as something unworthy of the highest ideals of their profession. By this they do not altogether mean that minute study of details and exact presentation of facts make their productions conspicuously uninteresting as works of art, but rather that they lack those qualities which are associated with the most advanced phases of modern art.

This hatred for genre subjects has always seemed a rather futile agitation to me. Nobody with any pretense to taste will deny that those painters who devote the utmost care to the most insignificant objects (and who are still considered by the large majority the pillars of art, because their shortsightedness is relative to the ordinary seeing capacity of the crowd), are artistically inferior to those who master touch and technique, the problems of tone and color, and the decorative side of painting.

But how about the little Dutch Masters, who were genre painters in the strictest sense of the word, and who nevertheless understood to invest the true likeness of their subjects with a charm and fascination far beyond ordinary graphic powers and force of draftsmanship? And cannot also the paintings of a Fortuny[1] and Knaus,[2] for instance, be defended on the same grounds?

You may say that such men are exceptions, that the harmonious concentration of vision, peculiar to them, lifts them above minor talents—painters like Defregger,[3] Vauthier,[4] and Mosler,[5] whose pictures are like pages torn from a popular novel. But if there are exceptions, the fault can hardly lie in the choice of subjects, and the question whether a genre painter paints artistically or not is reduced to a large extent to personal opinion.

Let us investigate this matter a little more closely. First of all, it will be necessary to ascertain of what material a genre picture is constituted, an extremely difficult problem, as it is well nigh impossible to draw the boundary lines with indisputable precision. The standards which guide the painters in their judgment have assumed no definite shape, they are mostly a matter of personal feeling and the traditional "ism" of some special school, and consequently not to be relied upon. Moreover they are full of paradoxes.

Take for instance a painter like Defregger. No matter how this painter might treat a group of peasants, we would classify his picture at once as *genre*. On the other hand if we are confronted with a peasant by the hand of Israëls[6] or Liebermann[7] we would hesitate and prefer to call their produc-

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Left. Franz von Defregger: Sister and Brothers.

Below. Max Liebermann: Workers in the Beet Fields, 1876. Niedersächsisches Landesmuseum Hannover.

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tion "a study." And yet there is in both the same careful study, the same striving to get at the secrets of certain types of humanity, the same desire to record completely and definitely their special traits.

The whole difference seems to lie in the conception, for it cannot be denied that both pictures tell a story. The one is told à la Dickens in a popular way, the other in the style of a writer of the modern realistic school, which may be some day just as popular as the other one.

But the problem is still more difficult. For how shall we classify a single finished figure of Meissonier[8] or Zamaçois![9] We might be inclined to call it a study, as long as the figure is merely placed against a background without any special occupation, while we would designate it as genre as soon as the figure is represented as playing chess, looking at a piece of statuary, etc., or in other words approaching the anecdotal style of painting. On the other hand who would deny that the women of Stevens,[10] who are generally depicted in interiors and employed in one or another phase of domestic or social life, do not show the same subtle refinement and psychological insight as the ladies of Aman-Jean or Dewing, who sit in attitudes of pensive grace against backgrounds that are nothing else but color arrangements?

True enough, but Stevens is an exception, he is a psychologist and a colorist of the first order, somebody will argue. He is infatuated with anything feminine which suggests to him harmonies of tone, in which the richer color chords shine like the faint lustre of ancient gems in a twilight atmosphere.

If this argument holds good, then the subject is not the point at all, but the treatment alone.

THOMAS WILMER DEWING: In the Garden. Hartmann states in his unpublished autobiography that the painting represents three views of a woman he identified only as "Ruth," whom he met in Boston in 1888 and courted until his excessive ardor cooled her interest in him.

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ALFRED STEVENS: The Visit. Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute. Williamstown, Mass.

EDMOND AMAN-JEAN: Study. Photo N. D. Roger-Viollett.

Although story telling is, in my opinion, rather unaesthetic in the pictorial representation of human figures, as long as these are seen separately and individually and not *en masse*, as by the impressionist painter, I see no reason why genre subjects should be tabooed altogether, as it depends entirely on the way they are treated. In ideas Fortuny has hardly more to tell than Gérôme[11] for instance, but how differently he tells it! To him life is a masquerade, ebullient and capricious, where every detail glitters like a piece of jewel-clustered brocade. All that should be avoided in pedantic realism, which busies itself with every little thread stealing out of a buttonhole, and which can see only things detached in detail and not as a harmonious whole.

In artistic photography the situation is a similar one, the same fight is on and almost the same arguments could be used in regard to the works of Dumont,[12] Eickemeyer, Stirling,[13] White, Käsebier, and Steichen. However there is one difference. A painting, no matter how trivial or prosaic its subject may be, can still charm by technical qualities, in which certain characteristics of the artist may be reflected, while a photographic genre picture à la Defregger or Vauthier, no matter how

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cleverly composed is always hopelessly inartistic. It depends too largely on the models and their ability to pose, and to remain natural looking while a long studio exposure is taking place. It is almost a physical impossibility.

Eickemeyer's "The Dance" was a most ambitious attempt to overcome these difficulties; he had the proper models and studio outfits on hand, he thought out the composition night and day, altered it frequently, made study after study until he finally succeeded in getting a faultless picture from the photographic point of view. Artistically it is of no more interest than a reproduction of a painting by Diehlman.[14] The same might be said of White's "Ring Toss." The means of modification do not seem to be sufficient to generalize the facts which the camera tells with such unrelenting bluntness. The more artistic a photographer is, the more he will see in an object what he looks for, but the camera will never fail to remind him that there are forms in nature which the mind at the time did not perceive. A study of these two prints will give a fair estimate of the limitations of the photographer's craft. Elaborate genre scenes in which several figures are introduced are practically impossible, and to strain after effects like these means to invite failure and to join hands with mediocrity. One and two figure subjects lend themselves more easily to photographic treatment as Dumont and White have successfully proven, but their efforts are hardly more than finger posts in the right direction. They lack virility and *esprit*, and excite as pictures hardly more than a passing interest.

Steichen and Eugene are as far as I know the only ones who might possibly succeed in discovering and expressing in photographic genre some of that "painter" element which we admire in the works of Liebermann or Israëls. For those who are not initiated into the painter's technique it very much resembles the pursuit of the impossible, an occupation which they should leave to people of less discretion than they are supposed to possess.

—1902

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Above. Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.: Dancing Lesson. SI.

Opposite page top. Clarence H. White: Ring Toss. IMP-GEH.

Opposite page bottom. John E. Dumont: Clarinet Player. IMP-GEH.

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7

A Photographic Enquête

Ever since I became interested in artistic photography—which is now more than six or seven years ago—I have been curious to gather the opinions of artists on the aims and methods of the new graphic art, and often during studio visits broached the subject instead of other current topics. I found the large majority rather ignorant of the subject, as they are to this day. They knew very little of what had been accomplished in recent years, and only in rare cases knew anything about individual workers—Mrs. Käsebier, on account of her showcase on Fifth Avenue, being perhaps the best known.

To most of them—the illustrative in particular—it still seems impossible to disassociate photography from the prevailing ideas, that it can claim nothing—interesting as it may be from many points of view—but the virtues of a mechanical industry. They are apt to attribute every artistic effect to the mechanism of the camera and to accident, and entirely to overlook those points which in fairness should be allowed to be due to personal influence of the worker and the direct control of a tool which otherwise would take a different direction. The opinion of such men, indoctrinated with the fixed idea that nothing higher, nothing better is capable of being done by the photographer, can be of but little value to the profession and will not be mentioned on this occasion, although I have fought them in many a bitter battle.

The sole object of this photographic *enquête*—as I may call it—is to state the opinions of such artists as are capable of receiving an innovation without prejudice, or who at least feel that the recent efforts of artistic photography involve a claim which is honestly put forward, and deserve at least an honest and impartial examination.

The selection was difficult. Artists are, as a rule, not very good talkers. What can one do for instance with a man who has nothing but ejaculations, like "This is a bird," or "That's a peach," for words of approval! And those who express their opinions more fluently are often mediocrities, and therefore hardly desirable for quotation.

My choice has fallen on those of our leading sculptors and painters who had something individual to say, even if they treated the subject of photography with the amused condescension of men whose conception of art seems outraged by "so much resemblance and yet so great a difference."

I generally jotted down our conversations a few hours after they had taken place, and can therefore in most cases vouch for the correct wording (with the exception of course of awkward or unquotable mannerisms of speech). I also must mention that I often found it necessary to show them my portfolio

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of prints (containing the work of Ben-Yúsuf, Käsebier, Stieglitz, Eickemeyer, Day, White, Eugene, Steichen, and others) in order to get them interested and to put them in the mood to talk on the subject.

Fragments of the various conversations with commentary notes follow at random:

D. C. French,[1] the sculptor, is one of the few who is in absolute sympathy with the movement. His appreciation of artistic photography is long standing and he seems to realize the excellence of some of the work accomplished. Several prints decorate the walls of his studio, and I remember him saying years ago, when my knowledge was still rather limited, "that photography of this kind should be cultivated, for it was undoubtedly of great assistance in promoting the study of nature and in fostering a sound artistic taste."

Recently he rather amused me by saying, while turning over the prints of my portfolio: "No wonder that these men do such good work. I understand they are nearly all men of leisure, who photograph for a pastime. They have no cares, and have to make no effort to *please*. They do not seem to care a rap for the opinions of the public. That is delightful! And as for the mechanism of photography, of which people talk so much, I don't think it can be compared with that of sculpture. Think of the casting and recasting, the construction of skeleton forms and of iron pipes, etc., and all the dirt connected with it. There is mechanism enough for you. The photographers surely get their effects much more easily."

G. G. Barnard,[2] the talented disciple of Rodin, an idealist of the first water, who always clamors for high art in his conversations, was rather evasive at the start in expressing an opinion.

"I have not given more than a passing attention to the graphic arts." But when I pressed him he ejaculated, with a faint smile on his lips, "What does it all amount to! It must be awful for you to write about such things. Yes, there may be certain beauties of tone, now and then a pleasing picture; but what of that! *Cela n'en vout pas la peine.* Have they made any pictures of lasting value? What does not remain in one's memory and insist on being permanent is not worth remembering. They imitate and do not get beyond the elementary considerations of type, composition and detail. I really do not see any chance to do great work in that line. You say they are honest and sincere in their efforts. These are merits that I appreciate. Perhaps a sculptor could after all learn something from them."

"Yes, to be sure, they do clever work," remarked W. M. Chase[3] to me in his studio at Boussod Valadon, the walls of which are lined with stacks of pictures of which comparatively few are his own, and which make it look as if the great technician was as much an art dealer as a painter. "Look at these photographs by an amateur, a Miss F——, are they not wonderful? This one looks just like a Velasquez. They are full of suggestion."

"But this technique is abominable," I interjected, "The young lady knows nothing about developing nor printing."

"That may be, but they are artistic nevertheless, and without any pretense of being called works of art. Photography of that sort is a great help to a painter. You probably are aware that Lenbach never painted a portrait without the help of photography."

"But do you not think that a photograph itself can be a work of art?"

"Oh! awfully clever work is done, no doubt; but I would make this discrimination; I would call them artistic and not works of art. And I for my part prefer unpretentious amateur work. Take for instance the case of the young lady. She enjoys making her photographs and her family and her friends enjoy them; it improves the taste all around, and even an artist can look at them with benefit.

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Photographers in my opinion should rest content with being amateurs, and they have a pretty wide field before them without extending the sphere of their activities."

"I want to have your opinion on artistic photography," I said to F. S. Church,[4] the painter of the "Surf Phantom," the last time I called upon him. Laughingly he rejoined, "I know nothing of the subject, I know only the more I study painting the more ignorant I feel. But so much I can say in favor of photography that whenever I open a magazine I like those pictures best which are photographs. That is, as long as they reproduce actualities; for instance, scenes of the Boer war. No illustration can touch them. Every photograph means something, tells you something, instructs you; the illustrator merely gives you some imaginative fancy, which in such cases, where you want to know the truth, is absolutely valueless."

"But that is merely the lowest form of art, similar to reporting. What do you think of the chances of the camera for imaginative work?"

"I think the process too mechanical for a successful realization of the picturesque fancies of an artist. This would take away the power of the artist to give shape to his own convictions and to present them in persuasive guise, and would make the efforts of the artist photographer ineffectual. To expose his imaginings to the uncertainties of a mechanical process would be to destroy their credibility, to make them affectations."

"You mean you could not photograph a picture like your 'Surf Phantom.' "

"Nor a picture like Ryder's[5] 'Flying Dutchman.' You may depend on that."

"Of course they can only do certain things. But you can't deny that the works of a White or a Käsebier show a decided imaginative strain?"

"I won't deny that, they have talent. But it also takes talent to be a good shoemaker—which is perhaps more satisfactory, as he can realize what he wants to do. The photographer can't, and the more artistic talent he has, the less he can realize. The subjects which the camera can master are mightily limited, I fear."

Childe Hassam,[6] the impressionist and street painter *par excellence,* took great pleasure in looking over my collection.

"It is astonishing what they do. But at the same time I can't comprehend why they strive so much for high finish. Photography surely could produce impressionistic scenes more easily than they can be rendered in other mediums. The camera is so inaccurate in its work. Think only of the chances of accidents, often marvelously artistic. I do not say this because I am an impressionist myself, but because the camera has the advantage, that its reproduction of instantaneousness—there is a work like that, isn't there—is mechanical."

George de Forest Brush[7] I met one day when he was just leaving the house with his two eldest children to take them to the circus.

"What have you there?" he asked, pointing to my portfolio. I handed it to him, he looked it over hastily on the stoop, then handing it back to me we walked down the street together, and he said:

"These are queer times. Perhaps we shall have to accept new ideals of beauty. Maybe the East River bridges will be aesthetically attractive to the man of the coming generation as the Parthenon appeared all-sufficient to our forefathers, and that the convention of monochrome will be deemed more satisfying than painting."

"Yes, it is a risky thing to speculate on a contemporary's chance of future fame," I remarked.

"To-day is essentially a time when mean things are done so finely that future ages may refer to it as a period when the minor arts attracted the genius and energy diverted, by modesty or timidity, from heroic enterprises. So as we collect Whistler's lithographs, and pay thousands for a piece of porcelain or some other article, it may be other

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ages will pass by our pictures and poems with a smile of contempt, and collect artistic photographs such as these with keen interest. And nature, who is herself perfect in trifles as in entities, is not wholly wronged thereby. But there is my car; we will talk another time more about it, I hope."

With D. W. Tryon[8] I had several conversations on the subject. These are some of the things he said:

"Eugene knows how to get color, but he absolutely lacks repose. Some of his portraits are more interesting than any I have seen in the recent painters' exhibitions, but that doesn't say much, as most of these are so ridiculously bad."

Then referring to Day's, White's, and Käsebier's work: "I don't see why they reproduce such unsympathetic types. There is no spirituality and but little intelligence in them. It is a real conspiracy of ugliness. I also do not like their modes of modification. Photography surely aims at something else than draftsmanship and all which that word implies. And yet I do not fancy the ordinary photograph either. Do you remember Leighton's tree studies? In them no detail was stinted, nothing skimped, from the stem to the uttermost leaf; every part in succession records equal interest, and yet the whole is not devoid of a large quality which brings it together in a harmonious whole, so that it is as much the study of a tree as the study of each separate item composing one. Photography can't do that.

"Every good artist fully appreciates the value of different mediums. The photographer has one decided advantage, he gets at the very start so much what we artists can only gain by strenuous work. But that is perhaps also his greatest drawback. He can only retouch what he has on hand. He cannot gradually grow into the subject, and imbue it with a strong personal note. He has no equivalent for the individual touch of the artist, to make the arm, the wrist, the finger-tips do what the eyes see and the soul dictates from minute to minute, from day to day until the ideal is realized. The artist is, above all else, very human; herein lies his great charm. The photographer can never be in such perfect sympathy with his subject as the artist.

"I always considered it possible that some day the dislike of color may grow so strong—from a too subtle perception of it—that artists, despairing of ever putting down the light and vibration of natural color, will prefer to leave it to the imagination of students of their work. A new graphic art would be necessary for that, but I do not think that photography could ever take that place. Photographs seen in masses, even the very best, are awfully fatiguing, for they all lack subtlety, they never *vibrate*."

With Thomas W. Dewing, who as a painter of women has no rival, unless it be the famous delineator of feminine charms, Alfred Stevens—I had one of the hottest arguments.

"Do not these points demonstrate that beauty of form, color, design, and draftsmanship, exquisite balance of line arrangement, and consummate skill of handling, are all possible in a photograph?" I argued, trying to be as enthusiastic as possible.

"What you have shown me to-day is more promising than anything I have seen before. But, hang it, it is the model that does everything in photography. It is surely clever arrangement; that is all it amounts to. If you have a model that knows how to move, you can make a good picture—there you are!"

"But do not you also need a special type of model for your pictures?" I queried, throwing a side glance at his model, one of those long-necked ethereal looking girls of thirty, which he never grows tired of painting.

"Naturally, but the photographer cannot get away from his model; he will always get something which will resemble the model, a *banale* inaccurate likeness, so to speak, while I merely use one as a suggestion. No, I don't admire pictures that simply look like something because the photographer happens to know a good looking model. The true artist gets his effects he does not know how."

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"But if a man like Whistler would take to photography?" I asked.

"He might do something; but it is absurd. A man like Whistler would never have the patience to photograph. And if he had bothered with photography, when he was a young man, he would never have become a Whistler afterwards. The practice of photography would induce a man to shirk certain duties, as to make life studies, etc. But a Whistler would have done something original and not imitated paintings, the old masters. Don't they know better? It is a dangerous play that has wasted the time of painters for about two centuries."

"But you like some of these pictures, you said so yourself a few minutes ago."

"Yes, they show taste, they are clever—they are better than the pictures of many artists—but they are just like reproductions on the surface, dead! You know yourself that they do not suggest any emotions or recall any memories of past experiences, of love, poetic thoughts, etc. They have nothing new to say, so they look at a landscape or pose a beautiful model and think they have done something wonderful."

"They at least help to improve public taste," I argued.

"Nonsense! Hang the educational value business altogether," exclaimed Mr. Dewing, impatiently. "We've heard enough of that kind of rot lately to last us for the rest of our natural lives. What is the value of art, anyhow? Nothing but the pleasure of making it. If it gives them pleasure to make such stuff, well and good."

"Then what do you think a photographer should photograph?"

"Real life. All that the painter cannot do or only with great difficulty. Likenesses not only of faces, but of the actual forms. Movement, character, energy, all that which the realistic painters depict, subjects which really have no longer any place in painting. They could render the prosaic phases in a more artistic manner. The ordinary illustrations raised to a higher standard, that is what their aim should be, and it is a very high one. They could make it a true art, which everybody had to admire, and which would in no way interfere with imaginative art, which is the domain of poetry and painting."

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The Influence of Artistic Photography on Interior Decoration

THE ELABORATE way in which the artistic photographers mount and frame their prints has attracted attention everywhere and called forth critical comment, favorable as well as the reverse, from various quarters. Nobody can deny that they go about it in a conscientious, almost scientific manner, and that they usually display a good deal of taste; but the general opinion seems to be that they attach too much importance to a detail which, although capable of enhancing a picture to a remarkable degree, can do but little toward improving its quality. The artistic photographers differ on this point. They argue that a picture is only finished when it is properly trimmed, mounted, and framed, and that the whole effect of print, mounts or mat, signature, and frame, should be an artistic one, and the picture be judged accordingly.

This is a decided innovation. In painting, frames only serve as "boundary lines" for a pictorial presentation, similar to those to which we are subjected in looking at a fragment of life out of an ordinary window.

The frame clearly defines the painter's pictorial vision, and concentrates the interest upon his canvas, even to such an extent that all other environments are forgotten. At least, such was the original idea. But it seems that we have grown oversensitive in this respect; we would also like to see the frame harmonize with the tonal values of the picture it encloses. But up to date, very little has been done in this direction. The official exhibitions still insist on the usual monotony of gold frames, and the painters seem to have neither any particular inclination nor the opportunity to create frames of lovely forms and well-balanced repeating patterns of their own. The frame-makers and art-dealers are masters of the situation, and their interests are strictly commercial ones.

"Attractive enough at first sight; hopelessly inartistic on further inspection," is the verdict which one has to give of the average frame of to-day. Tryon,[1] Dewing,[2] and Horatio Walker[3] are the only painters I know who seriously oppose the mechanically manufactured picture-frames. They have their frames specially designed for each picture—Stanford White[4] being the designer of quite a number of them. Their frames are wide and flat without corners and centerpieces; the repeating pattern is generally a simple, classic ornament, with a tendency toward vertical lines. The coloring is gold, but tinted and glazed by the painter himself until it corresponds with the color keynote of the special picture the frame was designed for. This method will undoubtedly find favor with many of the younger men, but a radical change can not take place until the despotic "framing" rules of exhibitions have been abolished.

The artistic photographers, on the other hand, had no rules to adhere to. All they wanted were

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artistic accessories for their prints. They could allow their imagination full sway. They obeyed every impulse and whim, and indulged in any scheme as long as it was practical and specially adapted to the print for which it was planned. Every frame was made to order; they ransacked the frame-maker's workshops for new ideas and revolutionized the whole trade. The result was much that was bizarre and overfastidious (some photographers apparently mistook their packing paper mounts for sample-books of paper warehouses), but also a fair average of sterling quality was produced. The mounting and framing of the leading artistic photographers of America was simple, tasteful, and to the point; they go far ahead in this respect of all other black-and-white artists, and can proudly claim that they are the best mounters and frame-makers of the world.

Their style is largely built up on Japanese principles. The Japanese never use solid elevated "boundary lines" to isolate their pictures, but on the contrary try to make the picture merely a note of superior interest in perfect harmony with the rest of the *kakemono*,[5] which again is in perfect harmony with the wall on which it is placed. The Japanese artist simply uses strips of beautifully patterned cloth to set off the picture, and endeavors to accentuate its lines and color-notes by the mounting and the momentary environments, which is easy enough, as the mounting is generally so artistically done that it fits in anywhere. (I refer, of course, only to Japanese homes.) Pictures in Japan are merely regarded as bits of interior decoration. The Japanese art-patron does not understand our way of hanging pictures in inadequate surroundings; he does not disregard the technical merits of a picture (which is to us always the most important point); on the contrary, he is very sensitive to them, but he always subordinates them to his inherent ideas of harmony. He would never hang a picture if it did not harmonize with the color of his screens, the form of his lacquer cabinet, etc.

The artistic photographers try to be like the Japanese in this respect. They endeavor to make their prints bits of interior decoration. A Käsebier print, a dark silhouette on green wall-paper in a greenish frame, or a Steichen print mounted in cool browns and grays, cannot be hung on any ordinary wall. They are too individual; the rest of the average room would jar with their subtle color-notes. They need special wall-paper and special furniture to reveal their true significance.

That is where the esthetic value of the photographic print comes in. It will exercise a most palpable influence on the interior decoration of the future. People will learn to see that a room need not be overcrowded like a museum in order to make an artistic impression, that the true elegance lies in simplicity, and that a wall fitted out in green and gray burlap, with a few etchings or photographs, after Botticelli or other old masters, in dark frames is as beautiful and more dignified than yards of imitation gobelins or repoussé leather tapestry hung from ceiling to floor with paintings in heavy golden frames.

We have outgrown the bourgeois beauty of Rogers[6] statuettes, and are tired of seeing Romney[7] backgrounds in our portraits and photographs. The elaborate patterns of Morris[8] have given way to wall-paper of one uniform color, and modern furniture is slowly freeing itself from the influence of former historic periods and trying to construct a style of its own, based on lines which nature dictates. Whistler and Alexander have preached the very same lesson in the backgrounds of their portraits. Everywhere in their pictures we encounter the thin black line of the oblong frame which plays such an important part in the interior decoration of to-day, and which invariably conveys a delightful division of space.

The artistic photographer has elaborated on the black frame and white mat. He has created in his frame innumerous harmonies of color, form, and material, and if there shall ever be a demand for them, and if they shall ever serve as suggestions for interior decoration, we shall surely be able to steer

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clear of monotony; for I must confess that if the majority of rooms were furnished in the Whistler fashion (as suggested in "His Mother" and "Carlyle"), it would be as unbearable as the present museum style.

Also, the advanced professional photographers, slowly falling in with the steps of the artistic photographers, help the cause. The former way of mounting photographs on stiff board, which could only be put in albums or bric-á-brac frames on mantelpieces, etc., had no artistic pretense about it whatever. Their present way, mounting the print on large gray sheets of paper with rough edges and overlapping covers is really nothing but an invitation to buy a frame for the print and hang it on the wall. The professional print has acquired a pictorial significance.

But it is, after all, an open question whether these efforts will be crowned with success. We are too much interested in the utilitarian equipments of our homes ever to give, as the Japanese do, first consideration to harmony. And harmony, perfect harmony, is necessary to adapt their style of interior decoration successfully, the elaborate details of which in turn are lost in the background, which is impossible with our present system of house-building. As long as door-jambs and window-sills and mantelpieces are manufactured wholesale, and as long as our rooms are infested with stereotype chandeliers, registers, etc., a burlap-wall, with a few "Secession" prints will not save us. And to go to the extreme, as some esthetes are apt to do—and they have to go to extremes from our view-point—will always be regarded as an eccentric, visionary accomplishment.

I personally have never been sensitive to my surroundings; I like a general harmony of effect, but would tire of any room that carried out a distinct line- or color-scheme, and I would find it rather ridiculous to build a special sanctuary for a Whistler etching, a Dewing silver print, or a Steichen print. In Japan, furniture is scant and the interiors of the houses generally kept in a neutral tint, to which the details lend the color-notes. If our interiors were as simple and artistic as the Japanese ones, we should have a good basis to work on. As it is, the photographic prints are finger-posts in the right direction. Whether we can pursue the indicated path to the very end is a question which the future has to decide.

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Repetition With Slight Variation

THE QUESTION, "What is the leading characteristic of Japanese painting?" has often been put to me, and I have invariably answered, "Repetition with slight variation."

Of course, there are other qualities to consider, as the peculiar color-distribution, the calligraphic dexterity of brush-work, the willful neglect or exaggeration of detail, the grotesque division of space, and the economic manipulation of backgrounds which apparently look empty and yet enhance the pictorial aspect of the picture to a rare degree. But more important than any of these peculiarities of composition seems to me to be their laws of repetition with slight variation, because a composition of that order possesses the two principal elements of pictorial art: It is decorative and yet true to life. Its object is not to execute a perfect imitation of reality (only bad works of art do that) or a poetic resemblance of life (as our best painters produce), but merely a commentary on some pictorial vision which sets the mind to think and dream.

If the Japanese artist wants to depict a flight of cranes, he draws half a dozen or more which at the first glance look alike, but which on closer scrutiny are each endowed with an individuality of their own. He foregoes perspective and all other expedients; he simply represents them in clear outlines in a diagonal line or sweeping curve on an empty background, and relies for his effect upon the repetition of forms. A Western artist would have expanded this at least into a picture with a landscape or cloud effect as background; to the Japanese artist, working in the narrow bounds prescribed by custom and taste, any such attempt would appear futile; he knows that such an event can not be expressed more forcibly than by simply depicting the objects with only a slight variation in their representation.

The first form introduces us to the subject, its appearance, and action; the second accentuates the same impression and heightens the feeling of reality by the slight variation in the appearance and action; and every following form resembling, at the first glance, a silhouette is simply a commentary upon the preceding one; and all together represent, so to say, a multiplication of the original idea.

And in the same manner as they respect lines and masses, they vary color-schemes, which often resemble each other, but are nevertheless endlessly varied in shade and line. The French illustrators and the German designers of the "Secessionist" School[1] have *adopted* this method with considerable success. The painters, however, have been rather reluctant about following their example. They probably realize that their plastic style of painting would not harmonize with the idea of repetition, which is strictly decorative and specially adapted to flat-surface work.

I know of only two men who have successfully adapted this law in their composition and created

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something like a new style. They are Puvis de Chavannes,[2] and D. W. Tryon,[3] the American landscape-painter. Both, however, were wise enough to avoid repetition in a diagonal direction or in a curve arrangement. Chavannes, in his mural painting, is very fond of the parallelism of vertical lines. Not only the trees, but also his human figures are constructed in that fashion. His aim is to express dignity and repose, and nothing can accomplish it better than an architectonic arrangement of vertical lines, as, for instance, in his "L'Hiver."

Chavannes composes at *largo* while Tryon is satisfied with *adagios* and *andantes*. The latter was addicted for years to the parallelism of horizontal lines. Undoubtedly he went a step in the right direction, as the principal line-idea in all natural scenery is necessarily horizontal, and a painted landscape, where this parallelism is accentuated and elaborately worked out (balanced by vertical-line work and oval shapes), will convey the idea of vastness and level expansion more readily than those in whose composition a horizontal monotony of lines has been neglected.

In artistic photography I have not yet encountered any attempt at repetition with slight variation, and I would advise no one to take it up without devoting some profound study to it, and even then I believe it should only be utilized when life or nature spontaneously suggests it. I do not believe that it can be forced into photography without looking forced; but that the photographers have to decide for themselves. Whoever wants to make a study of it must learn to appreciate its various ways of application, and thereby get down to the very essence of its esthetic value, will find ample opportunity, not only in painting, but also in the other arts.

In musical composition it is very frequent. The

PIERRE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES: L'Hiver. Hotel de Ville, Paris.

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DWIGHT WILLIAMS TRYON: Untitled. Freer Gallery of Art.

pieces which treat variations of one theme are innumerable. In Western literature we find it in the refrains of ballads, in Poe's poems, and the work of the French symbolists, and above all else in the writings of Maurice Maeterlinck,[4] this quaint combination of Greek, medieval, and Japanese art reminiscences. In architecture it has always been one of the leading elements, only with the difference that in Western architecture everything has to be subservient to symmetry, while the Eastern world also recognizes (at least in the ornaments) the right of unsymmetrical composition. In the Gothic style one can study the parallelism of diagonal line, and in the Baroque and Rococo the repetition of curves. In dancing, the arrangement of a ballet, nearly everything depends on repetition; many figures are nothing but repetition *without* variation. The performers themselves substitute the lack of too frequent changes in movement and action.

Even the variety stage affords at times good opportunities for study. I realized it when I saw the Barrison Sisters.[5] They were an object lesson that should have interested any student of art. There were five pretty, gay ladies of fascinating leanness and awkwardness *a la* Chavannes, who could neither dance nor sing, but who, simply having been drilled by a manager to expound in coquettish movements and attitudes a French-Japanese code of frivolity, unconsciously expressed the Japanese law of repetition with slight variation. But no other American critic at the time dwelt upon their esthetic values, and I may, after all, have been mistaken in my judgment.

Nature and every-day life, of course, are in this instance past-masters. One only has to keep one's eyes open to discover the raw material which the artist utilizes.

But there is still another side to the question—at least from the Eastern point of view. Not only the composition of Japanese artists is guided by the law of repetition, but also their inventive power. As inexhaustible as it seems, one will find that they have always treated a certain line of subjects. For instance, they have painted a crow sitting on a snow-covered fir-branch with the full moon behind a thousand times; but every painter who has handled the subject has tried to lend it a new individuality. Only the subject remains the same;

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treatment and conception are invariably charged with the personality of the artist.

We Occidentals do not seem to be capable of this; our aim is above all else to be original; like Richard III, we roam through the fields of art and say: "An original idea! An original idea! My life for an original idea!" forgetting that originality does not consist of something that has never been done before, but rather in new ways of expression. And nothing tends more to the very opposite of the conventional and commonplace than to find a new variation of an old subject. Thousands of mother-and-child pictures have been painted by the old masters, but artists like de Forest Brush,[6] Abbot Thayer,[7] Tompkins,[8] and Mary Cassatt[9] have understood how to lend the time-worn subject a new note of interest.

The craze for originality is really the curse of our art, as it leads nearly always to conventionalism and mannerism. The artistic accomplishments of the Japanese are due largely to the fact of their never-tiring study of variation. They have realized that a beautiful idea always remains a beautiful idea, and that it takes as much creative power to lend a new charm to an old theme as to produce and execute an apparently new one, which, after all, may prove an old one.

—1903

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10

The Photo-Secession Exhibition at the Carnegie Art Galleries, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHEN TWO YEARS ago (it is hard to believe that it is only two years) a few artistic photographers founded the Secession, the outsiders—largely the profession, a few artists, and that small part of the public interested in photographic matters—smiled rather incredulously at the attempt and wisely shook their heads and offered all sorts of cheap advice. Love's labor lost, they thought; that might do for painters, etchers, wood-engravers, but for photographers—ridiculous!

But the Secessionists were not to be discouraged; they listened to no advice; they had convictions and persevered. Then came their first exhibition at the National Arts Club, at New York, which taught such a practical lesson to many a publisher, painter, and art-student. "It has met with success simply because of its novelty," the wiseacres remarked, "but wait awhile! It is just like a new play, everybody wants to see it merely to talk about it, then the interest will cease."

What have all these now to say after the triumph of the Secession ideas at the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington and at the Carnegie Art Galleries in Pittsburgh?[1] Will they still be able to find excuses, or will they suddenly, as is usually the case in such matters, come over to the enemy's camp, proudly asseverating that they have fully believed, from the very start, in the principles of this movement.

Fortunately the Secessionists care little for popular approval, insisting upon works, not faith, and believing that their share having been done in producing the work, the public must now do the rest. A few friends, and these of understanding mind, a few true appreciators, this is all they expect and all they desire.

The Photo-Secession Exhibition at Pittsburgh is indisputably the most important and complete pictorial photographic exhibition ever held in this country. I must confess to no special fondness for the ordinary run of photographic exhibitions, but the Pittsburgh show is so far superior to anything of its kind I have ever seen before, that I consider it a privilege to have viewed it and to have found real pleasure in my task of studying it. With exception of the background, which was red in color and dilapidated in appearance—a state of affairs over which the Secession had, unfortunately, no control—the arrangement, the lighting of the galleries, which concentrated the light upon the pictures and left all else in semi-darkness, was particularly effective and seemed incapable of improvement. The hanging, at best a thankless task, was done with untiring energy and exquisite taste by Mr. Joseph T. Keiley. The exhibit is exceedingly well grouped; the framing of the pictures up to the usual high standard; and the catalogues arranged by Stieglitz himself, especially the illustrated edition de luxe with cover-design by Steichen, which contained

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seven gravures, may all be regarded as models of good taste.

Thanks to those who selected the collection, fully two-thirds of the exhibit of three hundred frames is of a superior kind, masterpieces, of course, being as scarce here as everywhere.

Nearly all of the pictures contained some artistic note that lifted them above the commonplace. The exhibition was national in its character, fifty-four photographers being represented. Only Day, Lee,[2] Maurer,[3] and Genthe, for some reason or another, could or would not participate. The large bulk of the exhibit was by the members of the Secession.

Photo-Secession! The outsider is generally startled at the name; he does not know the exact meaning of the word nor in what way it is applied to this class of energetic and enthusiastic workers. People wonder what the Secessionists really want, and yet their aim is such a simple one. They want to be artistic, that is all. They want to see their work classed as an art; but this is only a secondary consideration, as recognition can not be forced; it must come by itself. Their first and last aim is to do artistic work.

Why, then, all this mockery, noise, and opposition? Because it is a fight, after all. It is a fight of modern ideas against tradition, or, more modestly expressed, a fight for a new technique. I am convinced that the better class of photographers also want to be artistic, not quite as much as the Secessionists, but to their best understanding. The whole trouble is that the two parties can't agree on the mediums of expression. It is a fight about conception, theory, and temperament. And the Secessionists, even if they accomplish nothing but the improvement of the average standard of photographic work, will remain victors, because they are more sincere and are willing to sacrifice everything to reach their end.

It sometimes seems to me as if this fight were not at all about esthetics, as the Secessionists seem willing to accept almost anything, so long as it contains a spark of artistic merit. They object only to such commercial work as is produced for no other purpose than to suit a sitter or a publisher. They wish to be independent artists and not time-pleasing speculators. That was really the cause of their revolt. And the Secession was created for no other purpose than to foster and cultivate this genuine art feeling, which must be found at the root of every work of art.

The best which the exhibition had to offer, and so far as my personal feelings are concerned the best which the Secession has produced, are the prints of Steichen. None can deny his power. He stands in a class by himself. That which he shows us is not always photography, but it invariably belongs to the domain of art. He sacrifices everything to painter-like qualities and conception as well as treatment, and with astonishing precision he realizes the ideas which he wishes to convey. Like a

EDWARD STEICHEN: In Memoriam, 1904. MOMA.

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highwayman he lies in wait for beauty, seizes her, and drags her away as she passes. He steps straight into her path and, like an *Espada* whose reputation would be lost had he to make a second thrust, he settles the whole question with one clever stroke. To him life is a sojourn in darkness, illuminated by innumerable streaks of lightning. These he tries to grasp. Every object he endeavors to imbue with beauty, and even the simplest, a vessel or a branch of flowers, sets him to dreaming about some big artistic problem, and he at once makes the effort to transform it into a pictorial revelation.

Just his very opposite is Joseph T. Keiley. He, too, sees the beauty of detail, but finds it so beautiful in itself that he forgets all artistic possibilities. He lingers over details so long and lovingly and discovers such a wealth of beauty in them that he grows confused. When he photographs a beautiful woman, he hesitates to show her in the full bloom of her youth, but tries to subdue her charms. And as beauty must be wooed in a more ardent fashion, she often evades so cold a lover; but when he succeeds in holding her she reveals herself in one of the most tender moods. His work conveys an effect like the ringing of an old church-bell. A deep, mysterious sound in the bass and above it a very light ethereal one, so fugitive that it seems to vanish at every moment. His "Spring," Corot-like and evanescent like spring itself, plainly sounds these two notes and is one of the gems of the exhibition.

Stieglitz, as usual, holds his own. His older work seems just as strong and interesting as it did years ago, and nearly every picture he adds comes near to being a masterpiece. In his "Hand of Man" he shows that he is still the same accomplished artist as in "The Net-Mender," "Watching for the Return,"

JOSEPH T. KEILEY: Spring. IMP-GEIL.

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Left. Alfred Stieglitz: Untitled (Variant of "The Hand of Man"), 1910. Collection of Eleanor and Van Deren Coke.

Below. Alfred Stieglitz: The Hand of Man, Long Island City, New York, 1902. imp-geh.

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and "Winter on Fifth Avenue." In it he betrays a decided step in advance, as he has undertaken to imbue it with a feeling of mystery which his earlier pictures have lacked. We all know how indefatigably he has worked for the Secession, and I know no better word of praise than to apply to him what I have said about St. Gaudens[4] and American sculpture: "It owes the best, if not everything, to him; without him American artistic photography would be a myth."

A very welcome newcomer is Alvin Langdon Coburn. During the last two years he has made wonderful strides. The first exhibition of his pictures that I ever saw rather bored me, though his personality interested me, reminding me of the French symbolist poet Emmanuel Signoret[5] (whom he strongly resembles in appearance), who said of himself at the age of twenty: "I am young; I am a poet, for youth is poetry." But now matters have changed. He is on the way toward becoming a full-fledged personality. He has begun to see objects, insignificant in themselves, in a big way. His "Ipswich Bridge" is one of the strongest pictures in the exhibition. He displays a decided feeling for the decorative arrangement of masses, and his composition, strongly influenced by the Japanese, via Dow,[6] is at times exceedingly clever, as shown in "The Dragon."

Clarence H. White, a sincere, straightforward talent of rare refinement and never-tiring student in quest of beauty, has convinced me more than ever that his is a rather limited field, but that he stands absolutely unique as a photographic illustrator. His illustrations for *Eben Holden*[7] and "Beneath the Wrinkle"[8] will not be easily surpassed, the only man at times approaching him in the power of characterization being Edmund Stirling.[9]

A note, not exactly new, but nevertheless praiseworthy was struck by W. F. James.[10] He is the pictorial reporter *par excellence*. He displays a fine conception of atmosphere and of moving crowds, and his "Christmas Shopping" appeals to me even more than Stieglitz's well-known "Wet Day on the Boulevard."

Above. CLARENCE H. WHITE: Illustration for "Eben Holden." IMP-GEH.

Opposite page. ALVIN LANGDON COBURN: The Bridge, Ipswich. IMP-GEH.

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W. B. Post: Winter Weather. IMP-GEH.

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ELIZABETH FLINT WADE and ROSE CLARK: Madame G.

FRANK EUGENE: Adam and Eve. IMP-GEH.

A very satisfactory group of pictures is furnished by J. G. Bullock,[11] W. B. Post,[12] whose winter landscapes are perhaps a little too white and barren, and Rose Clark,[13] whose portraits, though not great, possess a refinement and vague pictorial old-masterlike charm that is exquisite.

Eugene has nothing new to show. Strange that a man with so much talent, with such an overabundance of talent—in his application of painter-like qualities he is second only to Steichen—should at times do such slovenly work. And yet one is forced to admire him, and his "Adam and Eve," in spite of its shortcomings, is one of the few great pictures artistic photography has produced. His art is like a flower which, though its leaves are withered and crumpled, still retains its perfume.

Mary Devens,[14] judged by her pictures in this exhibition, impresses me as being the strongest woman photographer we have just at present. Gertrude Käsebier's newer work does not appeal to me in the same way as her older, and is lacking in spontaneity and virility. Pictures like "The Manger" and "Blessed Art Thou Among Women" hold their own as of old in the best of company. Yarnall Abbott[15] and Rudolf Eickemeyer are rather inadequately represented. By having failed to show their most representative work they have missed a rare opportunity—or is it possible that the very high standard of this exhibition has made their work look less important?

But it is not my intention to criticize all the exhibits in detail—though I should still like to mention Dyer's[16] "Nude" and "Dinah Morris," Willard's[17] "Oenone" and "The Veil," and Herbert

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MARY DEVENS: The Ferry, Concarneau. IMP-G.FH.

G. French[18] who, all by himself, holds up the banner of artistic photography in the large city of Cincinnati—I merely wish to prove that there are quite a number of photographic workers who have succeeded in making camera-work "a distinctive medium of individual expression." The best proof of this assertion is that nearly all the prominent Secessionists have imitators galore. There were decided indications of this in the exhibition. There are two ways of looking at it. One might say, here we have the proof that true reformatory work is never in vain, that genuine invention always produces an effect. But do these imitators really follow in the footsteps of their masters? Do they not merely strive for the form and not for the idea as revealed in Secessionist work? Do they not merely imitate certain lines and certain peculiar effects because others have applied and successfully applied them? And therein lies, to my way of thinking, the great danger of the Photo-Secession movement. Mannerism means the decline of all art. To substitute one mannerism for another surely is not their

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GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER: "Blessed Art Thou Among Women." IMPOGEL

aim. As soon as beauty is imitated or produced at second hand it ceases to be beautiful, and is at best but pretty, clever, or effective. There is no sincerity in it. It has deteriorated into mere play. It produces its effect not by its own merit but by reminiscences. To copy Hollinger or Histed[19] can surely not lead to the beautiful, no more than you can achieve beauty though you imitate Steichen, Eugene, or White.

In its future exhibitions, the Photo-Secession must guard against routine, imitation, and mannerism. Is this a complaint or a piece of advice? Neither. Complaint were unjust, and advice is not needed. The older Secessionists have long ago realized what I have just said. They can not hinder the influence of their individuality, though at the same time they know that the real fight has only just begun—a fight in their own ranks between the true and the false Secession.

With every human being a new world is born which did not exist before he saw it, which will never exist again when death closes his eyes. To represent the world, which is nothing but life as seen by the individual, is the aim of the artist. They are the story-tellers of some foreign land which they alone have seen and which they alone can depict for the benefit of others. To listen to the inner voice, to be true to themselves, to obey nobody, that is their law; and only those who in this fashion work out their own individuality, their own innermost convictions which they share with no one else; those who work it out in a convincing manner, without looking out to please or to succeed; they alone are true Secessionists. And if they produce others of the same caliber, pitilessly ignoring and casting aside all who adhere to time-serving aims, then the Photo-Secession will be the beginning of a great movement that will have a permanent value in the annals of American Art.

—1904

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11

A Plea for Straight Photography

THE EXHIBITION of the Photo-Secession, which opened on Saturday, February 6, at the Art Galleries of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa., affords a most unique opportunity of comparing the styles and methods of applying photography to artistic ends. It consists of about three hundred prints, contributed by fifty-four exhibitors.

The average merit of this collection is distinctly in advance of all its predecessors. It has eclipsed the Chicago and Philadelphia Salons of 1898–1901, the exhibition at the National Arts Club, New York, in 1902, and the recent Photo-Secession show at the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, not only in number but also in excellence of workmanship, and may be safely described as the most interesting and most representative exhibition of pictorial photography which has ever been held. The jury consisted of Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz, Joseph T. Keiley, and Edouard J. Steichen, who also supervised the hanging.

As was to be expected of an exhibition selected and arranged by three pictorial extremists, who lay more stress on "individual expression" than on any other quality, the majority of pictures showed a certain sameness in quality and idea, as well as in the character of the mounting and framing. And yet, at least three-fourths of the exhibits gave evidence of personal artistic intention, and clearly and unmistakably reflected the taste, the preferences, and the imagination of the individual maker.

It is only a general tendency towards the mysterious and bizarre which these workers have in common; they like to suppress all outlines and details and lose them in delicate shadows, so that their meaning and intention become hard to discover. They not only make use of every appliance and process known to the photographer's art, but without the slightest hesitation—as Steichen in his "Moonrise" and "The Portrait of a Young Man," and Frank Eugene in his "Song of the Lily"—overstep all legitimate boundaries and deliberately mix up photography with the technical devices of painting and the graphic arts. Both men are guilty of having painted, more than once, entire backgrounds into their pictures. Steichen's highlights are nearly all put in artificially, and Eugene invariably daubs paint and etches on his negatives to realize artistic shadows.

There is hardly an exhibitor, Photo-Secessionist or not, who does not practice the trickeries of elimination, generalization, accentuation, or augmentation; and many of them, who have not the faintest idea of drawing or painting, do it in a very awkward and amateurish way. But the striving after picture-like qualities and effects is the order of the day, and throughout the pictures hung—al-

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EDWARD STEICHEN: Portrait of a Young Man. IMP-GEH.

though practically nothing wantonly eccentric or repellant in its artificiality had been admitted—there was hardly one which was not influenced by the prevailing clamor for high art. Even in their titles they try to carry out this idea. Why, for instance, did Yarnall Abbott[1] call his nude with a background of trees (almost commonplace in treatment) "Waldweben"? What has a meaningless pictorial fragment to do with Wagner's realistic tone-picture? Are such proceedings not slightly misleading and somewhat pretentious?

And yet nobody can deny that their work, as a whole, is the outcome of intelligent and consistent effort. Grace and subtlety and a fair share of imagination it possesses without doubt, and its exponents put so much enthusiasm into their work that its very earnestness compels respect, even if it does not always command admiration. But the question (or rather the problem) is whether such pictorial work still belongs to the domain of photography. Are those people not doing injustice to a beautiful method of graphic expression, and at

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FRANK EUGENE: Man in Armor.

times debasing the powers which sixty years of photographic research and progress have established?

This is very difficult to answer. It depends entirely on circumstances and on the spirit in which one approaches such a picture. Should I, for instance, visit a rich man's art gallery and somewhere on the walls run across Steichen's "Lenbach" in which a number of lines have been etched, several high lights accentuated and half tones painted in by brush, or "A Charcoal Effect" by Mary Devens,[2] it would probably affect me with a special and unique expression of pleasure; I would care little and very likely not even notice whether it were a monotype, a charcoal drawing, an etching, or a photographic print. But when I go into an exhibition of photographs and encounter the very same prints, the situation is changed. I at once ask myself: What sort of photography is it? How is it made? Why does this part look like a hand painted monotype, and that one like an etching or a charcoal drawing? Is it still photography, or is it merely an imitation of something else? And if it is the latter, what is its aesthetic value?

Surely every medium of artistic expression has its limitations. We expect an etching to look like an etching, and a lithograph to look like a lithograph, why then should not a photographic print look like a photographic print? Etching, true enough, is capable of imitating other arts, and a clever etcher might produce an etching which is like an engraving, and another which is like a mezzotint, and a third which is almost like a black and white wash drawing. But if we saw nothing else but the imitations—and we rarely see them and never by master etchers like Jacque,[3] Appian,[4] Veyrassat,[5] Meryon,[6] and Whistler—we might be inclined to say, "Well, this is really very wonderful, but now suppose the etcher would imitate an etching!" As the etching needle is the great expressional instrument for sketchy line work, so legitimate photographic methods are the great expressional instrument for a straightforward depiction of the

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pictorial beauties of life and nature, and to abandon its superiorities in order to aim at the technical qualities of other arts is unwise, because the loss is surely greater than the gain.

By "a straightforward depiction of the pictorial beauties of life and nature," I mean work like Stieglitz's "Scurrying Homewards," "Winter on Fifth Avenue," "The Net Mender," etc., or his recent "The Hand of Man." "They also have been manipulated," the Photo-Secessionists will argue. Yes, I know he has eliminated several logs of wood that were lying near the sidewalk when he took the snapshot of his "Winter on Fifth Avenue," took out a rope that disturbed the foreground in his "Scurrying Homewards," lightened the sky in "The Net Mender," and darkened the rails in "The Hand of Man." Why not? Surely that is permissible, as it is really nothing but the old-fashioned retouching. If "dodging" is wrong, then also Eickemeyer, and nearly all pictorial photographers, have to be condemned. But if you allow elimination, why do you object to accentuation, do not all retouchers accentuate their highlights? Sure enough, but only where it is indicated on the negative and not willfully, wherever it happens to look well. The whole pictorial effect of a photographic print should be gained by photographic technique, pure and simple, and not merely a part of it. It is surely not legitimate to let the camera do the most difficult part, for instance the reproduction of a figure, and then after embellishing it with a few brush strokes or engraved lines (a comparatively easy task for a man used to painting) claim that it is all done by photography. Surely a figure can be placed and surrounded so artistically—just as nature at times composes itself so beautifully—that the result would be a picture which would even satisfy a secession jury, and necessitate no faking devices.

The strictly straight prints of these pictorial extremists—like the "Theobald Chartran" and "Solitude" of Steichen, the "Portrait of Miss Jones"

FRANK EUGENE: Miss Jones.

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of Eugene—prove it. They are just as beautiful as their other work; why then make all in the same manner? It would be more difficult. But these men are all in other respects so painstaking and conscientious; why not also in their attitude towards photography itself, whose interests they wish to further. I fear they will never "compel the recognition of pictorial photography, not as a handmaiden of art, but as a distinctive medium of individual expression" so long as they borrow as freely from other arts as they do at present. Photography must be absolutely independent and rely on its own strength in order to acquire that high position which the Secessionists claim for her.

But all preaching is in vain, and judging from the present condition of things, it will take years before this latest phase of pictorial photography will be replaced by a more normal one, as it will render necessary a total readjustment of the ideas as to what art photography really is.

It may be interesting to investigate how this change in photographic taste evolved. At the start it was merely the outcome of a revolt from the conventional photographic rendering of sharp detail and harsh contrasts. This was refreshing, as the old-fashioned work had but little claim to beauty and none whatever to art. Stieglitz, Eickemeyer, Dumont,[7] at that time did some remarkable work. Then some new technical methods were introduced which completely revolutionized photographic work. The first was the gum process[8] introduced by Demachy[9] and carried to its utmost possible limit by Steichen, the second was the glycerine process, as practised by Keiley, and the third the manipulation of the plate, the so-called process of photo-etching invented by Eugene.

It is difficult to state which of the three processes has done the most mischief. In the meanwhile Alfred Stieglitz, who has become the champion of artistic photography in America, continually clamored for more "individual expression." And as "individual expression" in straight photography is extremely difficult to attain, the artistic photographer began to imitate the artist. "Individual expression" became synonymous with "painter-like expression," and as the three processes mentioned facilitated their efforts in that direction, they were adopted by all the camera workers of the new movement. Alfred Stieglitz suddenly saw himself surrounded by a lot of men and women who professed to be artists in their life as well as in their work. The final results were a foundation of the Photo-Secession society in 1902, and the exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

ROBERT DEMACHY: CONTRASTS. IMP-GEH.

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JOSEPH T. KEILEY: A Bit of Paris. IMP-GEH.

In the various groups exhibited one could clearly trace the evolution of the movement. It began with Eickemeyer; then followed in rapid succession Gertrude Käsebier (an expert in dodging processes), F. Holland Day, Clarence H. White, Eugene, Keiley, and finally Steichen and Alvin Langdon Coburn. Although Stieglitz reflects all the different phases, strange to say he remained a straight photographer in all his work.

All the other photographers could not resist the temptation of trying themselves in gum and glycerine or applying the Eugene-Steichen method of augmentation. It became the fashion to blur objects, and the so-called "cult of the spoilt print" set in. The results were often far from being satisfactory, largely because the majority of the workers could boast of no art training, and had no skill in the handling of brush and etching tools. The fun that was everywhere poked at the "fuzzy print" was not quite unjustified.

Of course no critic has the right to be absolutely positive that the work which he fancies is absolutely the only work that is in the right vein, and that everything else is only working and studying in order to make him laugh and have fun. He must be able to think independently of any tradition, of any set idea of what is right and wrong, and be ready to try and understand what the photographic workers have to say.

The glycerine development, especially when employed with mercury, is full of possibilities. It has qualities entirely its own and need not borrow by imitation, but why need it be invariably utilized for fuzzy effects. Why do they obstinately insist on carrying mediums farther than they go?

Yet I cannot deny that I have also seen very beautiful, convincing as well as self-explanatory specimens in this line of work. The Pittsburgh Exhibition was in many respects a revelation to me, and I would be the last to discredit the merits of enthusiastic workers as John G. Bullock,[10] Rose Clark,[11] Mary Devens, Wm. B. Dyer,[12] Herbert S. French,[13] Mary M. Russel,[14] Eva Watson Schütze,[15] Edmund Stirling,[16] S. L. Willard,[17] etc. But I claim and am absolutely convinced that still greater triumphs can be achieved in straight photography, and that they have been achieved by these workers whenever they applied the simple methods of straight or almost straight photography. It hurts me to see gifted persons like Gertrude Käsebier and Coburn, for instance, waste their talents on methods that have no justification to exist, and that have—mark my word—no permanent value and no future. The more so as they all

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can work straight, and are at their best when they work straight.

"And what do I call straight photography," they may ask, "Can you define it?" Well, that's easy enough. Rely on your camera, on your eye, on your good taste and your knowledge of composition, consider every fluctuation of color, light, and shade, study lines and values and space division, patiently wait until the scene or object of your pictured vision reveals itself in its supremest moment of beauty. In short, compose the picture which you intend to take so well that the negative will be absolutely perfect and in need of no or but slight manipulation. I do not object to retouching, dodging, or accentuation, as long as they do not interfere with the natural qualities of photographic technique. Brush marks and lines, on the other hand, are not natural to photography, and I object and always will object to the use of the brush, to finger daubs, to scrawling, scratching, and scribbling on the plate, and to the gum and glycerine process, if they are used for nothing else but producing blurred effects.

Do not mistake my words. I do not want the photographic worker to cling to prescribed methods and academic standards. I do not want him to be less artistic than he is to-day, on the contrary I want him to be *more artistic*, but only in legitimate ways.

The present movement has done an infinite amount of good, as it has awakened an interest in the artistic possibilities of photography, and proven beyond doubt that it is capable of distinct individual expression. But that it cannot continue in the present way, even Mr. Stieglitz realizes. The total suppression of almost every quality which we customarily associate with photography must cease. The photographer is not justified, as Mr. Steichen claims, in the striving to obtain results of the painter, the etcher, and the lithographer. And I am convinced a reaction will set in which will refuse all (at the very best only feeble) imitations of the material technique employed by any of these arts.

To me the Photo-Secession movement is merely the extreme swing of the pendulum which is necessary ere a reaction in photographic work will bring it back to a normal, but at the same time much higher, artistic plane than it has ever occupied before.

I myself have been concerned with this movement from the very start; I have stood by it through thick and thin because I realized that my ideal of straight photography could only be reached by making concessions and by roundabout ways. But now as the time for a reaction has come, I sincerely hope that my words will have so much weight with some of the workers that they will read this plea for straight photography and give it serious consideration; for it is my innermost conviction that there must come a change if we do not want to sacrifice all we have gained. I want pictorial photography to be recognized as a fine art. It is an ideal that I cherish as much as any of them, and I have fought for it for years, but I am equally convinced that it can only be accomplished by straight photography.

—1904

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12

The Broken Plates (A Short Story)

There was a time when I also hoped to become one of the leading artistic photographers.[1] But the quest for fame or recognition of any sort is futile. Its realization depends on so many minor circumstances utterly beyond human control. At least it has been so with me.

My father was a painter of some reputation; from him I have inherited my artistic instincts, a keen sense of appreciation. But being by nature a dreamer—the foretaste of the future always robs the dish before me of its savour—I had neither the patience nor the perseverence to undergo a severe training of hand and eye. I drifted into photography largely in the hope that its mechanism might supply what I had failed to acquire. I soon learnt that I was seriously mistaken; the action of mechanism and accident which plays such a capricious part in photography had, however, a strange fascination for me. The contention of the artist that nothing artistic could be produced by the camera filled me with indignation, and I courageously set to work. Years of voluntary toil followed; I was determined to conquer. Yet the world, which looked so beautiful in my waking dreams, seemed dull and cold on paper. The spontaneity of my pictorial vision was invariably lost in the translation. Only once I came very near to my ideal. But the failure, due to an ungovernable accident, shattered all my hopes of ever realizing it.

The story I have to tell is without plot and exciting incidents; as simple as the most common every-day occurrence of which men hardly take any notice. And yet to me it seems more important than any story ever written.

It was somewhere on the coast of Maine. The name of the place is as of little consequence as the name of my heroine. We had summered in the same hotel, at the outskirts of some quaint old fishing village. The other guests—a rather dull, puritanical set, who had no idea how life should be enjoyed—had but little in common with our inclinations; we gladly dispensed with their company and tried to enjoy each other's. Our favorite excursion was, of course, to the dunes. We both felt the same desire to wander off; to venture out in the heat of the sun; to scour the beach and surrounding country. We passed our time in discussing art and literature and the morals of modern society. She continually poked fun at my ambition of becoming an "artistic" photographer. I was used to that, and did not mind her. I knew that my chance would come some day, and I was determined that my fair *moqueuse* should be instrumental in my final success. We had grown quite fond of each other. I was enamored with her passionate frankness and keen intelligence. Even the notes of discord in our characters—like all young people who walk the path of love, we quarreled and excited each other unnecessarily at

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the slightest occasion—made her only the more precious to me. She pleased me in her rebellion when she held her ground against me.

On that day, when my simple story was enacted, she wore a white serge coat and skirt, with a biscuit-colored shirt-waist, and a ribbon of the same shade around her sailor-hat. She sat watching me, busy with my stupid old machine, the endearing term which she was pleased to bestow upon my camera, her feet drawn up and her hands clasped below her knees. It was a beautiful October afternoon. The sun had warmed the old rocks, and the wide horizon stretched out under a dazzling sky. The sedges were swaying their slim, green bodies with the melody and the wind, and the ocean rippled and whispered to the pebbles on the shore. Conversation had been at a standstill. Presently I began:

"This day seems to me like a realization of my dream. I, after all, did well to stay true to it. It has blossomed through the years into a plant of wondrous growth, filling all my life with fragrance. And now the hour has come when the harvest can be gleaned."

"You are incorrigible. You possess the fatal quality of seeing objects in a halo of entrancement to a remarkable degree."

"But don't you see how perfect the conditions are for producing a masterpiece such as has never been made before? Look how clear and still the water lies against the shore; only by the brighter tint of the covered pebbles can the margin of the sea be told. It is like a land of legend, and you are like the fairy-queen which animates the scene."

"Are you quite mad to-day?" she asked, gazing at the topaz hills beyond the bay. The stain of duller red upon her cheek should have betrayed to me some quickening of her thoughts, but I was so engrossed in the lines and values of the scene that I merely saw her as a passing shimmer, a flash of whiteness in my composition.

"Oh, I am merely intoxicated with the beauty of this day," I replied, making a sweeping gesture with my arm. "Life has at last brought me what I thought. I am, after all, no knight of the futile quest, as you have called me. This time I'll grip the dream before it flies away."

"Well, let us see if your dream will come true," and she rose, with a weary smile on her lips, and looked toward the sea.

"Remain in that position!" I enthusiastically cried. I saw her at that moment as if a curtain had been suddenly torn aside which had hidden her beauty. With her long, tapering limbs, her strong, slender body clearly outlined against the sky, her skirts fluttering in the wind, she seemed to me like an embodiment of youth and buoyant life.

That was the dream which I had guarded in the sanctuary of my heart. All my life I had hungered for such a vision of fresh, blooming, fragrant youth. And the calm October day, the translucent sky, and the deep blue sea formed a harmonious background to her beauty. I worked with feverish haste. I do not know if merely for minutes or for hours. I had lost the sense of time. I changed my position at every moment to scan some new pictorial wonder. And, although she was the center of all my enthusiasm, I seemed to have forgotten her actual presence. She appeared to me like the cloud-maiden of some fairy-tale, gliding before the wind in gowns of snowy whiteness, with tags of golden sunlight. And yet I had noticed at intervals that she was watching me with an interest that gradually became annoyed.

"There, it is done!" I cried. "I have accomplished it."

"You act as if you had never taken any pictures before."

"I haven't either—not like these," I cried. "They will be astonished. They don't think me capable of it. But it is done." And I wanted to catch her in my arms and press a kiss of gratitude on her lips; but she evaded my grasp.

"Are you not glad that I succeeded?"

"Yes, of course; but I am no judge of such matters." Her words had a peculiar, grievous sound, but I was still too happy to catch its full significance.

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"Oh, you are!" I exclaimed. "But is it not wonderful that there is a whole world around us to look at for years and years? And yet we are never aware of it, we never see it till some happy moment suddenly reveals it to us. And I owe it all to you!"

"By ignoring me," she said, reproachfully.

I acted as if I had not heard her words. It was merely one of her moods. She would get over it. I packed my things and we started homeward. A chill wind blew across the dunes. The sun was rapidly sinking into the darkened sea. The whole scene, so joyous a moment before, seemed discolored and hopelessly monotonous. The magic had passed. Would she come to my help, I wondered, with a laugh or light word, or would disenchantment set in and furnish the aftermath for my triumphant hour? She remained silent and her glance looked away past me across the bay.

Traveling becomes difficult when every step onward is a slip down hill. We picked our way carelessly and silently side by side to the beach. On an intervening ledge her balance wavered, and I stretched forth both my arms to support her. In doing so the case with the plates, which I had carelessly slung over my shoulder, slipped and fell and struck the ground with a dull thud. I stood aghast. They had struck a rock. I jumped down. No lover of jewels, in fear of robbers, has ever opened his caskets with more feverish haste than I my case, filled with the treasured plates. They were all broken, smashed to fragments.

My dream was over. I could have sat down at the very spot, buried my face in my hands and wept. I looked at her. There was a strange glimmer in her eyes; it passed away as quickly as it came, but it seemed to me as if it had been the vague expression of malicious joy over the accident.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" her lips murmured.

"Are you, really?" I asked scornfully. "You have no idea what this loss means to me. You do not understand."

I looked inquiringly at her darkened features. A word with some touch of tenderness might at last have saved our love from the wreckage of my art. But she chose not to say it. Perhaps it was her diffidence which decided, perhaps her pride. She merely answered, "I dare say." Then, drawing herself together, she added in a hard voice, "Will you escort me, or have I to go home alone?"

What more is there to tell? Her indifference at that disastrous moment had deeply offended me and gradually killed all my affection for her. Also her feelings toward me had changed. The art, in which I was destined never to accomplish anything of lasting value had formed an insurmountable barrier between us.

I still belong to the little class of faithful workers, and occasionally turn out a clever bit. I still live in the kingdom of dreams, but am convinced more than ever that nothing will bring them to fulfillment. You may ask why I lack the courage to try again. Oh, I have tried again, but it is all in vain. The conditions will never be as perfect again as on that day. True, I may find another woman who will seem to me as beautiful as she did in that hour, and, if I am patient enough, also another October day may assist me with all its radiant, Indian summer charms, but can I conjure up the same emotions that inspired me? You may argue that I am too exacting, that the harmony of that scene was half imaginary, a vision softened by the ecstasies of love. I doubt it. I believe that in that hour the corresponding notes of our two natures were sounded to their very depth, and struck a full harmonious accord, and that her beauty was as much influenced by my presence as my inspiration was by her. But even if your argument were true, I could not rouse sufficient courage to live life over again. And that is final for me.

My fame was buried with the broken plates. And if you would realize, as I have done, how many vague hopes are shattered by just such uncontrollable accidents and influences, how many demonstrations of genius are buried before they have seen the light of day, you would agree with me that the quest for fame is the most futile of all futile quests.

—1904

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13

The Salon Club and the First American Photographic Salon at New York

About two years ago two solitary pictorial workers in the middle West—the one Louis Fleckenstein,[1] of Faribault, Minn., and the other Carl Rau, of La Crosse, Wis.—discussed the advisability of forming some kind of organization which would encourage the younger generation of pictorialists. Everywhere new talents were cropping up, but finding it somehow difficult to assert themselves and to gain the recognition they considered due to their efforts, they felt rather discouraged and disillusioned.

The two camera artists mentioned above realized the situation, and after carefully amassing the opinions of pictorialists throughout the country (west of the Mississippi River), came to the conclusion that it was time to make a move of some sort to bring the younger generation of pictorialists to the front. The result was the Salon Club of America, which was quietly organized in December, 1903, by eleven pictorialists whose work had successfully passed the Salon juries of recent exhibitions at Philadelphia and Chicago—namely, Mrs. Jeanne E. Bennett,[2] Louis Fleckenstein, Walter Zimmerman of Philadelphia, Curtis Bell,[3] Carl Rau, W. G. Corthell of Wollaston, Mass., J. W. Schuler of Akron, Ohio, Ralph E. Berger of Reading, Pa., J. H. Field of Berlin, Wis., the Parrish sisters of St. Louis, and Herbert A. Hess of Crawfordsville, Ind. Since then Carl Bjornerantz, Nellie Coutant, Zaida Ben-Yúsuf, Adolph Petzold[4] and Henry Hall, and (just as we are going to press) the two Washingtonians, C. H. Claudy and C. E. Fairman, have joined the ranks of this enthusiastic little guild of camera workers.

The trend of their work can perhaps be best judged from their monthly portfolio. This portfolio idea is a very good one, as it keeps the various members, residing all over the country, in continual touch with each other. It is carried out in this fashion. Each member prepares several mounted prints monthly and writes a brief description of them for insertion in a monthly portfolio, which is forwarded by the Director with a list of members, according to the most convenient route for making the circuit quickly. Each member receiving the portfolio writes a criticism for mutual advantage and instruction on the blank accompanying each print, and forwards it to the next member.

I had the opportunity to see one of these portfolios at Miss Ben-Yúsuf's studio.

The work is very promising. It is not yet exactly what the French call *arrivé*. The majority of the Salon Club members is still experimenting and searching for a manner of expression in which the characteristic qualities of photography may be most perfectly exhibited—and, I hope, its limitations most loyally respected. Nearly all seem to be possessed by a clear idea of the things they want to say. Many of their prints show strong and individual

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JEANNE E. BENNETT: La Fille au Capuchon, 1904.

workmanship, while others still lack that technical finish which we have become accustomed to in photographic prints. Their range of subjects is a very wide one, and they are particularly strong in landscape work.

The four most accomplished members of the Salon Club are Jeanne E. Bennett, Walter Zimmerman, Curtis Bell, and Adolph Petzold.

Like most of the Salon Club workers Jeanne E. Bennett is a newcomer. Her special realm is Brittany, and she apparently never tires of depicting little hooded girls at the ferry, fetching water at the brook, roaming through the fields, or busy with some domestic occupation in old-fashioned interiors. Her work is at times wonderfully vital, and always subtle and delicate. Each of her pictures has a meaning, and is handled with beautiful skill and rare artistic feeling.

In seriousness of work Walter Zimmerman can not easily be surpassed. He has rarely been seen in print, but his work is easily remembered, since all that he does shows the thoughtfulness of the artist whose work represents the pictorial as well as the photographic quality. He has contributed but little to current exhibitions, but whatever he has shown publicly is powerful, studied and noteworthy. His "Church Interior, Brittany" is an admirable piece of work, in which difficulties that would stagger even the most accomplished of pictorialists have been successfully subdued and mastered.

Curtis Bell is a very versatile talent. He is equally efficient in popular genre like his "Ravvy and Caddy," in children portraits—his "As Big as Mamma" is one of the best I have ever seen—and in landscapes, in which he effects a simple, quiet style. Pictures like his "Coming Storm" and "A Boyhood

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Memory" (the picture of an old country fence) hold their own in the best of company. His "Boat House" shows what can be done with material essentially modern and supposedly unpicturesque.

Among our American landscape photographers Curtis Bell, Adolph Petzold, and J. H. Field occupy a unique position.[5] They do not believe that it is the duty of a landscapist to see everything according to decorative formulae. They have the faculty of disengaging the practical significance of the commonplace object and fact. Curtis Bell sees everything in a minute pictorial way, as some American landscape painters interpret nature. Petzold's early work was also careful and elaborate, but he has gradually made his way to far greater simplicity and far greater power. The massiveness of his "Winter Twilight" is characteristic of his most individual mood of working. J. H. Field is less direct and bold; his strength is nervous, delicate, and refined. He sees nature with the eyes of a lyrical poet.

The products of the two founders of this organization are of a very original sort, Louis Fleckenstein is as versatile as Curtis Bell, his popular genre pictures are rather weak and commonplace, but his landscapes and interpretations of children are

Opposite page top left. WALTER ZIMMERMAN: Adagio Sostenuto.

Opposite page top right. CURTIS BELL: Ravvy and Caddy.

Opposite page bottom. WALTER ZIMMERMAN: Pont Neuf, Evening.

Below. ADOLPH PETZOLD: The Butterfly.

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worthy of all attention. His capricious, piquant, and virile imagination, as displayed in his "Song and Danseuse" and "The Pastoral," is unique in our photographic art. Who would ever think of depicting a little girl in a chaste attitude with the frivolity of a Boldini.[6] It may be a trifle morbid, but what of that, as it is at least original and of excellent workmanship. Make any kind of picture you like my dear pictorialists, so long as they be beautiful pictures.

Carl Rau has an individuality in a field of work which is little cultivated. He tries his talents in symbolistic genre. His themes are very ambitious—in his "Mill" his art even assumes epic proportion—but his technical or rather his pictorial skill does not always prove sufficient to carry out the idea. In his "At St. Mary's" he wished to convey "not so much a picture of a Catholic form of worship, but rather a symbol of peace, of rest, away from the busy world." A praise-worthy task, but does the picture really give us the impression of peace? I fear not—but I may say so much that whatever Rau puts in his work, it still remains interesting. His studies of old men's heads, on the other hand, leave me rather indifferent.

The Parrish sisters of St. Louis are newcomers in the literal sense of the word. They are, I have heard, hardly more than two years at it. Their work still

J. H. Field: May Morning.

J. H. Field: The Alley.

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bears the earmarks of dilletantism. Their "Sleepy Girl," however, shows decided talent. One might say of it—for it is pleasant at times to drive a tandem of three adjectives—that it is brilliant, ambitious, eloquent, and melodramatic. The Parrish sisters are no doubt young ladies *plein d'avenir*. I expect a great deal of them. But at present were it not that they were young, their prints would not interest one very much. I should have glanced them over in the mood of Heine's hero who cried thrice "Tirily" and having tirilied, spun around on his heel and went his way. The day will come however, when I will have to pay full homage to their impeccable mastery of art.

The works of Nellie Coutant—the "little wooden shoe" pictorialist—of Zaida Ben-Yúsuf, whom I have always considered our leading portraitist on semi-artistic lines—and of Herbert Arthur Hess, our American "von Gloeden"[7] are too well known to be specially discussed. Also Carl Bjorncrantz, an excellent young worker; Ralph E. Berger, particularly fond of flat tone interpretations; J. W. Schuler, a clever landscape worker; Geo. Donehower, C. H. Claudy, and C. E. Fairman have done and do interesting things, but whom the lack of space at this occasion must deprive of further comment.

Two pictorialists, however, who can not be omitted from the briefest sketch are Henry Hall

LOUIS FLECKENSTEIN: A Pastorale.

W. and G. PARRISH: The Haunted Room.

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W. and G. Parrish: Sleeping Girl.

and W. G. Corthell. Hall seems to have made a specialty of child life. He represents really a marvelous amount of individuality in each of his little men and women. His "Rough and Ready" is a masterpiece. My friends Albert L. Groll,[8] the landscape painter, and Roland Rood, a critic of many moods and modes of thought, both agreed that "it was the best in the whole bunch." Corthell undertakes to lend to each of his prints an air of refinement, which alone lifts his work far above the mediocrity of these scores of busy little pictorialists who tinker values and solder tonalities and thereby consider themselves great artists.

Well, in December we will find out what stuff they are really made of, for then the Salon Club workers will make their debut before a New York audience at the First American Photographic Salon. This exhibition will be a memorable one in many respects. Let us glance over the prospectus to learn more about it.

In it we read that the management of the First American Salon at New York City cordially invites the cooperation of all artistic photographers in America and throughout the world, that it is the First Photographic Salon to be given in the Metropolis and the first of national scope under the control of a committee from all sections of the United States, that consequently an exhibition of the highest order is expected. There will be no favors to any and no discrimination against any. All work, whether from the famous or the comparatively unknown artist, will be exhibited equally, and the jury will not know the names of contributors until after the selection has been made.

No one "school" or "fad" will command precedence. The standard of judging will be the artistic quality of each print submitted.

On the page of "Conditions" we are furthermore instructed that the jury is composed of artists, who have been requested to act as judges of the artistic character of the work to be submitted (a list of excellent names is furnished. I know them all

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Right. NELLIE COUTANT:
The Goose Picker.

Below. J. W. SCHULER:
The Bridge.

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WENDELL G. CORTHELL: The Noon-Day Nap.

personally and by reputation, but how many of them will actually serve?); that "only those photographs which give distinct evidence of artistic feeling in subject and execution will be accepted"; and that "all amateur and professional photographers throughout the world are requested to forward work of the character described"; and that "there will be no invited work, and all prints forwarded will be examined by the jury."

I may add that the same exhibit will, later on, be shown at the Chicago Art Institute, the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

All this sounds like open revolt! But far from being lawless, it is merely the expression of new laws. For each generation there is a different standard. Old forms and old perfections wither. Out of the old symbols the color fades day by day, and it is the younger generation's business to create new ones.

It nevertheless sounds like an open revolt. And there may be an opposition! A duel between Messrs Alfred Stieglitz and Curtis Bell would prove indeed a great attraction. There are none upon whose swordsmanship I trust more surely than that of these two gentlemen. It will stir up the stagnant waters of pictorial photography—they surely need it—and make us all more happy at the end.

—1904

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Recent Conquests in Night Photography

THE NIGHT SCENE has given a new note to pictorial representation. It is a comparatively new achievement. Of course, we are all acquainted with the Nativities of the Old Masters, but they were ideal representations and had little in common with the nocturnal life of that period. The Dutch painters were the first realists. Van der Neer[1] is celebrated as a painter of conflagrations through the gloom of night, and oftener still of moonlight spreading itself in reddish-brown harmonies over lonely dunes. And Schalcken[2] who painted Dutch tradespeople selling their ware, illumined by candle light, was one of the first to reveal to us the charms of artificial light.

Night gained a deeper pictorial significance only with Whistler's nocturnes, and the various delineations of street scene painters. Most of us who dwell in the larger cities must have been struck some time or other with the charm which certain places display after daylight has taken its departure and artificial lighting reigns supreme, also the curious effects one sees on a wet night when the pavements endeavor to reflect to the best of their ability the lights which illuminate them.

New York is at all times picturesque, but never is it more so than when the daylight has faded and the street lamps are lit. Then it becomes another city entirely. Out of the darkness, like some magical effulgence, merges a dazzling shower of light, a myriad of beaming sparks. Buildings and objects that were of no pictorial consequence in the daylight may assume quite the first place in our favor, and ugly things, not to be dodged anyhow by day, most kindly retire out of sight, or else are turned into things of beauty. Of course, sometimes the opposite state of things prevails, and a subject picked out in the day as being particularly attractive may in the evening show all sorts of awkward lines, etc., the existence of which was quite unsuspected before.

Everywhere loom large bulky forms shrouded in mystery, suggestive, conducive to poetical imagining. Emerging from the gloom are weird shapes like outstretched limbs against a confused glare of light, and beyond an impenetrable depth of shadows. Optical sensations, discordant effects which we are not accustomed to in art, but which succeed in stirring the very depth of our nature.

This branch of photography until quite recently seems to have somewhat been neglected. I mean nocturnal photographs, depicting streets and other public places at night and which convey to the mind a true impression of night as we see it under its various conditions, and not to the daylight pictures "faked" to represent nocturnal impressions.

The "moonlight effects" which appeal so strongly to some amateurs, are in most instances merely sunlight exposures, taken facing the sun generally while its direct light is cut off by a cloud.

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WILLIAM VAN DER WEYDE: The Plaza, New York.

They are grossly under-exposed in order to get most of the landscape and not a little of the sky itself, mere blackness, and the result, as is well known, is labelled "moonlight." It is obviously hopeless to include the moon herself in night pictures, for the longest exposure possible by which one may attain an unblurred image of the earth's satellite is several seconds, and this of course, is all too short for the registration of a strictly moving object.

Probably the reason for this neglect is that many considered it a hopeless, if not an impossible task, whilst others who have taken this work in hand have been deterred by fear of the consequences arising from standing about in the cold or wet or from perilous ascents to inaccessible places to gain a favorable viewpoint.

It offers nevertheless a good scope to those anxious for pastures new and sufficiently generous to consider the waste of innumerable plates as a stimulation to the trade. First and foremost a good stock of patience and perseverance is necessary. The exposures are apt to be so unreasonably long that they would tire out the pluckiest enthusiast.

Alfred Stieglitz, one of the pioneers of night photography in this country, achieved his results ten years ago only by exposures of half an hour or more, even when assisted by the reflection of snow on the ground. With the continual improvement of plates, lenses, and shutters, the material has become more and more flexible, and exposures of a few seconds have become possible.

The representation of life, traffic, moving fig-

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WILLIAM VAN DER WEYDE: The Singer Building

ures, however, on account of the long exposure required, is rarely attempted. This is a shortcoming but a mere temporary one, as we seem to be within measurable distance of the time when the rendering of these subjects will be possible.

There are certainly some parts of our city that look satisfactory when portrayed without figures; but Broadway, for example, without vehicles or people, would—well, it would not be Broadway. For years the fine effects of the electric light and the moving traffic in this particular thoroughfare and the adjoining streets have fascinated every visitor and no doubt many photographers have had a great longing to photograph it, but always felt that a sufficiently long exposure to record the effect of the light on the buildings would result in a mere blur for the traffic, and a short enough exposure to suit the traffic would give nothing worth having on the plate.

But there exists an endless variety of scenes in every large town that will yield the desired novelty of sensation. Every night as the darkness comes on and all the electric lights and places of amusement are lighted, a new world of solemnity, beauty, and mystery lies before our gaze, and every record looks to us at present like a new conquest.

Different subjects will require different treatment, and that is a matter which to a great extent will be left to the judgment of the operator. Some subjects will look good on moonlight nights, but one can safely say that snow or wet on the ground will no doubt be a great improvement in either case,

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WILLIAM VAN DER WEYDE: The New York City Hall at Midnight.

and it is in this direction that formerly the most pleasing results were obtained.

But lately a new style of night photography has made its appearance. It deals almost exclusively with the bewildering confusion of light as seen from high viewpoints. Railway terminals, city squares, bridge scenes, torch light processions. illuminations, all sorts of artificial lights, vast vistas of lit-up skyscrapers, have become the topics of the hour, pictures that are perhaps less pictorial than a deserted street or a church in moonlight, but which are more realistically true of the restless flimmer and flare, the blaze and radiance of nocturnal life.

They are not mellow harmonies, these night pictures. The greatest extremes meet. Blinding light and absolute darkness. Vague darks here and there accentuated by vivid spots, flickering sheen, and unsteady scintillations, It is an expressive drama of conflicts. The lighted objects issue painfully out of shadow, they surprise us with their vehemence of lustre, and the eye is startled from them to noticing gradations of obscurity in the universal duskiness that surrounds them. We have to discipline our eyes for these surprising contrasts.

Along this line W. M. Van der Weyde[3] has made some notable achievements. He probably has taken more night pictures than anybody else. They look what they are. In fact, the striking realistic result is

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one of the most astonishing things about the pictures. Not only are they night pictures but they look like night pictures. The shadows are a dense black it is true, but the blackness is not more than is required from truthful rendering. The rendering of the actual light is remarkable, the haze around the lights being no more than can be seen by the eye.

It is only fair to add that the results are in no way faked; here and there an obtrusive light may have been toned down, but substantially they are straightforward photographs, and as such may fairly be regarded as amongst the most remarkable that have been published.

The reader may wish to know the *modus operandi* and apparatus necessary for the accomplishment of such facts, and no doubt will be astonished to hear that the photographer uses an ordinary simple hand camera that will brave the elements, an ordinary lens and sensitive plates.

Most night photographers use rapid isochromatic plates and are particularly careful to have them well backed. They wish to avoid the effects of reversal and undue halation. They still adhere to the old theory that all lights should be outside the field of the camera.

To include the source of illumination, gaslight surfaces, and particularly electric lights may at first appear an insurmountable difficulty, but it will be found that practically it is *nil*, as halations, and light seen in drizzling rain or spreading mist, really add to the pictorial effect. Ordinary rapid plates are more apt to produce a true realistic impression of the "ghostly joyousness of night" than isochromatic ones.

Those who are enamored with the artificial light of the night want it as it is, with all its breaks, supernatural radiance, hectic glow and gleam amidst opaque recesses and intensest darks.

A new era for after-dark workers in town has set in, and many bits of genuine and effective realism, and unknown harmonies of light and shade will be brought to light, which would have been scouted altogether not so very many years ago.

The life of large cities has found a new mode of expression that can reflect its energies and activities, its impulses and diversities, its light and beauty in virile and individual emotions. Herein consists the latest picturesque attainment; and it is one of the mediums through which the language of illustration nowadays can most powerfully address the modern mind.

—1909

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On the Possibility of New Laws of Composition

THE WEALTH OF reproductive processes has enlarged our visual appreciation of form and general aspect of things to a marvelous degree. Photography, no doubt, has furnished the strongest impetus. It is the most rapid interpreter known to pictorial expression, and has given the person of undeveloped mind, of little skill and few ideas, an opportunity to become a picture maker. The results of photography permeate all intellectual phases of our life. Through the illustrations of newspapers, books, magazines, business circulars, advertisements, objects that previous to Daguerre's invention were not represented pictorially have become common property.

Former ages offered no opportunities to the common people to acquire this facility of discerning accurate representations of life on a flat surface in black and white. The draftsmen and stone cutters of primitive times, realizing that their delineation was a simple form of picture writing, had no thought of any more forceful delineation than that which sufficed people to clearly understand the meaning of figures and symbols. They had no conception of what modern artists call "effect," the pictorial study of appearances, which even the most ordinary newspaper illustration can claim. On one hand we see figures in pure accurate outlines, facts of easily legible forms; on the other hand delineations on the round, with the application of life and shade, perspective, environment, which demand a more delicate knowledge of appearances.

Photographic illustration has become a new kind of writing, and it would be strange if this evolution in our sight perception had not been accompanied by some changes in composition. Composition, tersely expressed, is the complete unity of parts. If we wish to emphasize any one part of the representation it cannot be done without subordinating the other elements. Only in this way will we succeed in concentrating the attention upon the principal figure without any embarrassment to the rest. The more pronounced our intention is in conveying a certain idea, the more careful must we be in balancing the other parts. This general principle will be true for all time. The symmetrical art of the Occident based on geometrical forms, and the unsymmetrical arrangement of Oriental art based in rhythm, are guided by the same idea.

A new spirit of composition, however, may arise in periods of increased esthetic activity. The relation between artists and the world at large is reciprocal. New laws cannot be elaborated by the mere will of a single individual. The composition of the Old Masters, used for centuries, has passed through its first decadence and by constant application has degraded into conventionalism. It grew more and more stereotyped, until impressionist composition—which explores obscure corners of

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modern life, which delights in strangeness of observation and novel view points (strongly influenced by Japanese art and snapshot photography)—gave it a new stimulant.

In photography, pictorial expression has become infinitely vast and varied, popular, vulgar, common and yet unforeseen; it is crowded with lawlessness, imperfection and failure, but at the same time offers a singular richness in startling individual observation and sentiments of many kinds. In ordinary record-photography, the difficulty of summarizing expression confronts us. The painter composes by an effort of imagination. The photographer interprets by spontaneity of judgment. He practices *composition by the eye.* And this very lack of facility of changing and augmenting the original composition drives the photographer into experiments.

Referring to the average kind of photographic delineation, we perceive how composition may exist without certain elements which are usually associated with it. A haphazard snapshot at a stretch of woodland, without any attention to harmony, can only accidentally result in a good composition. The main thoroughfare of a large city at night, near the amusement center, with its bewildering illumination of electrical signs, must produce something to which the accepted laws of composition can be applied only with difficulty. Scenes of traffic, or crowds in a street, in a public building, or on the seashore, dock and canal, bridge and tunnel, steam engine and trolley, will throw up new problems. At present the amateur has reached merely the primitive stage.

The most ignorant person will attempt a view or a portrait group out-of-doors. Even children will strive for accidental results. The amateur has not yet acquired calligraphic expression. Like the sign painter who takes care to see that his lettering is sufficiently plain to be understood at one glance, the amateur only cares to make statements of fact. As we examine amateur photographs as they are sent in to the editorial offices of photographic magazines, we now and then will experience a novel impression. We do not remember of ever having seen it done just that way, and yet the objects are well represented and the general effect is a pleasing one. I have seen trees taken in moonlight that were absolutely without composition and yet not entirely devoid of some crude kind of pictorialism. It was produced by the light effect. Such a picture cannot be simply put aside by the remark that we hear so frequently, "That is a bad composition." It may be poor art but it is physically interesting.

Climatic and sociological conditions and the normal appreciation of the appearance of contemporary life will lead the camera workers unconsciously to the most advantageous and characteristic way of seeing things. The innovations which will become traditional will be transmitted again and again, until some pictorialist will become the means of imposing the authority of the most practical manner upon his successors. In this way all night photographers, good or bad, will help to discover and invent a scheme or method that will be suitable for the subject and consequently become universally applicable. And so it will be with every branch of pictorialism, may it be in the domain of foreground study, of moonlight photography, of animal or flower delineation, of portraiture, figure arrangement, or the nude.

The most important factors in these discoveries will be those qualities that are most characteristic of photography as a medium of expression. The facility of producing detail and the differentiation of textures, the depth and solid appearance of dark planes, the ease with which forms can be lost in shadows, the production of lines solely by tonal gradations, and the beautiful suggestion of shimmering light—all these qualities must be accepted as the fundamental elements of any new development. Photographic representation, no doubt, will become addicted more and more to space composition, to the balancing of different tonal planes and the reciprocal relation of spaces. This may be an

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advantage from the point of physical optics. Beauty is chiefly concerned with the muscular sweep of the eye in cognizing adjacent points. It is generally conceded that the impression is more gratifying if these points are limited to a few. Every spot requires a readjustment of the visual organs, as we can only observe a very small space at a time. Too many spots, as may occur in modern compositions, no doubt will prove wearisome and fatiguing; but if the spotting is skillfully handled, it after all will represent the fundamental principle of esthetic perception, and the sense of sight will adjust itself gradually to the necessity of rapid changes.

Also the relationship of lines, so confused and intricate in scenes like a railroad station or a machine shop, factory, derrick or skeleton structure of a building, will need special consideration. The variety and the irregularity of such lines, in which the straight and angular line will predominate, may be compared to the unresolved discords, unrelated harmonies, little wriggling runs, and all the external characteristics of the modern French composers. Debussy mastered these apparently incongruous elements sufficiently well to construct novel combinations of sound that, after all, are pleasing to the ear.

If new laws are really to be discovered, an acquaintance with the various styles is prejudicial rather than advantageous, since the necessary impartiality of ideas is almost impossible, inasmuch as the influence of study and the knowledge of preexistent methods must inevitably, although perhaps undesignedly, influence new creations and ideas. All natural objects have some sort of *purpose*. And the photographer should strive primarily for the expression of the *purpose*. Each object (like the free verse of Whitman) should make its own composition. Its forms and structures, lines and planes should determine its position in the particular space allotted to the picture. More than ever must the artist be gifted with a happy appreciation of beautiful proportions, which often are sufficient to bestow a noble expression on a pictorial representation.

Much will depend on the amateur who by sheer necessity will work unconsciously in the right direction. His knowledge will increase and his ambitions soar higher. And as he grows in esthetic perception it will react upon the artist and urge him to attain a new and more varied, subtle and modern (though not necessarily more perfect) state of development.

—1910

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Unphotographic Paint: The Texture of Impressionism

At the beginning of May a small collection of paintings by Marsden Hartley[1] of Maine found shelter at the hospitable Little Gallery of the Secessionists.[2] They were examples of an extreme and up-to-date impressionism. They represented winter scenes agitated by snow and wind, "proud music of the storm"; wood interiors, strange entanglements of tree-trunks; and mountain slopes covered with autumn woods with some island-dotted river winding along their base.

The depth and distance across the valley to the mountain, the plastic modeling and faithful detail, the hardiness and vigor of representation showed knowledge of form and sincerity of sentiment. It was the color scheme, however, that startled the beholder. It produced a strictly physical sensation. It irritated the retina and exhausted it. After leaving the gallery, Fifth Avenue looked more grey than usual. A melancholy vocation for such a robust phase of art!

Hartley's technique is interesting, though not necessarily original. It is a version of the famous Segantini[3] "stitch," of using colors pure and laying them side by side upon the canvas in long flecks that look like stitches of embroidery. I overheard some artist remark: "Lots of young painters in Germany paint in this crazy fashion." This may be true. Hundreds of painters all over the world are busy experimenting to expand and improve the original impressionist technique, and there is no reason why somebody else should not lay on the paint in a similar way to Marsden Hartley. As long as the latter applies his colors in a temperamental, self-taught manner, he is above the reproach of imitation. I for my part believe that he has invented his method for himself, up there in Maine amidst the scenery of his fancy, and that only gradually has he learnt to reproduce nature in her most intense and luminous coloring.

Yet neither his courage nor the sincerity necessary to accomplish such a task, nor any understanding and mastery that he may possess, put my mind in an analytical mood and induced me to write this article, but rather the peculiarity and freshness of his viewpoint. Why do people paint this way! This simple question asserted itself again and again and called for an explanation. Why do painters more and more renounce the conventional ways of handling colors? Is it solely for the one supreme purpose of getting the effect of vibrating color, of light in motion!

It is an acknowledged fact that impressionism has heightened the key of tone throughout the studios of the world. It has given us an intenser and more varied study of illumination, a higher pitch of light. One thing is certain, the dramatic element has vanished. It no longer knows the mysterious harmonies of a Leonardo or the soft sparkling

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Marsden Hartley: Smelt Brook Falls, 1937. The St. Louis Art Museum. Purchase Eliza McMillan Fund.

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shimmer of a Rembrandt. Light has lost its gleam and glitter as if vibrant with gold dust. The glamor of romance has faded out of it. In its stead we have the poetry of lighting that the days and hours bring to a single scene, as Monet has so loyally demonstrated in his series of haystacks, poplar trees, and the Rouen Cathedral. Whether these high-pitched light and color notations are a fair equivalent for the sudden spiritual light bursts that quiver through the gloom of medieval art, future art historians will decide.

The modern painter, treating different pictorial motives than his predecessor, felt the need of a new technique. The impressionist prefers to suggest form rather than to actually draw it, he desires to envelop figures and objects in space and atmosphere. A blurred definition ensues, in which the minutiae and subtleties of line are often lost. To accomplish this aim he invented a looser and more broken touch that neglects drawing (unless the painter possesses the sense of plasticity to a marked degree) and the old standards of composition.

But why this revolution of *facture*, this strange technique of squeezing on color thick, giving the canvas a tapestry or mosaic effect. Is it solely for the purpose of letting the eye look at the picture from a distance, to mix and melt the colors together on the canvas, and thereby give an effect of more air, more light, and truth? Were these effects not possible with a smoother surface and more uniform continuity of texture!

The paintings of Franz Hals and Goya, the foremost representatives of *bravura* brushwork, look smooth in comparison with an impressionist canvas. Monet's large flowing touches recall Velasquez. Even Monet's earlier work in small broken touches was still related to the cross hatching of pastel and stippling of water-colors of Watteau and his followers. Only gradually the painters began to lay the paint on thicker and thicker until the texture had an actual structural tendency, as in many of Segantini's works. Also Rembrandt at times encrusted his canvas a quarter of an inch thick with color to imitate jewelry and strongly illuminated objects. Among modern painters, Monticelli[4] and Ryder use a rough dough-like impasto, and Mancini[5] while painting his shadows very thinly, models the lighted form with paint like a sculptor. With these painters it is merely a vehicle of momentary inspiration. They do not proceed scientifically. With the impressionist the regulated patch or stroke of plastic color, laid one beside the other, has become a professional mechanism, just as the smooth brushmarks must have been to a Guido Reni[6] or Andrea del Sarto.[7]

I believe that the artists individually have very little to do with the new development. It is nothing but a natural consequence of the modern tendency of art. And even as great an artist as Segantini deceives himself when he makes the statement that "this secret of technique, nowadays an approved fact, has been perceived by painters of all times and all countries (the first of whom was Beato Angelico)[8] and that it came to him through his loving and earnest study of Nature, and as something personal and individual."

Modern art prefers to be realistic. And in this ardor to express the fleetingness of things just as the eye sees them, artists have turned scientists (or at least try to see objects in a more scientific way), and for this purpose selected and developed a more *realistic* technique. The Old Masters tried to create an illusion, to reproduce the actual roundness of things and the esthetic possibilities of the three dimensions, and did not wish to interfere with the produced impression by any violence of texture. The main object of the impressionist, on the other hand, is to create an impression by suggestion and he asks assistance from the very medium he employs. The plastic aspect of color, no matter whether executed in the commas of Monet, the dots of Pissaro,[9] the irregular patches of Sisley,[10] the cross hatching of Degas or the stitches of Segantini, have to help physically to construct the image in the eye.

The result was a curious one. The canvases began

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Opposite page top. Claude Monet: Haystacks in Snow, 1891. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Bequest of Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, 1929. The N. O. Havemeyer Collection.

Opposite page bottom. Claude Monet: Two Haystacks, 1891. Courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago.

Left. Camille Pissaro: Peasant Woman, 1863. Chester Dale Collection. National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

Below. Alfred Sisley: The Banks of the Oise, 1878. Chester Dale Collection. National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

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EDGAR DEGAS: Uncle and Niece. Courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago.

to resemble wool, pottery, mineral surfaces, and oriental carpets; and through this very peculiarity of texture combined with color themes, they acquired a decorative tendency that was not anticipated by its originators. And this transformation of a realistically conceived technique into one of idealizing quality was largely due, as I hope to prove, to the choice of subjects.

The impressionist painters adhere to a style of composition that is strictly photographic. It apparently ignores all previous laws. They depict life in scraps and fragments, as it appears haphazard in the finder or on the ground glass of the camera (viz Renoir's "On the Terrace"). The mechanism of the camera is essentially the one medium which renders every interpretation impressionistic, and every photographic exposure, whether sharp or blurred, really represents an impressionist composition. The

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PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR: On the Terrace. Courtesy of The Art Institute of Chicago.

lens of the camera taught the painter the importance of a single object in space, to realize that all subjects can not be seen with equal clearness, and that it is necessary to concentrate the point of interest according to the visual abilities of the eye.

It is a curious fact that all compositions of the Old Masters were out of focus. True enough they swept minor light and color notations into larger ones, but there seldom was any definite indication in their work whether an object was in the foreground or middle distance. Their way of seeing things no doubt was a voluntary one—they had a different idea of pictorial interpretation. In their pictures, as in nature, we continually allow our attention to flit from one point to the other in the endeavor to grasp the whole, and the result is a series of minor impressions, which unconsciously influence the final and total impression we receive from a picture.

The artist of the new school endeavors to reproduce any impression he has received, unchanged. He wants the impression to explain itself, and wants to see it on the canvas as he has seen and felt it, hoping that his interpretation may call forth similar esthetic pleasures in others as the original impression made on him. And it was largely the broadcast appearance of photographic images that taught him to see nature in a new light, as the human eye sees it in ordinary practice. At the same time the increasing popularity of these images emphasized in them the smoothness of texture which we were accustomed to for ages, and which is so peculiar to the photographic print that even artistic hand manipulation can not entirely overcome it.

Delacroix was the first to recognize in photography a serious competitor. And thus the young men of his period began to fight the imaginary danger; they experimented and within a score of years succeeded in developing a structural technique that guaranteed a vivacity and intensity of aspect. By this argument I do not mean to convey that photography was the sole cause of this technical innovation. Japanese art, color lithography, and scientific researches into the principles of color interaction all played important parts in it. But the influence of photography on painting is undeniable, and no doubt proved a most vigorous and beneficial stimulant in that direction.

In the meanwhile photography, in order to assert its esthetic possibilities, strenuously strove to become "pictorial"; this endeavor produced in recent years the singular coincidence that while men of the lens busied themselves with endowing their new and most pliable medium with the beauties of former art expressions, those of the brush were seeking but for the accuracy of the camera plus a technique that was novel and—unphotographic.

—1909

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The Daguerreotype

A DAGUERREOTYPE:—There it lies in its case among old papers, letters and curios. A frail encasement of wood covered with black embossed paper. We cannot resist the temptation to open and glance at it. The clasp is loose: the old case almost falls apart. A weird tapestry-effect on the inside of the lid greets our eye, and opposite it is a gray blurred image set in a gilded frame with an oval or circular opening.

What a strange effect, this silvery glimmer and mirror-like sheen! Held towards the light, all substance seems to vanish from the picture: the highlights grow darker than the shadows, and the image of some gentleman in a stock or some lady in bonnet and puffed sleeves appears like a ghostlike vision. Yet as soon as it is moved away from the light and contemplated from a certain angle, the image reappears, the mere shadow of a countenance comes to life again.

What is there so attractive about it? Even if we find it hanging among Stuarts[1] and Sullys,[2] on the wall of some old-fashioned mansion, we are sure to stop for a moment in vague and wistful thought. Is it naught but the mystery of age that attaches itself to relics of the past—the haunting smiles of persons whose originals have lain in their tombs for generations, dreamfaces that call up love-led days? They look old, these daguerreotypes, as belonging to a far-remote period that has become estranged from us. But are they really so old as all that? People "in the sands of seventy" may still own some of these images that represent them as they looked in their infancy. Octogenarians may remember the incident even, when they sat for them in a room admitting blue light through colored window-panes. Blue light, long exposures of five to twenty minutes, and the shifting silvery flare of the image—those are the unmistakable characteristics of the genuine daguerreotype, its signs of authenticity. Whenever younger persons tell you that once upon a time they were daguerreotyped, do not trust them implicitly: they are probably misinformed.

The reign of the daguerreotype was an exceedingly short one. The time following its invention was an active one in photography. One new process supplemented the other. There was the ambrotype which supplemented glass-plates for metal-plates, and the ferrotype which made it possible to make a picture on paper. Besides there were any amount of other "types," as the eolotype, cyanotype, chrysotype, amphitype, chromotype, fluorotype, and behind all these loomed the wet-collodion process which was in practical working-order as early as 1851 and came into general use all over the world in the fifties. It was probably one of these more commercial processes that the younger set refer to, and in many instances they may have been merely "tintyped"—tintype being the colloquial name for a ferrotype—an amusement which, in our own recollection, played quite an important part at

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summer-resorts, cheap amusement-places, and county fairs.

The daguerreotype was in vogue, or perhaps better expressed, in general use for practical portrait-purposes, only in the forties and fifties. It never became really popular.[3] By the time the process had gained recognition, it was already discarded for quicker, easier, and cheaper methods. It was too expensive, painstaking and scientific a manipulation for the workman; and to sit quietly for five or seven minutes, even on the brightest day, was surely no inducement to public favor after the charm of novelty had once worn off.

This is the reason why daguerreotypes are becoming more and more of a rarity. These shining sorceries, on which light plays as on moonstone or mother-of-pearl, are attracting the attention of collectors and will steadily increase in value. A daguerreotype by John W. Draper,[4] the first American who made a portrait by this method, may bring exceptional prices at future auction sales. Professor Draper's subject was his sister Catherine,[5] who, with her face thickly powdered, patiently sat in the sunshine for half an hour, the time that her brother considered necessary for the exposure. The Smithsonian Institute in recent years has paid special attention to this branch of photography, and a younger generation, desirous to keep home- and family-memories alive, has become quite eager to have old daguerreotypes enlarged and reproduced. Quite a trade has sprung up in consequence. A genuine daguerreotype is surely as choice and precious an heirloom as any other, and the desire to duplicate these images is one of the few opportunities to display a feeling of reverence and ancestral pride.

In the early forties photography was still hailed "as one of the most surprising discoveries," and the

MAKER UNKNOWN. Daguerreotype made in 1849 at Harford, New York of Elizabeth Snyder, age eighteen, sister-in-law of Robert Bruce Pierce. Collection of Pamela Stern.

ABRAHAM BOGARDUS: Portrait made in 1848 in New York City of Robert Bruce Pierce, age seventeen. Collection of Harry W. Lawton.

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MAKER UNKNOWN: Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, 1844. IMP-GEH.

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inventor L. J. M. Daguerre,[6] a scene-painter by profession but of little renown, who had frequently met the wolf of need at his doors, succeeded in selling the secret of his process to the French government. "For the glory of endowing the world of science with a new mechanical pictorialism," he received a pension of 6,000 francs for life, and the son of his former partner Niépce[7] one of 4,000. This may seem a small compensation now, but at that time few "prophets and visionaries" realized what this new pictorialism would eventually mean to the world; thus Daguerre and Niépce must be classed among the lucky inventors, in as far as Fortune rarely smiles more generously upon this precarious and most disappointing of intellectual occupations.

The scientific world had hoped for such a discovery, but had given up all expectation of the hope being realized. Ever since the Middle Ages, men had bartered peace and quiet in pursuit of the ideal of a sun-drawn picture. Not until the beginning of the eighteenth century did the dream take any definite shape. About this time a humble lithographer with the high-sounding name of Joseph Nicéphore Niépce used in his business for the reproduction of drawings a transferring-process which contained some of the vital elements of photography. Daguerre and Niépce met and entered into a partnership. They were looking for a convenience of reproduction merely, and they agreed to pursue their investigations and experiments in common and share the profits, whatever they might prove to be. No particular progress had been made when Niépce died in 1833, and Daguerre, with the grit that struggles to survive, continued to experiment along his own lines, finally achieving success in 1838. With the proud arrogance of the French bourgeois he announced publicly the full details of his invention before the Academy of Sciences on August 19, 1839.

It aroused interest everywhere. It shook the art-world with its fresh romance. Delacroix, the great French painter, exclaimed, "From this day, painting is dead!" However, he continued to paint. Others took a deep interest in these sun-kissed products and, by the time the inventor had made known the process whereby his beautiful pictures were reproduced, in various countries men of scientific bent had taken up the idea. A New Yorker by the name of Wolcott,[8] an instrument-maker by trade and a philosopher in leisure hours, took out the first patent for a camera for portraiture. The products of these years were still in the experimental stage; but it did not take many months before some "men of science" were taking likenesses for money.

Readers who have retained a slight chemical knowledge from their college days may be interested in a short explanation of the actual process. They were not really positives but reversed images, negatives of exceeding thinness, almost transparent, "backed" by the mirror-like surface of the silver, very much like an ordinary kodak film that is held against a dark object and in that way brings out the picture. Daguerre used a polished plate of silvered-copper on which a very thin film of silver iodide was allowed to form, by exposing the shiny surface to the vapor of iodine. This coated plate was then exposed in a camera and developed by the action of metallic mercury vapor. Fixing was accomplished in a solution of common salt.

The chemicals were cheap enough, but the substance they had to work upon was sufficiently expensive to frighten away the most enthusiastic amateurs. To buy a dozen plates at that time amounted almost to the same as to invest in a dozen solid-silver cigarette cases to-day, and each of these expensive plates would yield only one picture. The newness of the manipulation, no doubt, also caused many disasters of over-exposure and under-exposure, and, frequently, no exposure at all. So if one desired to take to this new pastime in a wholesouled fashion, one had to be either a mine-owner, or some sort of Cassio who could follow Iago's advice. Nevertheless it made its way, and the semblance of all the celebrities of that period, such as John Jacob Astor, the elder Booth, Jenny Lind,

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JENNY LIND (copied by Mary Carnell).

Charles Summer, Andrew Jackson, Webster; distinguished visitors like Kossuth, Dickens, and the Prince of Wales; and our early authors, Irving, Cooper, N. P. Willis, Halleck, Bryant, and Poe, have been preserved to us in daguerreotypes.

In order to take pleasure in these portraits of sixty and seventy years ago, it does not seem to be necessary to have known the persons whom they represent. To us their value consists in their faithful portrayal of fashions, environment, and personalities of another age, and, at the same time, by their finish, they reveal the character, the conscientiousness, and reach of that age. "People are inclined to smile because we praise the daguerreotypes of our grandfathers," said a prominent photographer recently, "but I want to say that the photograph of the present day is no improvement on it for artistic delicacy and subtlety of likeness." It is doubtful whether photographic portraiture of to-day will reflect our time in the same satisfactory manner. Its interests are, perhaps, too diversified, also, in most cases, too imitative of painting. Skill of execution is admired more than loyal interpretation.

The daguerreotype portraits show that their maker gave considerable thought to outward appearance and fashion. Portraiture was to them largely a matter of some person of means wishing to test this new style of image-making, who, naturally, desired a smart likeness of himself in colored vest, stock, flapping frockcoat and, if possible, a beaver on his head. Or it meant her ladyship in patterned gown, with bonnet and ribbons, short waist and puffed sleeves. Both of them had clean faces, new clothes and engaging smiles. Everybody had an air of tailoring and good breeding, as though born to a polite and comfortable life. The poses were the simplest imaginable, generally full-face views, as if they were looking at themselves in a mirror. There were no arrangements, no creeds of tone or pictorialism. They were too busy with the mechanical side of the sitting to delineate people at their best or what they, or their patrons, thought best. The papier-mâche furniture and other gallery-horrors,

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with the exception of the venerable headrest, had not yet been thrust upon an indulgent public.

The result was simplicity mingled with a certain primitive awkwardness. There is, however, in these pictures a fundamental quality which will never pass out of fashion, but will be appreciated always by those who love artistic things. For although these portraits show the originals dressed in a way that strikes us as absurd, or though the setting of the figures—to say nothing of the attitudes and expressions—often seem to us ridiculous, they are nevertheless the work of men of enthusiasm and taste. We feel that they embody, in many instances, the vision of an artist's eye, and that in their faces there is a vitality which none but keen observers of human nature could have rendered. The names of these early photographers will remain unknown. Their signatures were not recorded. They apparently could not persuade themselves that it was worth any man's while to sign his name to what seemed to be then little more than a scientific pastime.

How truthful they are to nature is difficult to say. No retouching was possible, and facial blemishes could be modified only by a touch of color on the cheeks. This was really in their favor. During the long suspense while the face passed into the solarized condition, the modeling was lost to a certain extent and the fleshtints were deadened, but these very deficiencies produce a delightful breadth of representation, as we have since learned to admire in the paintings of Manet and Whistler. And yet, at the same time, the detail of texture as, for instance, the sheen of a satin waistcoat, is copied with surprising beauty. They were composites of facial expression that were more trustworthy than those of the following period; for when more rapid exposure came into practice, the expression became more instantaneous, more restless, the shadows deepened and became opaque.

The daguerreotype will always be loved for its suavity of expression, its tempered technique, and its convincing grace. Truth of substance was wed-

JOSIAH HAWES: Daniel Webster.

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ded to truth of style in its mellow sheen. The short duration of its sway will steadily increase its esthetic importance. Although after its suppression it lingered on for a decade or more in various versions, it was in fashion only in the forties and fifties, and it will continue to represent this period to us. Impressions that impress art lovers generally have the flavor of rarity. This quality among *objets d'art* is granted only to a chosen few. The daguerreotype speaks a language of its own that touches the common chords of life. The daguerreotype possesses the pictorial magic and historic power to fascinate the many as well as expert minds; for it conjures up to contemporary view and truthfully portrays forms and faces long passed away, things that are dead and lost to living eyes because it was, as James[9] would put it, "the real right thing" in its own peculiar time.

—1912

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What Remains

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC exhibition at the Albright Art Gallery is a thing of the past.[1] There are many rooms in that white marble mansion, and they will be devoted as heretofore to the display of art in all its varied aspects. But its hospitable doors may never swing open again for a similar array of photographic prints. It was not an ordinary exhibition, this November show at Buffalo. It was a conquest, the realization of an ideal. Its triumph will rarely be repeated and even if repeated will assume a different aspect. It is not my intention to dwell upon any official reports of this successful venture. It is not a question of favorable comments or the number of visitors that availed themselves of the intellectual treat. They fail to tell the story. May it suffice to say that the general consensus of opinion agreed that pictorial photography had never been presented to the public in so effective, comprehensive, and beautiful a manner. I endorse this estimate with absolute sincerity. I have seen numerous exhibitions, photographic and otherwise, but I do not remember any which excelled this one in clarity and precision of presentation. This is now a matter of history and its harmony of lines, the charm of its individual exhibits, and the artistic excitement which was evident in assembling them, are merely a memory.

After hearing a symphony the score remains. After seeing a play the text remains. An exhibition, as soon as it is dispersed, leaves nothing but the general impression and a few cherished recollections, that we may realize again only according to their general sensitiveness and strength.

What is it that remains of the exhibition? Of what significance is photography artistically in these days of eclectic art expressions? This, I maintain, is what interests the true lover of photography most of all. Questions like these have nothing to do with the style of presentation, of mounting, hanging, and the exquisite proportions of the exhibition halls. It is the print itself, stripped of all embellishment, and the eye, brain, and hand behind it which must tell the story.

I believe the old cry "art for art" has become meaningless. That some pictorialists have fashioned for themselves a personal mode of expression is an established fact. The victory over the photographic bureaucracy has been won long ago. It needs no further argument. We have learnt that a photographic print can be a thing of beauty aside from reference to any subject it portrays. The high average of excellence thoughout the exhibit was astounding as it was exquisite.

Now, as heretofore, the pictorial army is divided in two camps, the Demachy-Eugene-Steichen camp who favor painter-like subjects and treatment, and the Stieglitz-White-Craig-Annan class who flock around the standard of true *photographic*

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themes and texture. The camp of the former, true evidently, becomes more and more deserted, the old flag hangs limp and the fires burn low—only the dense and indifferent public, which is always behind the time, begins to patronize what was popular ten years ago. But in the rank and file the old feuds are forgotten. The artist who rose at dawn and measured swords with his critics has acquiesced. Each man went his way, made his own audience, and challenged it for his own specific purposes.

The contention has become a much subtler one. What we would like to fathom is what photography can do better than any other monochrome medium, not what it may do eventually, but what it has done. This is strictly a matter of technical consideration, as the aesthetic satisfaction derived from an art is in exact proportion to the public's knowledge of that art's technique. We know more about photography, and consequently are more deeply interested in the intricacies of the process. Photographic draftsmanship commands three technical preferences which are always evident when photography is at its best.

1. The image is actually drawn by light, and no other black and white medium can compete with this conveyance of the actual flow and shimmer of light, as it flits from object to object to the deepest shadows, still capable of preserving a degree of delicacy in the most solid black. Prints like White's "Portrait of Mrs. White," Laura Armer's "Mother and Child" and Käsebier's "The Manger," to mention but a few, brought this out distinctly. As soon as the light is manipulated, it loses its greatest charm, and often becomes dull and chalky.

2. Line is invariably suggested by the gradation

GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER: The Manger. IMP-GEH.

CLARENCE H. WHITE: Portrait of Mrs. C. H. White. IMP-GEH.

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of tonal planes. Precise, or blurred, it is drawn entirely by the differentiation of values. This absence of actual line is possible also in other mediums but achieved only with great difficulty, while it is natural to photography and consequently one of its powerful characteristics. All prints excepting those of the extreme tonalists express this quality.

3. As it is impossible to emphasize line except by juxtaposition of values, that tone (a subtle variation of hues within one tint) is one of the most favorable formulae of photographic picture-making (viz., Craig Annan[2] and De Meyer[3] still-lifes). Tone in this sense has never been produced with equal perfection except by American wood engraving.

In subject matter the studio print and landscape photography have advanced but few new themes, if any have been brought out. They are borrowed largely from the other arts. It is the men who have preferred the city streets, the impressionism of life, and the unconventional aspects of nature to costuming and posing, who have occasionally enriched our wealth of pictorial impressions. In many instances they have discovered and subdued new and unusual motifs and improvised upon the laws of composition with the skill of true virtuosos. I refer in particular to Stieglitz's skyscrapers and dock scenes, and some of Coburn's interpretations of city views.

One can hardly say that photographic picture-making up to this day has revealed much of spiritual gravity. It is mobile and complete, but not splendidly audacious conceptionally. Only in rare instances does it reflect actual mentality, as in the work of Steichen and the Viennese.[4] Perhaps this is a limitation of the pictorial print of portfolio size. Its masterpieces may be defined as perfect beauty of visional appreciation joined to perfect beauty of technical expression. Elaborate figure compositions belong rather to the domain of snapshot photography. It is the single image, the attitude of a figure, the tonal fragment, a glass among shadows, a fleeting expression or some atmospheric condition, which adds something to our consciousness of beauty.

ALFRED STIEGLITZ: The Flatiron Building, New York. 1903. IMP-GEH.

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Alvin Langdon Coburn: The Flatiron Building, New York. IMP-GEH.

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These reflections in a way are the result of my visit to the Albright Art Gallery. No doubt, any student of photography bent upon analysis of its aesthetic significance, has arrived at similar conclusions, but it was never brought ont more clearly, more convincingly than at Buffalo. The photographer had a chance to realize the possibilities and limitations of his medium.

But there was something else which could not be seen, but only felt, which emanated as it were from the walls, and which pervaded the entire exhibit. It is difficult to express it in words. An ensemble so exceptional, aside of all actualities, teaches a lesson of deeper significance. It was combined in the spirit which provoked it. I sit at my desk and wonder how such a refined sensation of visional joy mingled with an appreciation of the mind so deep and true, as I experienced walking through these large peaceful galleries, could have ever been conjured up in this diffident commerce-sodden community. It can only be the result, I mused, of the natural exaltation of a mind free from prejudices (except it were directed against insincerity), solely as the pursuit of some lofty ideal. And I must confess that I have never met a group of men who have taken their vocation more seriously and disinterestedly than these pictorialists.

Art today in many instances is so mechanical and imitative, so time-pleasing and coin-of-fact that one greets these workers with exceptional feelings of sympathy and appreciation. Not that they are necessarily visionary and fanatic. No, they are practical enough, for it demands a peculiar temperament to be a successful pictorialist. There enters into his make-up a certain amount of patience and scientific calculation which is foreign to the average artist's nature. But they possess the vital spark. Their art expression is germinal, not mimetic. They have put themselves at the service of a new medium, and they endeavor to conquer it. No matter how eclectic they may be, they at least freshly comprehend, reassimilate, readopt accepted principles of beauty to a new virile condition. And thanks to these finer artistic faculties and sensibilities, to their subjective process of taste and ideality the success of the exhibition was due. These workers realize that their art instincts must blossom forth into wholesome consciousness as natural expansion before their medium of expression can take its proper and its fullest meaning. And it was this spirit which made the Albright Exhibit of November, 1910, memorable in the annals of photography and art.

Like the delicious odor in some mirrored cabinet that lingers indefinitely for years, this spirit will not fade. It will be remembered long after individual efforts have lost their immediate usefulness. The few masterpieces will remain, the rest will be forgotten, but the spirit will continue to remain an active force, and produce fresh impressions of light and tone, of form and grace.

—1911

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The Esthetic Significance of the Motion Picture

No other form of popular amusement to-day enjoys as steady and general a patronage as the moving picture shows receive.

The people in the larger cities can hardly imagine what this entertainment means to town and village populations. It is cheap and within the reach of all. And it is in many communities the one regular amusement that is offered. A town of six thousand inhabitants will easily support three to four houses with continuous performances of three reels each. Larger towns, of sixty thousand residents, where concerts, lectures and theatrical performances occur more frequently, furnish sufficient patronage for eighteen to twenty of these amusement halls. This shows a decided decrease in the percentage of attendance. In the larger cities where the motion picture is taken less seriously, the percentage is still smaller. It takes the place of the theatre only among the lower strata of society.

But its popularity is undeniable. It contains some element that appeals to the masses; and whenever I see one of these auditoriums packed to standing room only, I become conscious that I am in the presence of something that touches the pulse-beat of time, something that interests a large number of people and in a way reflects their crude esthetic taste. And is it not curious, with the popularity of this kind of pictorialism, regular art exhibits should be deprived of a similar appreciation. Generally no admission is charged and yet the public does not take advantage of these opportunities with any sort of enthusiasm.

The public is fond as ever of illustrations, stationary art, and cheap reproductions, perhaps more so than formerly, but it does not feel at home in art galleries. The fine arts seem to evade popularity. Works of art are generally so high-priced that they are beyond the means of the middle class. And merely to study them is too much of an intellectual exertion. People understand a Tschaikowsky symphony as little as an impressionist exhibit; nevertheless ninety-nine out of a hundred will prefer to hear the concert—while one solitary individual will derive a similar pleasure and satisfaction from the paintings—for the simple reason that music is easier to enjoy. One pays a comparatively small admission, sits down and listens, and the music drifts without any personal effort into one's consciousness.

Paintings are seen to the best advantage in daylight, when most people are busy in the more material things. They have to be enjoyed standing and walking about. One is forced to make one's own selections. Rather a laborious task, even for connoisseurs and critics.

No, there is something wrong in the present distribution of art products. Exhibitions are naught but battlefields for the survival of the fittest, and museums the morgues for pictures that are unsuit-

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able or too unwieldy for private possession. Pictures and books should be owned by the people. Museums and circulating libraries are the products of a trust civilization. They are abnormal. Historical collections and reference libraries, like those of the Louvre and the Vatican, are not included in this statement.

Of course, there are many solitary works of art that can claim a certain popularity. Botticelli's "Spring" shares this distinction with "The Doctor's Visit" by Lucas Fildes.[1] Madame Le Brun's[2] portrait of herself and daughter is popular and so is Gibson's[3] latest drawing. It is largely the problem of quality—of the work, versus quantity—of the appreciation. An explanation is difficult. My contention is that every masterpiece must possess some of the "buckeye" element; or in other words, no matter how elaborate, fascinating and exquisite in finish a painting may be, it must offer some tangible, ordinary interest that the average mind can seize in order to be truly popular. And it is this element which modern painting lacks, and which the motion picture possesses to an almost alarming degree, for it contains all the pictorialism the average person wants, plus motion.

Readers may ask whether I take these pictures seriously and whether I see any trace of art in them. Yes, honestly, I do. I know that most cultivated people feel a trifle ashamed of acknowledging that they occasionally attend moving picture shows. This is due to caste prejudice, as the largest percentage of the attendance belongs to the illiterate class (at least as far as art esthetics are concerned). To my mind there is not the slightest doubt that these performances show much that is vivid, instructive, and picturesque, and also occasionally a fleeting vision of something that is truly artistic.

Judging from the ideal standpoint that a moving picture reel should reveal action in a series of perfect pictures, of course the majority are still very imperfect and unsatisfactory. There is too much bad acting and stage scenery in most of them. And many are absolutely tawdry and foolish in execution and sentiment. My arguments in favor refer necessarily to the more practical ones.

PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN: Early motion picture theatre. Courtesy of Daniel Lawton.

The French film makers are in every way our superiors. They succeed in making excursions even into purely imaginary realms. I saw a Pathé reel in color representing Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death" which was done in a masterly way. There was more real art in the composition and arrangements of these groups and natural backgrounds than can be found in the majority of paintings of our annual exhibitions. The French command better talent and more picturesque scenery. They know how to handle costume and scenes of dramatic interest. The Americans excel only when they put aside cheap studio interiors, go into the open and handle realistic episodes of modern life.

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Of course, it is generally not the story which interests me but the representation of mere incidents, a rider galloping along a mountain path, a handsome woman with hair and skirts fluttering in the wind, the rushing water of a stream, the struggle of two desperate men in some twilight atmosphere. These fragmentary bits of life, or merely of scenery, with the animating spirit of motion as main attraction, contain all the elements of pure esthetic pleasure, although we still hesitate to acknowledge it. But the motion picture will steadily gain in recognition, for it has come to stay.[4] No doubt it will undergo many transformations. It will be in color and accompanied by phonographic speech. It may become like the piano-player, a home amusement, and also enter the domain of home portraiture. And the reels will be free of all blemishes that will obscure the image on the screen. All this, however, will not make it more artistic.

More artistic it will become solely by more artistic handling, and there is no reason why some genius like Henry Irving,[5] Gordon Craig,[6] or Steichen should not invade the realm of motion picture making and more fully reveal its esthetic possibilities. As long as dramatic action, story telling or records of events will constitute the principal aim, it will remain imitative of the stage. Only when poetic and pictorial expression become the main object will it develop in esthetic lines. Some literary theme will always be necessary to support the action, but it could be the theme of a painter that is stage-managed by a poet or vice versa.

Imagine Böcklin's[7] "Villa at the Sea" as a motion picture: Old Roman architecture with waving pinions, and the approach of a coming storm. The waves would caress the shore, the leaves would be carried away by the wind, and into this scene of melancholy and solitude would enter a dark draped figure who in a few superb gestures would express the essence of grief. Many paintings of Leighton[8] could be rendered in such a poetic fashion. And also themes of more realistic painters, like Breton,[9] Cottet,[10] and Liebermann,[11] would be available. Short episodes in which all the laws of composition, color and chiaroscuro are obeyed, just as in a painting, only with the difference that there would come to our vision, like a series of paintings, one perfect picture after the other, linked together by action.

Would this not be an art equally as beautiful as the painting of to-day—while more intricate, and more in harmony with our present life's philosophy!

—1912

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PROFILES OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PIONEERS

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ALFRED STIEGLITZ

An Art Critic's Estimate

Leave routine to the timid, clear with one bound the common track, and when thou shalt have created a path where none can follow thee; when thou shalt have given life to a free work, loosened from the fetters of ordinary rule, thy place will be fixed and thou wilt see, coming towards thee with an even step, both glory and fortune.

—FROM "HOFFMAN'S TALES"

WHENEVER I HAVE spoken of the possibilities of photography becoming so independent and artistic that it can claim to be ranked as one of the expressions of pictorial art, the work of men like Robert Demachy[1] and Alfred Stieglitz has formed the basis and starting point for my speculations.

Alfred Stieglitz is to me indisputably the foremost artistic photographer of America—and I say this with due consideration of Eickemeyer's scientific realism and F. H. Day's decorative portraiture—a man whose personality and accomplishments are worthy of being treated by the critic with the same consideration as the life and work of a master artist. What differentiates the genius from the ordinary being and lifts him above the multitude? To me it is the mastery of three gifts, which also others possess, only not to the same degree and not united, namely, first, the power of selection in which technical accomplishments find their expression; second, the depth of emotion, which formulates the conception of the idea to be portrayed; and thirdly, perseverance largely dependent on temperament and constitution.

In his selection of his subject, the photographer is as much an artist as a painter, only forced to limit himself, like the *plein air* painter, voluntarily to the reproduction of realities. He must have mastered the science of composition, the laws of perspective, the effects of empty space and linear beauty, the massing of light and shade, and the art of values (rendered particularly difficult by the unreliability of photographing color values); in short be a connoisseur to such an extent that he knows at what moment to realize a certain sentiment and express it on the plate. The ability to select, after the setting of the picture has been satisfactorily chosen and composed, the moment when atmospheres and figures passing by make a perfect harmony with the premeditated conception, surpasses all other ways of expressing an artistic idea. In this moment, the photographer can show genius. To wait for days at the same hours for a certain effect, to wait for years

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ALFRED STIEGLITZ: Reflections of Venice, 1894. UNM.

for a certain atmospheric expression, and, later on, the developing of the plate, the process of printing, and not quite legitimate procedure of retouching, demand principally the practice of perseverance, with knowledge, judgment, and chance as guidance.

This is merely to prove that genius is possible in photography.

How far Alfred Stieglitz realizes these conditions I will leave to the judgment of the readers. The domain of criticism is to analyze the actual results of an artist's work.

Although the recipient of scores of medals at international exhibitions, in correspondence with the leading artistic photographers of Europe and recognized by them as their equal, continually sought by the American profession for advice and criticism, his position is a solitary one, as it necessarily must be, of a man who is a pathfinder and pioneer in a new direction of art.

His work, fairly well known to the profession of amateur photographers, has remained comparatively unknown, not only to the larger public—easily enough explained by the general indifference in art matters—but also to the artists, who on the average do not disdain photography as a mechanical helpmate for a sort of plagiarism from nature, yet do not condescend to recognize it as a possible rival to their productions. It would be in their own interest to surmount this prejudice, as an artist should not be only conscious of the scope but also the limitations of his art, both of which are dependent on the intellectual drift of the time.

Alfred Stieglitz has recently for the first time given the general public an opportunity to estimate his work by letting the publishing firm of R. H. Russell reproduce twelve of his original photographs in photogravure (*Picturesque Bits of New York, and Other Studies*).[2]

We have seen so many paintings and illustrations that look like photographs that it is refreshing to see once photographs that look somewhat like paintings.

Although I am aware that I cannot do perfect

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ALFRED STIEGLITZ: A Venetian Canal, 1894. UNM.

justice to Mr. Stieglitz by criticizing the contents of this map—realizing fully how much is lost by the process of reproduction—it will after all be more advisable than to criticize the originals themselves, of which only two or three perfect copies are in existence and which but few will have an opportunity to study.

The map contains two complete failures: "The Incoming Boat," which is in every respect commonplace; and "The Glow of Night," Fifth Avenue with a full view of the Savoy with its long rows of lighted candelabra reflected on the wet pavement, which is utterly spoiled by the attempt of lending it a color effect, a cheap yellow monotony which has robbed the otherwise excellent picture of all its delicacy and vibratory force. Reproductions of works of art are always most dignified in black, or at least one dark tonal color.

"The Old Mill," a picturesque nook somewhere in the Black Forest, is one of those bits of realism that become romantic not so much by the handling of the artist, but by the reminiscences that such old landmarks awaken in us. It shows competent composition and exquisite gradation of light and shade—strong and powerful in the foreground, and fragile in the remoter parts.

Also, "The Letter Box," two little barefoot peasant girls in their neat *Badenser* costume, depositing a letter, with the diagonal wall of a house as background is merely a genre study, an attempt at story telling that arouses no special interest. Other men could do it, and I am only interested in that part of a man's work which the majority would find rather difficult to perform.

Of the two studies of Venice the reflections in the canal of the one termed "Reflections" are entirely too harsh in outline and values to allow a satisfactory enjoyment. The water is too opaque and has lost in parts all power to convey fluidity. It seems to be one of the most difficult tasks to photograph reflections in a sheet of water, as nearly all attempts at it seem exaggerated and untrue to me. That the difficulties, however, can be overcome, Stieglitz shows in his "Bit of Venice." A stretch of water of a canal as a foreground, losing its perspective in its gondola-lined embankments of quaint weather-stained house walls with a bridge and the suggestion of another cross-thoroughfare as background. The texture of the reflection is superb, mellow, blurred, and of manifold variation; only where the sky is mirrored in the foreground a delicate tint is lost which lends a special charm to the original. The composition of the upper part is perfect. It gives a better idea of Venice than many a painting. It conveys the true spirit of Venice, that poetical city of "broken fragments and washed out colors" that reflects in its quaint melancholy the history of a sumptuous past.

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ALFRED STIEGLITZ: Wet Day on the Boulevard, Paris, 1895. UNM.

In his "Wet Day on the Boulevard" the photographer has attempted figure composition on a large scale. Although not quite satisfactory from a painter's viewpoint, it has many excellent qualities. The empty foreground, the store in the left hand corner, and, in particular, the hazy vista of the boulevard with its cabs is worthy of a de Nittis.[3] The only potent criticism I have to make is that the pedestrians coming toward us crossing the street lift their feet in a way that does not seem natural, although instantaneous photography has proven beyond dispute the correctness of such fugitive movements. The problem is whether we are not accustomed enough to the representation of such instantaneous reality to discover any beauty in it, or whether there is no beauty in the scientific analysis of movements, the details of which our eyes are not capable of reporting. More characteristic pedestrians, a grisette daintily lifting her skirts, or some other more typical type of the boulevards would have probably improved the picture.

The rotunda at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, with the Savoy and New Netherlands Hotels as backgrounds, is a bold attempt at night photography.[4] The effect is very beautiful, but at closer scrutiny one finds the blacks rather monotonous, in particular the defoliated branches of the trees which form a confused network that disturbs.

A special compliment has to be paid, however, to the photographer for discovering for art one of the most picturesque spots of nocturnal New York. I do not know a single painting in recent exhibitions that attempts a similar subject with equal grasp of pictorial beauty. It is a lesson to our painters that cannot be undervalued.

A "Winter Sky," a solitary fir tree on a snow-covered hill with the sun struggling through a cloudy veil and glistening on the ice-crusted branches. Stieglitz has tried himself as a virtuoso. The effect is remarkable, but is too near the border line of sensationalism to be considered a work of art.

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ALFRED STIEGLITZ: On the Seine—Near Paris, 1897. UNM.

Now we come to the three last pictures—"On the Seine," "Scurrying Home," and a "Winter Day." They are, with his "Net Mender," (not in this collection) a young girl sitting on the dunes mending her nets, a simple poem of nature like a canvas of Liebermann[5]—the masterpieces of his career. Before them criticism necessarily grows silent or becomes largely descriptive, as it always does when art approaches perfection.

"On the Seine," a double road on the embankment of the river with a row of trees in the middle, loses itself in an obtuse angle in the distance. A flock of goats has grouped itself in the road nearest to the river. To the right a vista on the Seine, a tug boat with a line of barges, and a silhouette of the housetops of Paris in the distance. It is a decorative panel filled with the musical cadence of a waning day, and that peculiar atmosphere which roads where city and country blend together always have for me. What patience the artist must have exercised before the goats grouped themselves so adequately! In fact Mr. Stieglitz told me that for more than a week he stood every afternoon with his camera at the same spot, until at last he saw before him what he considered essential for a picture. The cluster of dark foliage, the border of grass along the edge of the water, and the distance have lost in values through the reproduction, but otherwise it is a picture which any modern master could be proud of. It is a well balanced artistic composition of rare decorative suggestiveness which shows that the artist understands the charm and power of linear and *spacial* beauty. "On the Seine" is a tribute to the undeniable truth that the future of art lies largely in decoration.

"Scurrying Home" could teach many an artist what composition means. It is more simple and direct than the previous picture. Two Dutch women crossing an open waste of sand, with the Katwyk Church, made famous by modern painters, in the distance. How interesting the texture of the foreground! How well its oblique lines cut those of

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Above. ALFRED STIEGLITZ: Scurrying Home, 1897. UNM.

Opposite page. ALFRED STIEGLITZ: Winter on Fifth Avenue, 1893. IMP-GEH.

the middle distance! How well the distance is managed! And how marvelously the figures are placed, considering that if they had been photographed one second sooner or later the picture would have been spoiled. Their movement is as natural as it can be; it suggests the breeziness of the weather; only the feet of the larger one are somewhat indistinct, and the skirts of both are too opaque. It seems almost impossible in photography to attain Whistleresque subtleties of tone in a dark object.

"Scurrying Home" is a landmark in the domain of camera art and worth alone a trip to Europe. Many an artist after a three years' sojourn abroad returns without being able to show half as much. "Scurrying Home" shows better than any other American photograph I know the possibilities of artistic photography.

A "Winter Day," a Fifth Avenue stage coach ploughing through chaotic masses of snow, is perhaps less pictorial from a painter's point of view, but for that very reason more original and individual than the others because it reminds one of nothing else, while most of the others suggest in some way or another faint reminiscences of some school of art. It is a realistic expression of an everyday occurrence of metropolitan life under special atmospheric conditions, rendered faithfully and yet with consummate art. I, as a literary man, would feel proud if I could express a "Winter Day" in words with the same vigor, correctness, and individual note as Mr. Stieglitz in his photographic plate. His achievements in this picture are not merely finger posts for amateur photographers but for our American art world in general.

Let us scrutinize a little closer the personality of this man. Like so many other more or less prominent amateur photographers, he is so situated in life as to allow himself a constant devotion to his art, which is fortunate not so much because it lifts him beyond the dangers of mercenariness (since artistic photography is still in that idyllic stage where a market value of its productions is an unheard of thing), but because it enables him to indulge freely

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in costly experiments that are quite beyond the purse of ordinary mortals.

Stieglitz is a university man; he has taken a three years' course of chemistry and photochemistry at the Berlin University under Vogel[6] and Hoffman.[7] He is a thorough master of his technique, although he has never tried to improve the technical mediums by inventions of his own; he has been satisfied with doing his utmost in artistic expression.

He has traveled much, has been in touch with all the various phases of modern art and artistic thought, and associated with quite a number of European painters. In my first conversation with him, he told me that his favorite painters were Thaulow[8] and Besnard,[9] and that he went to see Duse[10] every night, and that he was also a great admirer of Yvette Guilbert.[11] This I mention simply to show that the trend of his intellectual life is strictly modern.

Simplicity is the keynote of his work. He recognizes that "art is hidden in nature," as Dürer so aptly said, "and that he who can tear her out of it, owns her." He does not try to idealize nature—look at his vigorous Bonnat-like portraits,[12] that are likenesses and not like so many other decorative whims or individual commmentaries—he merely represents picturesque ideas that suggest themselves in a simple natural manner. He endeavors to represent space and atmosphere, and groups his figures according to laws which nature offers itself. This seems simple enough and yet is rarely met with even in modern art. In Mr. Stieglitz was necessarily from the very beginning the material for an artist, but by taking up camera and chemicals instead of brush and paint, he has succeeded in finding a new expression of pictorial art and in lifting it by incessant experiments to such heights that it can no longer remain unrecognized by the artists. He has revealed principles that apply to all arts.

The principal merit of Mr. Stieglitz' works, however, lies in his bold independence which enabled him to resist all temptations to overstep the limits of photography. He never applied anything but photography "pure and simple" and disdained the assistance of retouching by which Demachy has attained some of his most marvelous results. He realizes that artistic photography, to become powerful and self-subsistent, must rely upon its own resources and not ornament itself with foreign plumes in order to resemble an etching, a charcoal or wash drawing, or the reproduction of an old master.

I am confident that Mr. Stieglitz works in the right direction, and if he will also free himself absolutely in regard to conception and composition from all existing schools of art, trust his judgment and experience alone, and discover for us in a score of pictures the picturesqueness of New York City, as he intends to do, he will gain himself a place in our art life which the future art historian cannot overlook. At any rate, the last word about Alfred Stieglitz has not yet been said.

—1898

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ZAIDA BEN-YÚSUF

A Purist

WHENEVER LATELY the subject of photography was broached in artistic circles I had an opportunity to frequent, invariably the name of Miss Zaida Ben-Yúsuf was mentioned as one of the most gifted exponents of the branch of portraiture.[1] I often overheard exclamations like "that only Miss Ben-Yúsuf could do!" or admonitions like "you should try that lady photographer with the peculiar name," given to people who had been repeatedly disappointed in getting a satisfactory likeness.

It would be interesting to investigate if, or how far, this lady's work deserves the high opinion which people seem to entertain about it, and to that purpose I today sit down at my writing desk, covered with prints from her workshop, and seize my pen.

The getting of a likeness, which everybody who sits for a photograph demands, and with perfect right, is not so easily infused with something of artistic merit as a bystander might imagine; hence any worthy result is specially welcome, as in this field the capable workers are distinctly limited so far. We all have observed what a contrast there is at times between the individuality of the personage the photographers portray and the whimsical results they obtain.

In looking through a pile of mounted prints—albums, I believe, have gone entirely out of fashion, except in flat and tenement houses, and in the country—one is confronted for the most part with very inartistic attempts; the likeness may be there, but the art is to seek. By this I do not mean that slovenly execution or inexact presentation of fact makes them conspicuously uninteresting, but they lack distinction. It is a palpable and instructive fact that if we were to take the representative works of half a dozen of the leading professional photographers, there would be but little difference in their productions. Their work is equally mechanical, equally the result of a stereotyped system of posing, lighting, and subsequent retouching.

Miss Ben-Yúsuf, on the contrary, endeavors to produce impressions more individual to the artist, and yet manages to get a likeness, and what is still more difficult, to please her customers. Each of her prints is easily recognizable as her work; they are, so to speak, infused with her personality, even in cases when they are more commonplace than they ought to be from a person who craves new fields to conquer. For she pretends to be a sworn foe to the fashion of popular photography and intends her prints to represent a sort of artistic revolt against the minutiae of detail, the glossy surfaces, and the mathematical precision still displayed in the show cases of Daguerre's successors.

Although she apparently does not always live up to her ideals, she has some, at least, and that alone is much to her credit. To eulogize the artist as some

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Zaida Ben-Yūsuf (Zeda Ben-Yūsuf): Exhibition Announcement: Self Portrait with Feathers. Gift of Mrs. Guy Bullock. MOMA.

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writers have done is too easy to be of any value; to speak of her in a patronizing manner or to take a superior tone, would be impertinent, for it is doubtful if there is in the entire United States a more interesting exponent of portrait photography than she is; certainly it would take no little search to bring together half a dozen such individuals. One has simply to analyze her work, consider it calmly from all sides, point out its various defects and merits and, if possible, trace the origin of the various aspects of her art.

First of all, I would like to settle the question whether Miss Ben-Yúsuf is an "artistic" or a "professional" photographer. Of course, I consider Miss Ben-Yúsuf a professional photographer. A person who keeps a studio for the purpose of photographing people for a monetary remuneration is *professional*, no matter whether she avoids the ordinary hackneyed ways of advertising her business, or whether she has a show case standing before her door or not. Her methods of securing customers are simply different from others, and for that very reason, perhaps, more shrewd. There exists in New York a clan of Bohemians who pretend they do not care a rap for money, and who only accept it for their more or less artistic services because they have to live after all. This is merely a pose in most cases. When the manager of Julia Marlowe introduced her to the public without the customary bill posters and press agents' notices, he was perfectly aware that, once for a change, the best way of advertising his star was not to advertise her at all. And because Miss Ben-Yúsuf and Miss Käsebier have found such a new way of getting customers, they do not wish to be called professionals. Besides, they claim to be superior craftsmen of their trade; they fancy limited editions of prints and exhibits in photographic salons and understand how to surround themselves with a certain air of exclusiveness. It almost seems as if they wish to convey that they confer a special favor in photographing a person for twenty-five dollars per dozen. This is absurd, and the sooner they abolish it the better, as they will find out that they have only harmed themselves, for as soon as other professionals discover the trick, we will have artistic photographers galore all over the city.

In my opinion only men like Messrs. Stieglitz, Day, and Keiley[2] are artistic photographers; like the true artist, they only depict what pleases them, and not everybody who offers them twenty-five dollars in return. That is the line which divides artistic and professional photography, as it does art and potboiling. Money has nothing to do with it. Mr. Stieglitz has received for a single print as much as eighty dollars, I believe, and surely he was after that transaction an artistic photographer as much as ever, for it was a picture at the making of which its possible market value never entered his head. It would be different if encouraged by such a success he would set out to make a dozen or two of other photographs that would also sell for eighty dollars or more; then his art would necessarily deteriorate. Miss Ben-Yúsuf and Miss Käsebier, however, only on rare occasions produce something to suit themselves, as, for instance, Miss Ben-Yúsuf in her panels "Spring" and "The Book;" they adapt themselves to what their business offers them and are, for that reason—even if they were really indifferent to financial success—strictly professional.

The next point which I would like to dwell upon is the nature of Miss Ben-Yúsuf's aims. During a conversation the lady told me that her ambition was to become the "Mrs. Cameron of America,"[3] i.e., to photograph all celebrities she could get hold of, and thus go down to posterity with them as a depicter of geniuses.

How far will she succeed in this? We can only judge the past, and looking over her work of the last few years we must come to the conclusion that until now she has not accomplished her ambition. She has taken quite a number of men and women whose names are known and who might get an obituary notice when they die, like Anthony Hope, Le Gallienne,[4] Admiral Sampson, Emmeline Rives, Governor Roosevelt, Julia Marlowe, Ada Rehan,

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ZAIDA BEN-YÚSUF: Admiral Sampson.

ZAIDA BEN-YÚSUF: Governor Roosevelt.

etc., but all of them are only celebrities of the hour. The only man she has portrayed who has some claim to after fame is W. D. Howells. In depicting celebrities she competes in no way with Hollinger and several other photographic studios, although she, possessing a special gift of summing up a person's individuality at the first glance, seems better equipped for such a task. She has failed to use her opportunity. So many great men have passed through New York in recent years, only to mention Nansen,[5] Boldini, Raffaelli,[6] Cazin, Duran, Prince Kropotkin,[7] Bourget, Holger Drachmann, the Danish poet of the sea, Kipling, Yvette Guilbert, Bernhardt, Sonnenthal, the opera singers, famous orchestra leaders and soloists, not to speak of what New York itself offers in this respect, personalities like St. Gaudens, Ingersoll, Edison, Tesla, etc. For a woman it may be extremely difficult to approach all these different personalities with success, and in particular for one as independent as Miss Ben-Yúsuf seems to be. But why select then such a difficult path!

Perhaps we find an explanation in her artistic temperament. She is supersensitive; she has perhaps the desire to grow famous in the momentary association with geniuses, and yet is too self-centered to stoop in any way to reach her aim. Personally she is very fastidious in her taste, one of

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ZAIDA BEN-YÚSUF: Portrait of a Lady.

those peculiar persons who can only live in a room with wall paper of a most violent blue. In her dresses she is a second Mrs. Hovey,[8] although not quite as eccentric. She attends Ibsen performances, and everything else that mildly stirs up the Bohemian circles, reads decadent literature, and fancies high-keyed pictures such as outshout each other in color, best.

And yet, strange to say, in her photography she almost escapes her environment. There is no suggestion of it; everything is sober, intelligent, and refined. She perfectly understands the limitations of photography, and in producing pictorial results relies more on the mechanical assistance of the soulless camera than on her own creative power. There is no affectation in her art. And although the majority of her pictures have noticeable qualities that mark them as peculiarly noteworthy and interesting to an observer, the effects are all obtained legitimately.

When compared with the versatility and scientific composition of an Eickemeyer, the epigrammatic Japanism of a Keiley, or the decorative lyricism of a Day, Miss Ben-Yúsuf's work looks rather monotonous. It lacks depth and concentration, which is unavoidable in commercial pursuits, and besides, consisting entirely of portraits, is in itself not very interesting.

Her artistic training is defective, her code of aesthetics not very voluminous, her imagination not out of the ordinary, but she is somewhat of a psychologist, ever on the alert, ever seeking to grasp and to express in material form the characteristics of her subjects.

She understands posing, and yet relies for her poses mostly on her sitters. The charm of the *nonchalant* pose of Anthony Hope, perhaps, is due more to Mr. Hope than to Miss Ben-Yúsuf. It was undoubtedly an accidental pose, but it was her merit that she at once noted and appreciated it. In subordinating her knowledge of composition to that which the momentary situation in gestures and attitudes affords, she is a truer artist than if she

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would try, like Miss Käsebier, to introduce her own personality at every occasion. Perhaps she relies too much on unforeseen happy incidents, but as they happen rather frequently, the critic has no special reason to find fault with her method.

Nor does she depend much on accessories, although her backgrounds, if perhaps too frugal at times, generally show sensitive treatment. Particularly successful is she in the reproduction of hands; they become almost as eloquent a medium of recording the character of the sitter as the face. The garments, except when they are in some way interesting, she suppresses and modifies to masses of light and shade.

Of her technical shortcomings I will mention only one, which seems to be the most serious. She takes everybody under a top-light. True enough, top-light accentuates and emphasizes all the characteristic traits and features in a face. It is excellent for reproducing plaster casts. Look what wonderful work the Carbon Studio[9] has achieved for instance with Mr. St. Gaudens' relief of Stevenson, but it is not true to life. Human beings, except artists, are never seen under top-light, and their family and circles of friends and acquaintances are not used to seeing them in that particular light. It is a fault that nearly all professionals have in common, and Miss Ben-Yúsuf is no innovator in technical methods, only in style.

In her work we find the influence of London, where she has been active in photography, strongly marked. She is a so-called "purist," that is, she leaves her work largely to the camera, the chemicals, and the sun, and only retouches to a certain extent—what Mr. Stieglitz calls "dodging."

All these characteristics make out her individuality. She is no copyist. Each of her pictures shows her predilection, her personal bent, her own peculiar conception of life—however, only as far as the laws she herself has made for her art allow—even if it is only expressed in the quality and shape of her printing paper and mounting boards. She thoroughly succeeds in carrying out the object she has in view in justice to herself and what she considers legitimate in photography. Setting aside the delight that her consummate technique affords, which may or may not be entirely satisfying in a majority of her prints, there can be little doubt that in their reliable likeness, in the spontaneity of their poses, and the decorative disposition of the masses, they make up a pleasing total. The accompanying reproductions need not be taken as a final test; they were selected by herself because they show partly the average of the artist's work. One feels that her pictures represent a faction which must exercise some influence on American portrait photography sooner or later.

I shall look forward to Miss Ben-Yúsuf's work with interest and curiosity, and if I have induced my readers to share my feelings as far as interest and curiosity for her work are concerned, I shall have realized my expectations to the full.

—1899

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FRANK EUGENE

Painter-Photographer

In FRANK EUGENE, a New York portrait painter who has devoted much study to the peculiar branch of art in which he is known, we find an able and versatile wielder of the brush suddenly deviating from the trodden paths of his art and producing a number of photographs which, both in conception and execution, show a distinct departure from the average artistic photograph.[1]

A visit to his studio affords great pleasure. He is, one might say, the painter of theatrical celebrities. He has painted Joe Jefferson more than a dozen times in all his parts—Rip Van Winkel, Bob Acres, and old Caleb Plummer. One of them is owned by Henry Irving. His portrait of Irving as Becket hangs in the Players' Club.[2] He has also portrayed Irving as King Arthur, Mrs. James Brown Potter as Marie Antoinette, Mrs. Corinne Jackson as Tillie Slowboy, Mme. Calve as Carmen (owned by Jefferson), and Anton Seidl—quite an interesting collection. The principal merit of his work is a certain richness of color that is subdued to a harmony of tone, rarely met with in pictures, suggesting all colors of the solar spectrum. Another characteristic of his portraits is that they look—particularly those of Jefferson—more like genre pictures than ordinary portraits, which is rather refreshing in a time when everybody has his portrait painted.

But the visitor who strays into the studio at present sees but little of these accomplishments; the painter has turned photographer, and wants everybody to share his enthusiasm and hopes about the artistic possibilities of photography.

Mr. Eugene has practiced photography for quite a number of years, and the number of his prints amounts to several hundred. Looking them over carefully, as I have done, one by one, I have been impressed by two facts: that nearly all his prints contain technical imperfections, such as could be easily pointed out by any moderately accomplished critic; and that—despite these glaring, almost unpardonable mistakes—they have, in almost every instance, pictorial qualities which the majority of artistic photographs lack.

Look at his "Henry Irving." Surely a remarkable bit of portraiture, in many respects the best I have ever seen, and yet the left leg is all out of proportion. Then again his "Madonna." What a marvelous contrast of light and shade; the first impression is that of a perfect composition, but how disappointed one feels when one discovers that the plate has been scratched all over, and that the hand of the mother is almost twice as large as it should be. The same mistake we find in his otherwise so beautifully composed picture, "The Misses H." The accessories are handled with remarkable cleverness; only the two large light spots in the background, overlooked by mere carelessness I suppose, disturb.

This strange combination of shortcomings and

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Above. FRANK EUGENE: Sir Henry Irving.

Opposite page. FRANK EUGENE: Frau von Holwein. IMP-GEL.

meritorious traits can be only explained by taking into consideration that Mr. Eugene, whose versatility has led him to exploit nearly every graphic art, (like etching, pencil, pen and ink, and charcoal drawing, etc.), looks at photography merely as a new medium to express his artistic temperament, overlooking entirely that photography, as soon as it rises above mechanical picture-making, is a science which can only be mastered by long years of apprenticeship and experimentation.

The ambition to get painter's results is nothing new. All photographers of high standing and ability have striven for it, and a few in this country, principally Messrs. Stieglitz, Day, and Miss Käsebier, have achieved it. With few exceptions, their knowledge of drawing, light and shade, composition, however, is simply theoretical, acquired by the study of galleries, reproductions, and books, and not by practical application in some other art. They endeavor to reflect the principles of painting, and to imitate its effects as to tonality and chiaroscura. Mr. Eugene, on the contrary, being a wielder of the pencil, etching needle and brush, strives to introduce the technical characteristics of other arts into his prints. They look like reproductions of paintings and etchings. He imitates linear expression and brush work in the same way as Mr. Keiley does Japanese wash drawings.

Let us investigate his method of working. It is most peculiar. His routine as a portrait painter gives him the advantage of posing his subjects at once in adequate surroundings that are in themselves artistic. Like most studios, his contains all sorts of paraphernalia, the use of which no ordinary mortal can solve, but which lend the place that atmosphere, apparently indispensable, to the production of a work of art. It is interesting to watch Mr. Eugene manipulate these odds and ends. He places, for instance, a lady sitter against a most unconventional background, formed of a gobelin or painting, throws an old piece of drapery over her lap and surrounds her with plaster casts, fans, large faded flowers, picture frames, books—in short, whatever falls into his hands or impresses his fancy

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for the moment. While doing so he keeps up a most entertaining conversation, in order to make his fair sitter feel in no way embarrassed at finding herself suddenly in such an artistic curiosity shop; he continually adds one thing or another to his pictorial arrangement, and patiently watches for the moment when the lady, by accident, assumes a pose that pleases him. Thereupon he lets somebody hold a mirror at a certain angle, so as to throw a reflex of light on the shadowy side of the face, and then relies upon the camera to do the rest.

But the camera refuses to obey him. He has arranged his subject nearly as a portrait painter might do, who can rectify any shortcoming of the composition while painting. He has paid no particular attention to the foreshortening (very likely the fault of his lens), he has overlooked the fact that the action of light accentuates and often exaggerates every detail, and that the colors always turn out differently from what the layman expects. The result is a plate abundant with obtrusive details, meaningless dark and light spots, and, worst of all, with a false perspective. There is hardly any excuse for such oversight, not to say ignorance. A man like Eickemeyer knows exactly what he will get when he presses the rubber ball, while with Mr. Eugene a perfect plate, in which no retouching is required (like his portrait of Miss Jones, remarkable in its suggestion of color, and his large head of Kyrle Bellew as Cardinal de Rohan), is simply a lucky incident.

Any other photographer would despair at such

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FRANK EUGENE: The Horse, 1895. IMP-GEH.

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FRANK EUGENE: Nude—A Study. IMP-GEH.

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dire results; to Mr. Eugene, on the contrary, they suggest all sorts of pictorial possibilities; they call his artistic temperament into play, and not only by the most extraordinary methods of suppression and modification, but also by actually adding absolutely new matter, he succeeds in producing something whose artistic merit can not be denied. He alters entirely the aspect of the subject depicted as seen by the eyes of the camera; for instance, he is capable of changing a gobelin background into a forest interior, as one can witness in his Madonna composition. The left part of the background of the portrait of Mrs. H. is produced by oil color, manipulated on the negative by means of thumb and index.[3] The same you can observe in his portraits of Miss M. W., and many others. Another of his retouching methods is a peculiar application of lines. The tonality which the camera refuses to repeat for him, he strives to attain by covering up and hiding all defects with cross-hatching. I have seen a portrait of the sculptor D. C. French by Mr. Eugene in which only the face was pure photography; all the remainder was the work of an etcher. Traces of these etched lines you can find in nearly every one of his prints.

The merit of his work lies distinctly outside the domain of photography; and although I do not undervalue his peculiar gift of imbuing a technically most hopeless subject with artistic feeling, I fail to see how the art of Daguerre can particularly benefit by such proceedings.

Every art has its limitations, and only he can claim to master it who accomplishes something within these very limitations. For that one must have its entire mechanism at one's fingers' ends. Nobody would dare to compose a symphony unless he were thoroughly acquainted with musical rhythm and form, the laws of harmony, and the construction of counterpoint. Why should it be different with photography?

Mr. Eugene defends his method by saying: "I do not see how my way of retouching is more illegitimate than the gum process," and with some right.[4] To make a photograph look like a sepia wash drawing is really as unsatisfactory as to make it resemble an etching, the more so as the men who apply the gum process are generally no draughtsmen, and have no experience in handling a water color brush. Mr. Eugene at least can draw; but for his photographic career it would be more essential if he knew the difference of long and short focus lenses, and had given a little study to the chemical principles brought into action.

It is a great pity that the majority of artistic photographers are as deficient in artistic temperament as Mr. Eugene is in the technique of photography. The artistic photographers with their great stores of knowledge have, with few exceptions, but little to express, while Mr. Eugene has too much to express for his insufficient mastery of technical agencies. And for that reason Mr. Eugene's work is worth careful study. It represents an interesting phase in the development of artistic photography in America. It contains at times wonderful passages, almost as astonishing as the feats of an Ole Bull on the violin.[5]

The student of photography can therefore go to his works as proofs of what could be done in the art, if feeling and technique would go hand in hand, and derive from them the lesson that whenever a print fails to express something worth expressing, the fault lies in unskillfulness and not in any defect of the process. On the other hand, it would not be desirable to rival Mr. Eugene on his own ground, which would anyhow be impossible unless the photographer were himself an uncommonly clever artist to begin with. Even Mr. Day, with his rare decorative talent, could not approach it on its own ground.

His work also shows that artistic photography is capable of performing a good deal more than it has accomplished hitherto. And although I look at Mr. Eugene's achievements merely as an experimentation in a direction not quite desirable, it enables us to estimate all the nonsense said to the effect that photography cannot do this thing and cannot do that at its true value.

Artistic photography is still in its infancy, and it

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FRANK EUGENE: Elizabeth Blanche Walsh (Hartmann's first wife. This may be the photograph referred to as "Mrs. H."), 1896. WHi-UCR.

FRANK EUGENE: Lady of Charlotte.

will not reach maturity before it has freed itself from the influence of painting; for nearly all prize pictures of the Photographic Salons, with few exceptions (for instance the "Winter on Fifth Avenue" by Alfred Stieglitz) remind us of pictures that we have seen before. This is also the most grievous fault I have to find with Mr. Eugene's work; it is reflective, not original. In quite a number of his productions I can distinctly trace the first cause of their inspiration—his "Lady of Charlotte," one of his most graceful and delicate compositions, to a pastel drawing of Fernand Khnopff,[8] the profile of a pre-Raphaelite lady kissing the air; the portrait of "Miss Lillian" to the Glasgow school, etc. He has the ability to re-create. Instead of exploring new realms for photography, he has been satisfied with endowing it with a certain pictorial beauty. It matters not from what source, as long as it pleases his artistic fancy.

We must be grateful to him even for that. In a decade or so his work may attract but little attention, but, at present despite the fierce opposition it will meet with on account of its technical shortcomings, it may command a position and perhaps even have followers, as it is the first time that a truly artistic temperament, a painter of generally recognized accomplishments and ability, asserts itself in American photography.

—1899

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CLARENCE H. WHITE

A Meteor Through Space

CLARENCE H. WHITE of Newark, Ohio sprang into being as an artist with the rapidity of a meteor rushing through space. I do not speak of the fashionable vogue which may suddenly illuminate the efforts of a man, long watched by friends and fellow-practitioners. This he could only gain if he would come to New York, and it would in no way concern the true merit of his work. Mr. White matured very quickly, if you look at the many years it took to ripen Demachy[1] or Craig Annan,[2] for instance. It is only three or four years ago that Mr. White asserted himself in the photographic world, and now, thanks to a peculiar rapidity of growth, he suddenly finds himself at the top to share the honors with men who have labored twice and three times as long and have yet remained comparatively incomplete.

Mr. White is as strong an individuality as I have met among American photographers. True enough his powers are more limited than those of others; he lacks versatility and is only a specialist, if you like; but nevertheless he is a well-rounded individuality. What he does is consistent, often beautiful, and entirely independent of other photographic work, for even if he takes his matter at secondhand from those he venerates, he understands how to imbue it with a spirit of his own.

The range of his subjects is very limited—satisfied largely with one female model, who, although not beautiful, has a remarkable talent for posing; he has succeeded in making a series of genre studies which, despite their similarity and uniformity of method, claim our attention at the first glance. At the beginning one merely notes a solemn, low-toned key of relative values, a certain weird fancifulness of subject, and a breadth of handling, at times delicious; but one is still uncertain as to what produces the general sense of unity and singleness of their impression. By studying what they mean to represent, one gradually begins to understand that this man's art is a product of the environment in which he lives. I have never been in Newark, Ohio, but I presume that it is one of those provincial little towns of the West with about 16,000 or 18,000 inhabitants, who probably live quite comfortably—perhaps even more so than the average New Yorker—but who know but little of the attractions and luxuries of a great city. Now imagine a man of artistic instincts placed in such surroundings. There are no opportunities for studying; all the ordinary thoroughfares for pursuing art are out of his reach; he cannot devote himself to it in spare hours, as he has to follow a mercenary profession and consequently lead a routine life. All he sees of the world's art is in stray magazines—and surely not always of the best—which come to the little town. A man in such a position has to rely largely upon himself and the observation of that which surrounds him in

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daily life. He will trust to the report of his own eyes and pick out from his surroundings that which seems to him practical and worthy of artistic treatment. This is exactly what Mr. White has done.

In his prints one can read as in an open book. Those old-fashioned interiors taken against the light of big windows, those old staircases, doors, and porches, the quaintly patterned gowns of the women who people these scenes, all tell their story. There is something so idyllic in his pictures, something so simple and subtle that the impression they make upon one is not unlike the peculiar fascination which Miss Wilkins' New England stories have for one.[3] It is a poetry which comes naturally, and yet at times can be romantic, (as in his Chest studies), or mystical, (as in his "Spring" panel or the delightful composition entitled "The Bubble"). As long as he is true to himself he succeeds, but as soon as he attempts to set forth his ideas with the eloquence of other masters, he fails. He has no skill in compilation, as Mr. Eugene has, for instance, and is unable to cloak his sentiments in the nervous elegance of Boldini. He is even incapable of depicting ladies of fashion in magnificent robes or dazzling evening toilette, which is astonishing, as he succeeds marvelously well as long as his sitters wear ordinary tailor-made gowns, as, for instance, his "Mrs. H." and his "Lady in Black," which I consider among his best work. He seems to have no eye for decorative magnificence or the management of gorgeous accessories, which take a completer training than was his share to enjoy. His strength lies rather in a vital love of reality, subdued only as far as the imagination of a simple-minded man can accomplish it. Simple subjects, like "The Readers," he can handle to perfection.

Technically, Mr. White's work belongs to the most perfect we have seen in recent years; it is satisfactory in all details; even the mounting and framing, done by himself, shows good taste and judgment. The ensemble of his exhibition[4] was very harmonious; there was nothing to offend the eye,

CLARENCE H. WHITE: The Readers. IMP-GEH.

which is more than I can say of most exhibitions; everything was so quiet and subdued that one almost overlooked a certain monotony of appearance, which, with inferior work, would have been simply intolerable.

This shortcoming is very easily explained, for as masterly as he is in the observation and expression of relative value, so deficient he is in the suggestion of color. That is his weak spot. The filmy, sugges-

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CLARENCE H. WHITE: Triptych, Spring. 1898. Gift of Mrs. Mervyn Palmer. MOMA.

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CLARENCE H. WHITE: The Bubble, 1898. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. White, Jr., MOMA.

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tive, and mysterious manner in which he handles his interiors allows of no strong contrasts—the general tone would be spoiled, and with it the sentiment. He regards colors as relating to the prevailing note of the whole field of vision rather than to each other, and thus he invariably obtains an effective scale of relative importance in tone. He has learned to reveal things with the mystery of a true chiaroscura, but he only masters her in her most modest moods, and wisely avoids all violent effects. He probably knows that he would fail in attempting atmospheric effects of a more joyous nature than those which he likes to depict over and over again. Superb at times is the way in which he subordinates all unnecessary details to a mass of black. His blacks, however, are not as rich and deep as Mr. Day's, which, although they never seem mere willful emptiness, fail to express depth of space.

A certain frugality is the keynote of Mr. White's work. He is not brimful of ideas like some men; he has only a few and his resources for expressing them are very limited, but what he can give, he gives whole-souled, in a sincere and conscientious manner. And these two qualities should not be undervalued if they are combined with genuine inborn talent. They have made a great sculptor of Mr. St. Gaudens,[5] and although Mr. White's abilities can in no way be compared to those of our greatest sculptor, they might in time ripen Mr. White's individuality so that it will bear still more beautiful fruit.

As we know him at present he is one of the very best exponents of figure-photography we have, a man who always aims at completeness, at an extremely high finish, at beauty of sentiment handled so reverently that it becomes part of the imagination, an accomplishment still very rare in modern photography.

The mild, melancholy mood which we can trace in all his prints, and which is achieved with such frugal means, is to me the most interesting note of his work. I always believed that the most individual

CLARENCE H. WHITE: The Violinist, 1897. MOMA.

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CLARENCE H. WHITE: Nude. The Mirror, 1909. MOMA.

representatives of American art would come from the West. In the Eastern large cities we are too much influenced by European art to develop strong self-reliant individualities who, after once having entered upon a path, pursue it to the end. We Easterners are apt to shift from one ideal to another; we know too much and yet scarcely know our own trend of mind; suggestions come too easily to us, and we find it difficult to concentrate upon one aim.

My final test of an artist's work is to consider what of it I would care to hang up on the walls of my own home; the larger the number is, the more favorable becomes my estimate of the artist; for a man who has seen as much as I have, can only *live* with pictures that possess intrinsic value. Let me apply this test to Mr. White's photographic prints.

His "Spring" I consider one of the masterpieces of American photography; it belongs to my framed collection of photographic prints, in which every man is only represented by two or three prints. Also "The Bubble," "The Lady in Black," and several of his interiors and standing figures like "The Violinist" would do honor to any wall. I am doubtful about his "Old Chest Studies." They have been accused of being theatrical. I do not agree there; they have sprung from genuine feeling, and show how far Mr. White's imagination may venture successfully. They are like scenes illustrating some strange story of people of bygone days moved by some heart-rending sorrow or feverish desire. A lurid light hovers over these quaintly draped women who bend over an old chest and clasp in their pale hands some relic, a sword or a chain, with the ardor of some deep emotion called up from the graves of the past. They have a great fascination for me, and yet I do not believe they would remain longer than two weeks on my wall. A story has to be marvelously well told to be permissible in pictorial art, and the "Old Chest Studies" do not reach, despite their merits, that state of perfection; they are, after all, only studies. But they, like two-thirds of his exhibited prints, should find a place in the portfolio of every collector of artistic photographs.

—1900

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F. HOLLAND DAY

A Decorative Photographer

MR. F. H. DAY'S photographic art is an art full of delicacy, refinement, and subtlety, an art full of deep thought and charm, full of dreamy fascinations. This is as much as to say that it is not the kind of work to please everybody. It appeals rather to the intellectual and the refined; to those, in a word, who can understand and can feel—such as those who love and appreciate Mr. Day's work; their support is enough to establish an artist's reputation, and that in a manner far preferable to the notoriety achieved by much of the transient, garish work of the day.

First and foremost, Mr. F. H. Day is a figure-photographer, intentionally and passionately decorative. As I stated recently in *Camera Notes*,[1] I know of no photographer who can drape a figure more pictorially or adorn a man's or a woman's hair with flowers in a more picturesque manner. He has proved in a rapid succession of admirable pictures what possibilities lie in decoration. His decorative feeling, however, is not complete in itself or affected by nothing beyond itself. It is dependent on many external incongruities, as dramatic effect, poetical sentimentalism, aesthetic emotion, and at times even complete story-telling.

He strives to render our modern life more harmonious. No easy task, truly, in this age of ours, when everything tends toward the effacement of character, when uniformity of dress is almost universal, when the leveling of the classes is every day causing our personality to disappear more and more. A risky task, too, and one requiring a rare gift of perception for its thorough accomplishment; for it is really a fine and fertile subject of study for an artist conscious of his mission—an age like our own, full of elegancies and refinements of every kind and instilled with a feverish activity, throbbing perpetually throughout the civilized world with its thirst for the joys of the moment, its love of pleasure and luxury, its craving for a life crowded with the greatest possible variety of sensations.

Mere talent for arrangement does not suffice, and neither does it suffice Mr. Day. He is a psychologist, ever on the alert, ever seeking for this—to grasp and to express in material form the individual characteristics of his subject. What do I care for the blood flowing beneath the skin, for the network of swelling and throbbing veins? What matters the sight of the straining muscles full of life, if the invisible part, the mystery of this living being, be absent from the picture, if I cannot enter into communication with its spirit? I care not how rightly, how truly, the eyes may shine, if I know nothing of the thought, the fancy, animating them. Even a flatness, or the projection of a bone, or the irregularity of a line, a deformity even, gives evidence of some

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F. Holland Day: Fragment of Armageddon. LC.

habitual trait which, if at times contradictory, is nevertheless always full of interest.

As I said before, Mr. Day's art is one of delicacy and subtle refinement. To prove this, examine carefully the figures he so delights in. His subjects are intensely alike with the inner he; they seem heedless of all that might bar them from their own secret dreamings. They make no attempt at futile agitation, but are content with the thoughtful gestures of repose, the special poses and attitudes of pensive grace, in which the artist has fixed them. Look, for instance, at his portrait of Miss Ben-Yúsuf. How well he has caught her habit, her ordinary way of being, "all her little ways." One feels at once that the artist has photographed her with his heart, if such a thing can be said. The portrait thus conceived becomes a plastic psychological synthesis of the person represented.[2] He is not always equally successful with his portraits. He is too full of decorative effect to consider the getting of a likeness the most important quality. But his series of women's portraits, including Ethel Reed, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Julia Arthur, Miss Devens, and Mrs. Käsebier, are conspicuous illustrations of the harmonious concentration of vision peculiar to him. Full of grace and investing the true likeness of their

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F. Holland Day: Miss Ben-Yusuf.

subjects with an exquisite fascination, they have a certain something about them (which very likely could be traced to the arrangement of the backgrounds, the objects around, and the costumes) that seems to suggest the very spirit of decorative lyricism.

We find that all his scrupulously studied figure compositions have a setting of their own and a special atmosphere. Mr. Day will have none of that strict exactitude, the importance of which is so greatly exaggerated by most photographers. Imagination has too strong a hold on him for that; hence the air of harmony pervading his pictures—a skillful harmony, perhaps somewhat pedantic and affected at times, but generally deep and concentrated, substantial and mellow, expressing exactly what he wishes to express, adding merely enough to transfigure, magnify, and generalize reality.

The decorative side of Mr. Day's work can, in my estimation, be hardly overvalued. It is this which impels him to those subtle effects of light and shade and those surprising arrangements of costumes and accessories, giving to each of his figures just those surroundings which are proper to that particular subject, which give such an irresistible charm.

Mr. Day is fond of strange and wayward fancies. He likes to strike rich chords, but muffled, as it were, by the mist of his dreams. What delicate poems can be found among his studies after the nude—those graceful, youthful forms showing in calm repose on a background of some idyllic landscape! They appear in the twilight air, in which he likes to envelop them, like lovely figures of the past, telling of glories that have faded long ago. They are nearly always broad in treatment, without a trace of coarseness.

One feels that in all his works he is master of himself, master of gifts, laboriously developed in a most conscientious study and observation. Only in his "Christ Studies" he failed (with the exception of a few plates); the simplicity of "Open Air" effects proved too strong for him, but we have hardly the right to criticize, as he himself is not satisfied and willing to tackle the subject again and again until he finally succeeds. I, personally, wish him every success, for it is the boldest and most ambitious venture ever undertaken by a photographer, but at the same time I doubt very much if he will ever accomplish something perfect in that particular line of pictorial photography.

His peculiar *tournure d'esprit*, recognizable in his whole behavior, is decidedly against him; he has always lived the life of an aesthete, who appears to all at the first glance as an extraordinary, extravagant personality, one that excites immediate curiosity. Strange stories, both astonishing and ridiculous, are told about him, and he in no way objects to them. In serious dignity, he applies more

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F. Holland Day: Untitled. LC.

F. Holland Day: Study of Drapery. LC.

of his imagination, for instance, to his mounting of prints than to his artistic productions themselves. To pose is a necessity to him, as it is only when he believes himself something out of the ordinary that he can accomplish good work, which is always an endeavor to realize something out of the ordinary.

Many anecdotes are circulated about him.[3] Once a stranger visited him and knocking at the door heard a most cheerful "come in," but entering found to his great astonishment nobody present. He looked around everywhere, but could find no trace of Mr. Day; then suddenly he heard a clucking sound, he looked up and saw Mr. Day sitting on a shelf right under the ceiling, wrapped in an oriental costume, smoking a water pipe! There exist also dozens of variations of the curious theme of how he made his "Christ Studies." He left Boston with a whole troop of male and female models, accompanied by a wagon load of costumes, a wooden cross and other paraphernalia, for some secluded country spot in the vicinity of the modern Athens. Out there he went at once to work, had the cross erected on the top of a hill, built a sepulchre and prepared for a long stay. Then began the rehearsing of his company and the sacred tragedy was played more than a hundred times on the top of that hill, while curious farmers on their wagons with their entire families came from far and near to gaze at the strange spectacle. There is still some doubt in the profession whether he posed himself for the Saviour or not. I can hardly associate the appearance of this man, carrying always a portfolio with prints under his arm almost as large as himself, with the idea of his impersonating such an august personality, and yet his Christ in the sepulchre looks very much like him.

But it is time to come to an end; these general remarks are not, I think, out of place, inasmuch as they have a special bearing upon his individuality and the place occupied by him among those few

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F. Holland Day: "I Thirst."

artists, of whom it may be said that they will in the future be considered the representatives of American artistic photography. If Mr. Day is not yet acknowledged as a leader he will be surely some day; he is winning his way slowly but surely, with admirable patience, by dint of honest work, backed up by gifts of the highest order, to the first rank in the near future.

Imitators he has in abundance, equals—in his own peculiar line of work—he has none, and he has probably done more for the creating of the "new school" than any other individual photographer.

—1900

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RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR.

Master of the Foreground

In speaking of Rudolf Eickemeyer, I do not introduce a new subject to the photographic public; he is well known as a professional, as well as an amateur, so I am neither tempted, on the one hand, to treat him as a whale among minnows, nor, on the other hand, induced by a certain timidity to underestimate the artist's talent.

The business of assigning a place to a living artist, however fascinating as a pastime, is a dangerous affair for the critic. In the case of an artistic photographer, it would be mere foolhardiness to attempt it, as even the vocation he follows has not yet been recognized as an art. And yet it seems to me that without indiscretion one may be sure of some things in regard to him. There are some artistic photographers whose art is less strikingly the outcome of what has gone before; others, again, have perhaps made a more gracious use of the art of the past. On the other hand, there are very few who have worked on old methods and preserved more of the truly pictorial element in their prints. And moreover, there are not very many whose work, if much of it be seen at the same time, is more interesting. It appears to me that nothing about Eickemeyer's work is more welcome and surprising than the variety and freshness of his choice of subjects.

The examples which illustrate this article give some hint of his variety. His well-composed *genre*

Campbell Art Company: Portrait of Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.

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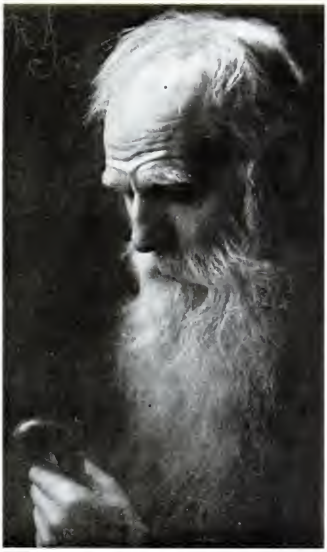

RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR.: Halcyon Days.

RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR.: When Age Comes Stealing On.

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pictures like "The Dancing Lesson," his picturesque winter landscapes, his charming foreground studies, his draped figures, like his straight forward portraiture (viz., the "Ranchman" and "Halcyon Days"), show widely different aspects of Eickemeyer's talent. He has entered every branch of pictorial photography with more or less success, and that is more than can be said of most of his colleagues who limit themselves largely to studio pictures. This versatility is the keynote of Eickemeyer's work; he is in that respect like Craig Annan, which alone, with the immense amount of his output, entitles him to a high position among our artistic photographers.

The technical processes by which his pictures are produced are straightforward enough, and differ only in details from the usual methods of the purists. There is in his technique a directness and simplicity which are in a sense reflections from his personality, and which give to his execution a significance and exact meaning that are not to be ignored. These qualities, which were evident years ago in his earliest works, have never deserted him—not even in his latest triumph, the simple rendering of a block-house, behind which the sun has just set, radiating the sky with a last dazzling glow. It is the most pictorial photograph I have ever seen.

There are but a few technicalities which Eickemeyer does not master, but he has limited his technique to purely scientific devices, and it is this simplicity which makes the adequate presentation and successful realization of his thoughtful fancies possible, and that his pictures afford to the profession at large. Without the power to give shape to one's own convictions and to present them to the passerby in their most persuasive guise, the efforts of the most gifted person would remain ineffectual. The mastery of technical difficulties is an indispensable aid to fluent art-expression.

Each of his prints (of course I do not refer to his commercial work) convinces by an absolute sincerity of thought and expression. The only serious fault (although one that he cannot help) I find in all his work, is the lack of temperament. One cannot look at forty or fifty of his prints without feeling, despite their diversity of subject, a sort of monotony. He incessantly strives for the expression of poetical sentiment, as in his "The Day is Done," "A Faun," "After the Haul," and yet, with a very few exceptions, he always falls short of creating something positively beautiful. His conception is always greater than his actual realization. Eickemeyer is constantly handicapped by his lack of temperament, but he employs the little he has to the best advantage, and at times even with amazing elasticity.

He is a man who has made earnest investigations into the theories of art. He inquired the reasons why the great painters did certain things before he had learned to do these things himself, and he had so much respect for custom that he preferred to train his intelligence even more highly than in the mechanical rudiments demanded by photography, declining to depend merely upon manual dexterity to get him through the difficult phases in the path of art.

His principle is still today preeminently an intellectual one, making demands upon his sense of observation, analysis, and upon his power to create on lines individual to him. It is one which guided him first in the collection of mental material and afterwards in the assimilation of the items of knowledge so gathered.

His genre-pictures, although exceedingly carefully composed (viz., how in his "Dancing Lesson," the toys around the boy are placed, how the folds of the woman's dress are arranged, how the music sheet is turned down, and how the monotony of the mantlepiece and wall is broken by the vase) never pleased me. I am not over-fond of pictorial story-telling, at least not of this kind. There must be a deeper meaning to it than a mere superficial incident of life can afford. The "Vesper Bell" is by far his best effort in this direction.

His studies of the Southern Negroes are interest-

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Above. RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR.: Portrait of Mrs. R. and Son.

Opposite page. RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR.: An Idyll of Spring.

ing from an ethnological viewpoint, but have but little pictorial value, with the exception of his "Peanut Field," which possesses the qualities of a good picture of the realistic school. He told me one afternoon, in his logwood study in Yonkers, that he made them with the intention to do something similar for the Southern Negro as Millet did for the French peasant. That was very ambitious, but he did not accomplish his ambition. They fall short in every respect of such a high aim. He undertook too much; his intellect continually runs away with him; his artistic abilities cannot keep pace with it.

Also his costume studies, in my estimation, do not reach very high. There is too much pose and premeditation in them. His portraits, on the contrary—that is, those in whom he is really interested—belong to the very best that are made. There is something so simple, direct, and yet virile about them, which is delightful. I would almost take it upon myself to proclaim him as the best portrait photographer I am acquainted with. I believe him capable of making a satisfactory likeness which at the same time would have decided pictorial qualities. It is no small thing to do either of these, but to do both is indeed a considerable thing.

His landscapes, with or without figure work, are at times full of suggestion, and appeal strongly to one's emotions and imaginations.

I am very fond of his winter studies, when everything sleeps beneath the glimmering mantle of snow, and only the light penetrates deeper than ever into the woods with their interlacing branches and many-textured barks.[1]

But it is, I venture to think, in his foreground studies that Eickemeyer gives the most convincing and most interesting proofs of his talent. There he shows himself a true lover of nature. Three out of four of his foreground studies would pass the scrutiny of the most exacting critic. They point out how little material is really required to make a successful picture. Two or three fern fronds, a stretch of bramble and a cluster of flowers are amply sufficient. The pictorial value of a fore-

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RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, Jr.: Spring.

ground study depends nearly entirely on selection of the right spot, and this gift Eickemeyer possesses to a rare degree; and his love of nature makes him at times unconsciously, despite the wise lore he has stored in his mind, a poet, as, for instance, in those magnificent "Fleur de Lys." In my opinion it is one of the best photographs ever produced in America, and only second to Stieglitz's "Winter on Fifth Avenue."

Eickemeyer should stick to these foreground sketches, make a specialty of it, or devote at least most of his time to them, for he owns the key to this fairyland where Oberon and Titania hold their moonlight revels. A few branches of foliage through whose tracery the sunlight filters, a handful of nodding grass whispering to the wind, a group of nettles, spreading burdocks or tangled bracken on the roadside, or a field of flowers in which we like to pause and rest, these are the subjects which he has perfectly at his command. In these he is unexcelled.

What will be the future developments of Eickemeyer's art it is impossible now to say. He has passed from one step to another, and has, in apparent obedience to the aesthetic instincts which control him, varied his performances to suit each phase. There are worlds full of variety which he may yet conquer. He has more than most artistic photographers, the chance of securing consideration and acceptance for any new departures that he may be moved to make, for he has already gained for himself a place which he shares with no one else. He has the reputation of being an innovator of judicious and well-balanced views; he is, with justice, given by the popular voice a position amongst the most capable of his profession, and well established in regard to medal and honorary mentions upon the ladder of fame.

He has enough of the true artist in him to desire to do justice to himself, and in leisure hours he may be trusted to waste nothing of his energies in trivialities and to make no mistakes that are not sincere. Indeed, we may look to Eickemeyer as one of the most representative types of the artistic photographer, one who, having had a past, has still left a future.

—1900

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Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.: Fleur-de-lys. st.

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GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER

A Sense of the Pictorial

FEW ARTISTIC photographers there are who of late have so much attraction for the public as Gertrude Käsebier. Many of her colleagues praise and admire her; she apparently claims the attention of all eyes in the photographic world, and boasts powers of fascination which none can resist. Käsebier's individuality is of a very special order.

It consists of a highly developed sense for the pictorial, a gift which belongs rather to the *expression* than the *technique*. The technical means, which she controls, consist largely of a knowledge to obtain chiaroscural and tonal effects. In lines she is deficient, her values are often painfully faulty, her space composition with few exceptions is nothing above the ordinary. Clever distribution of light and shade and harmony of tone, however, can be found in nearly all her pictures. And the pictorial element is always predominant.

This gift of Mrs. Käsebier is incontestably a great gift; and her merit is the more remarkable in that, to obtain her effects, she makes no vulgar sacrifice, such as would degrade her work artistically.

But I cannot agree with Mr. Stieglitz who once declared in his *Camera Notes*[1] that she was the leading artistic portrait photographer in America, thus indirectly making the statement that he considered her in no way inferior in point of originality to such an artist as F. H. Day. Of course this is a matter of opinions. But Day strikes me as being far more original than Käsebier by his exquisite imagination, his delightful caprices, his grace, and his fancifulness. Käsebier may be his equal in some respects, but her individuality, although very apparent, almost obtrusive, is rather a superficial one, one which can be analyzed and traced to various origins.

She has an ardent love of the picturesque, but her art is not based on observation. Nothing that is going on around her in this great city seems to interest and excite her. Her sympathies are entirely restricted to a certain artistic atmosphere which she has created in her studio, and into which every sitter, no matter how eager for actual, immediate reality he may be, is forced when he wants a picture.

They are not allowed to reveal the secrets of their existence or to lead the lives they live outside, they are simply transformed into pictorial visions, such as Mrs. Käsebier sees fit to conjure up from her store of knowledge. She knows the old masters so well that she can imitate them to perfection. Of course I do not wish to convey the idea that she is nothing but a plagiarizer. She is a dreamer, and if you like a poet—but the old master and other phrases and formula of art are so deeply ingrained in her whole system that she cannot help herself. The visions of the past will invariably rise, and as "the combination of subtle faculties" constituting

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GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER: The Heritage of Motherhood. Gift of MRS. HERMINE M. TURNER. UNM.

her power of expression only obey her at times, she does everything—posing the sitter, arranging her camera, developing and printing—more or less by chance.

If I go to her studio today, she may make a Holbein of me, tomorrow it would be a Rembrandt, or a Mary Cassatt. Thus, her vision of things will satisfy largely those temperaments who, without deep culture and true appreciation, long for something bizarre and out of the ordinary, and demand of art that it shall principally amuse them, and titillate their nerves. Of course, they do not acknowledge this; they consider themselves the true connoisseurs, and anybody who does not share their views is not trained sufficiently to do so. For they hold that art should ever remain a mystery reserved for the elect, an appendage of the fit and few—that is to say, themselves!

Nevertheless, there are few who have done as much as Mrs. Käsebier towards making commercial portraiture more refined and *recherché*. From this point of view, her experiments deserve the fullest encouragement, and they have been amply justified in many cases. It is only in bringing artistic photography to bear directly upon ordinary production that any aesthetic growth can be effected in the public taste.

On the other hand, without wishing to ascribe to a dominant artistic influence the credit due to Mrs. Käsebier, I may safely say that her work affords one

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GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER: Portrait.

GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER: Lone Bear.

of the examples of the influence of a certain movement in modern art upon photography. In painting, this movement is represented in our country by men like H. W. Ranger,[2] A. B. Davies,[3] and Pamela Smith,[4] etc., all of whom are remarkably clever, but lack concentration. They feed upon the past and are influenced by every suggestion they receive within the limited sphere of their environment. They may possess a certain style of their own, but one which invariably reflects others, more or less in familiar use.

An artist, however, with the keen sensitiveness and the intensity of vision possessed by Käsebier, has no need to borrow the manner of other artists, be they who they may. When one is impressed so powerfully, so melodramatically, and at times so delicately, by the pictorial and ever varying spectacle of light and shade and tone harmonies, why use any language but one's own to express one's feelings and one's fancies? As well address a fellow countryman in some foreign tongue. The artist who has anything worth saying must say it in an original manner—that is, unlike anyone else; for if in the course of his expression he should allow himself to employ methods that are not original with him, but merely adopted and adapted, it will mean that what he had to say was really not worth the trouble saying.

These are the reasons why I have attacked Mrs. Käsebier in my criticisms.[5]

—1900

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EDWARD STEICHEN

A Visit to Steichen's Studio

A DARK, CHILLY December afternoon. The rain falls in thin, straight lines on the streets of New York, and the lighted shop windows are reflected, like some blurred and golden dream, on the slushy pavement.

You mount the slippery iron stairs of a humble and reticent office-building on Fifth Avenue. To the Negro, who comes to your ring, you say: "Mr. Steichen." He takes you up to the top floor, and carelessly, indifferently, as one points to a door, he points to the right. "Right in there, sir," he says.

You knock at the door. It is Mr. Steichen who admits you. It is a plain little room, without skylight, but with an artistic atmosphere of its own. The first impression is one of cool grays and pale terra-cotta, a studio void of furniture, but full of artistic accessories—a vagrom place, where a sort of orderly disorder, a sort of gypsy fashion prevails. The light of the waning day seems to rest in the center of the walls, while the corners are filled with twilight shadows, whose monotony is only here and there relieved by the color-notes of a Japanese lantern, a large glass vessel, or some other quaint acccssory. A little plaster fragment of one of Rodin's statues hangs in proud isolation over the mantelpiece.

Mr. Steichen looms tall among his canvases, his arms crossed. With his square shoulders, his pallid, angular face, his dark, disheveled hair, his steady eyes, he reminds one of some old statue carved of wood, a quaint personality which has at times the air of some classical visionary, "a modern citizen of Calais," and at other times the deportment of some gallant figure of Sir Reynold's time.

He showed me his paintings, sketches, and photographs in rapid succession, which is one of the ordeals the art critic has to go through if he wants to become acquainted with a new man. I have probably passed through this severe experience oftener than any other man. I remember having visited at least four hundred and fifty American studios for a similar purpose—as I have convinced myself that it is the only way to get at a man's individuality. And art criticism is to me nothing but a peculiar mania for searching in every expression of art, and life as well, for its most individual, perhaps innermost, essence.

Biographical data do not interest me. What is the difference where a man is born, how old he is, where he studied, and where he was medaled? His art must speak—that is all I care for.

The first picture that attracted my attention in Steichen's studio was his Beethoven. It is all black and gray, huge and grim (though no canvass of colossal size) almost Doric in its severity. Everything is sacrificed to the idea, a study in the somber supremacy of genius and the martyrdom of the artist. It is Beethoven of the Fifth, not of the Ninth

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EDWARD STEICHEN: Beethoven. Courtesy Seminary of the Immaculate Conception, New York.

Symphony. It contains more strength and power than beauty. The simplicity of its composition is remarkable. This dark pyramidal shape of a seated figure, harsh and angular, as if cast in iron, crowned by a pale, apocalyptic face, is seen against a slab of grayish stone, whose monotony is scarcely broken by a vista of dark, twisted tree-trunks in the upper corners. The face, haggard as a ghost of Dante's Inferno, makes one think of stormy tortuous nights, of sinister shadows trailing obstinately along the ground. It is a picture barbaric as the clangor of iron chains against each other, the only attempt of the young painter in the epic field. It presents Steichen at the height of his ambition; but being a solitary effort, it is difficult to judge the artist's individuality solely from this exalted point of view. One cannot fully grasp his intentions, and it is very likely that he is not conscious of them himself.

In his landscapes, he reveals himself much more clearly. He has created a world of his own, but one based on actual things, translated into dreams. The rain still falls in thin, straight lines upon the blurred symphony of black and gold that glistens and glimmers on the wet pavements of Fifth Avenue, and there seems to be something analogous in the vertical lines of Steichen's landscapes and the gray lines of the rain outside. Nobody has carried the composition of lines further than Mr. Steichen. All his pictures are composed in vertical, diagonal, and outer-twisting line-work, but the lines are not as distinct and scientific as in Chavannes'[1] or Tryon's[2] pictures. They are not outlines, they only serve as

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accentuation. He endows each line with a mystic quality, and they run like some strange rune through his tonal composition. French critics have compared his pictures with musical compositions, but I beg to differ. To me all his tree-trunks, whether ethereally thin, repeating their wavering lines in some moon-hazed water, or crudely massive, towering into some dismal twilight atmosphere, are purely decorative. In order to be musical, the line composition has to serve as outlines for the color-patches which should in turn repeat or accentuate the motive of the spacing. In Steichen's pictures color is always subordinate to one tonal value, and the dominating idea is rather the expression of a single sentiment than the varying subtleties of a musical theme.

To me Steichen is a poet of rare depth and significance, who expresses his dreams, as does Maeterlinck,[3] by surface decoration, and with the simplest of images—for instance, a vague vista of some nocturnal landscape seen through various clusters of branches, or a group of beech- and birch-trees, whose bark forms a quaint mosaic of horizontal color suggestions—can add something to our consciousness of life. His lines, blurred and indistinct as they generally are, are surprisingly eloquent and rhythmical. They become with him as suggestive as the dividing-line of some sad woman's lips, as fragile as some tremulous flower-branch writing strange hieroglyphics on the pale-blue sky, or as mystic as the visionary forms which rise in our mind's eye, as we peer through the prison-bars of modern life into some nocturnal landscape or twilight atmosphere. The only fault that I find with his landscapes, as with the majority of his pictures, is that they are not finished pictures. They are

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sketches. A mere suggestion suffices him. It is left to the imagination of the spectator to carry them out to their full mental realization.

There are many other pictures of interest, mixtures of fantasy and reality clearly characteristic of the gifts and methods of Steichen. I mention some at random. A violent color-study of a sailor, reclining, with a red bowl in his hand; the heads of four Parisian types; an old man; an artist with his model supposed to be crossing one of the Seine bridges, with the silhouette of another bridge, and a vague suggestion of the Louvre in the background; the sphinx-like profile of some phantom woman; portraits of F. H. Day and Mrs. Käsebier; and color-schemes of various types of womanhood, one of a young girl and another of a woman of the world. The manner in which he used flowers to tell the characters of his sitters (in the two latter portraits) shows how deeply he can read into the human soul. The young girl folds her hands listlessly around a large round flower with a straight stem, the other flowers resting in a long and narrow vase; while the woman of fashion throws a weary glance at the few pink blossoms which loom from some large, round vase and which repeat the color-note of her face.

To look immediately at monotypes after you have looked at a lot of paintings would prove in most cases very disastrous to the former. But, strange to say, Steichen's photographs hold their own. It proved to me once more that in art the method of expression matters naught; that every effort, no matter in what medium, may become a work of art provided it manifests with utmost sincerity and intensity the emotions of a man face to face with nature and life.

The artistic photograph answers better than any other graphic art to the special necessities of a democratic and leveling age like ours. I believe this, besides some technical charms like the solidity of dark tones and the facility with which forms can be lost in shadows, is the principal reason why Steichen has chosen it as one of his mediums of expression.

Above. EDWARD STEICHEN: Besnard. IMP-GEH.

Opposite page left. EDWARD STEICHEN: Night Landscape, 1905. Oil on canvas. Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Spanierman.

Opposite page right. EDWARD STEICHEN: The Pool. IMP-GEH.

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EDWARD STEICHEN: Lenbach. IMP-GEH.

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EDWARD STEICHEN: Rodin—Le Penseur. 1902. HELIOGRAVURE.

He never relies upon accidents; he employs in his photographic portraits the same creative faculty which he employs in his paintings. That is the secret of his success. Look at his portraits of Lenbach, Stuck, Watts, Maeterlinck, Besnard, Bartholomé, and Rodin. In each, with the exception of Maeterlinck—and Maeterlinck's face seems to be one of those which do not lend themselves to pictorial representation, being too subtle, perhaps—he has fully grasped the sitter's personality. Lenbach he has treated like a "Lenbach," with the light-effects of an old master and with copious detail bristling with intellectuality, such as the Munich master is apt to use in all his important portraits. The Stuck portrait is full of a riotous technique, with a *bravado* touch in the white glare in the corner of the eyes. This is a man often vulgar and crude, but with healthy blood in his veins—an artist personifying the *storm and stress* element in genre art. How calm and dignified in comparison is Steichen's handling of Watts! And then, again, his Besnard, direct and realistic, and yet unforeseen in

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Edward Steichen: The Little Round Mirror, Paris, 1902. moma.

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its effect. The treatment of the big fur mantle, with which the bulky form of the painter is clad, is symbolical of his tumultuous technique, and the burst of light behind the curtains suggestive of Besnard color-orgies in violent yellows, blues, and reds. The Bartholomé is deficient in composition, the Greek column against which the sculptor is leaning and the huge caryatid, which he is contemplating and which fills the rest of the picture, are too obtrusive, and yet they intimate the dreams of this poet of form, with their mixed savor of the modern and archaic.

But the masterpiece of this collection is the Rodin. It can not be improved upon. It is a portrait of Rodin, of the man as well as his art, and to me by far more satisfactory than Alexander's portrait of the French sculptor, excellent as it is. It is a whole man's life condensed into a simple silhouette, but a silhouette of somber splendor, powerful and personal, against a vast background, where black and white seem to struggle for supremacy. This print should, once and for all, end all dispute whether artistic photography is a process indicative of decadence, an impression under which so many people and most artists will seem to labor. A medium, so rich and so complete, one in which such a masterpiece can be achieved, the world can no longer ignore. The battle is won!

But it is getting late. Only a few more words, about Mr. Steichen's nudes.

"These nudes nobody seems to understand," Mr. Steichen remarks. "Do they mean anything to you?" It has grown dark and the rain is still tapping, curiously and faintly, at the window panes.

My answer is a smile. He does not know that my whole life has been a fight for the nude, for liberty of thought in literature and art, and how I silently rejoice when I meet a man with convictions similar to mine.

Steichen's photographic nudes are not as perfect as the majority of his portraits, but they contain perhaps the best and noblest aspirations of his artistic nature. They are absolutely incomprehensible to the crowd.

To him the naked body, as to any true lover of the nude, contains the ideals, both of mysticism and beauty. Their bodies are no paeans of the flesh nor do they proclaim absolutely the purity of nudity. Steichen's nudes are a strange procession of female forms, naive, non-moral, almost sexless, with shy, furtive movements, groping with their arms mysteriously in the air or assuming attitudes commonplace enough, but imbued with some mystic meaning, with the light concentrated on their thighs, their arms, or the back, while the rest of the body is drowned in darkness.

What does this all mean? Futile question. Can you explain the melancholy beauty of the falling rain, or tell why the slushy pavements, reflecting the glaring lights of Fifth Avenue stores, reminds us of the golden dreams the poets dream?

I seize my umbrella and say "Good night" indifferently as I might say it to any stranger, and he answers absent-mindedly "Come again!" He is thinking of his soul, and I am thinking of mine. What a foolish occupation is this busy, practical world of ours!

—1903

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H. H. PIERCE

A Traveling Photographer

I MET H. H. PIERCE for the first time under rather trying circumstances for a critic. It was at the Washington Convention.[1] I was strolling through the exhibition gallery—one of the darkest places for such a purpose I have ever encountered, which made all prints two or three shades darker than they really were—when I was called over to a group of men who discussed the merits of a certain print.

"I want you to look at this print," exclaimed the jovial rotund president, who now and then makes a good thing himself, "Tell us what you think about it."

I looked at it. It hung all by itself in a little corner away from the other exhibits. One of those dismally dark tonalities that I designate as "mock-turtle soup!" A bust portrait of a woman with the smallest possible quantity of light on her face and shoulders. Everything else was hopelessly weird and brown—no composition to speak of and scarcely any feeling for flesh quality—and yet there was a peculiar fascination about the print, produced either by the peculiar facial expression or by the relation of certain values to each other.

"That's a nightmare, a freak picture," I smiled in my blunt fashion, "and yet I find it mighty interesting. It has some individuality to it."

The men who had discussed the print continued to shake their heads and gradually dispersed with a laugh or shoulder shrug. One man remained. He had attracted my attention from the first. A strapping young fellow in a big slouch hat, cape-coat and flowing tie, with a grim expression in his eyes as if he were in charge of a battery.

It was H. H. Pierce, the perpetrator of that pictorial fancy. He had been present when I made the remark, but he did not seem to mind its harshness. On the contrary he seemed rather anxious to enter into a discussion about the criticism. People still open to improvement are never offended at any frank and honest statement about their work.

Pierce had an excellent exhibit at Washington, and I soon found out that his nightmare print was only an exception with him. The average of his work was of a very high percentage, photographically as well as pictorially, in no way freakish, but astonishingly sane despite all its beauty and inventive force.

Pierce is to me the most "pictorial" of professional photographers, and I say this with due consideration of Garo, whose portrait of A. T. Proctor[2] is as wonderful a bit of chiaroscura as I have seen in a photographic portrait. Pierce has, perhaps, made less serious studies in composition than the majority of our leading men, but he has the gift of finding something picturesque in anything he "takes." His perception of the pictorial may be even keener because of being less studied. Every

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photographer who lays special stress on composition is naturally influenced by the art of painting and generally by the old masters, but there is comparatively little trace of it in Pierce. It is not necessarily the vocation of a critic "to clinch the photographer" and whenever he has made a new exhibition print to enumerate several paintings or painters which it closely resembles. All serviceable criticism, however (and I hope mine is), traces the filiation of pictorial idea, sorts and labels them, and cultivates a keen eye for family likenesses. Keeping this keen eye wide open, it observes the same motif persistently reappearing under varying forms.

Very little of conventional arrangements and old masters in composition appear in Pierce's work. It is novel and delightfully unconventional.

There is more of the true temperament of the artist in this man than in most photographers. He does not proceed as scientifically, but is nevertheless equally sure of his result.

"What are your methods and theories?" I queried.

He answered that he didn't have any to speak of; that it was different each time (it is naturally more so with home-portraiture then any other branch of portrait photography); that his sole aim and purpose was to get a beautiful result, "you know what I mean."

And when I had the opportunity to see him make an exposure or rather a dozen of them, I understood what he "meant." I never saw a man behind the camera more enthusiastic than he was. He peered into the sitter's face from all sides and in all possible attitudes, getting up into a chair and down on the floor to do it; in restless activity he moved about the furniture, arranged the hands of the sitter, or the edges of his coat, and lit up the shadows of the "living composition" before him by the artificial reflections from a newspaper, which he held every second in a different position. The thing he seemed to be particularly susceptible to was the play of delicate light and shade values, the gradations of shifting tints, the shimmering notations of the

HENRY H. PIERCE: The Cigarette.

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high-lights. A perfect control of light is the ideal of every true photographer. To reproduce its vibratory quality seems well nigh impossible in photography. It has been approached in rare cases (as in Garo's prints) but it seems to be accidental, a more or less uncontrollable chemical effect. For this reason several of our leading men, for instance Garo and Pirie MacDonald, have reduced the control of light to a kind of a system. Garo concentrates his principal light plane on the face, and divides it into three lights of different value and size, with one predominating the other two; while Pirie MacDonald subordinates everything to one large commanding light plane that emphasizes the foreheads and eyes of his portraits.

Pierce has no such rule. He scatters his lights promiscuously all over his figures. He does not care if the largest part of a face remains in shadow (as for instance in the mother's face in "Love"); but each of his light-spots tells, they invariably combine to a brilliant and accomplished picture. He is never purely and simply a portraitist; he always tries to introduce some pictorial element into his composition. He wants a "picture" rather than strictly a portrait. This is his strength and at the same time his weakness.

If he could draw I fear Pierce would turn Secessionist, unlike Pirie MacDonald, who used his *academic* training to become more efficient in the rendering of photographic texture. Pierce professed to me an ardent admiration for Steichen's work. I can readily understand this. There is something so intellectually vivacious about Steichen's portraits, despite their utter pictures as likenesses, that a man with pictorial instincts must take a liking to them. But Steichen always wants to assert himself. He gives us a commentary on the sitter. He is not satisfied with showing us how a person looks, but how he thinks the person should look.

Pierce is remarkably free of this quality of arrogance; he is at all times truly photographic in texture, and I believe it is his ignorance of the

HENRY H. PIERCE: Rear Admiral Sigsbee, U.S.N.

painter's technique which has saved him. Let us be thankful for that, for it is just men like him that we need most in the profession—men who have an artistic temperament and perhaps even the artist's ability, but who have never exerted the latter and therefore can use their gifts exclusively for the idealization of the photographic processes.

In keeping with his temperament is also the way in which he follows his profession. He is a true Bohemian, a nomad by disposition. At the time he entered photography the clamor for art was at its highest, so he came under its influence; but he was more than an accomplished technician, more than a clever manipulator of values, and was not one to

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HENRY H. PIERCE: A Dancing Girl.

HENRY H. PIERCE: Mrs. N. Longworth, 1905.

sit steadily in one studio. He went his own way, independent, audacious. He became a traveling photographer.

Like so many of our earlier painters he travels from place to place, executing portrait orders wherever there is a demand. Only he does not stop at the villages, but, like our fashionable portrait painters of today, makes straight for those places where the best of society congregates. Last summer he was in Newport, this season he is in Narragansett Pier, and next year for all we know may be in Marienbad or Biarritz. And during the rest of the year he wanders from one city to the other, never staying more than a month or so in any place. Rather an interesting vocation this, to see the world, to meet interesting people everywhere, and to make one's living at the same time.

"But is such a method really conducive to good work, and is it a paying proposition," some of my readers may ask.

I believe I can answer the first question in the affirmative. Pierce does good work, and the continual change is surely more conducive to inspiration and new arrangements than one particular place. Of course, he has to work under great difficulties. Although he has a permanent studio at Boston, and executes or has most of his orders executed there or at some other convenient workshop, he is often

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obliged to use a closet in his hotel room or a steamer cabin as a dark room and do some proof-printing under the most trying conditions. But his finished work does not seem to lose thereby.

The second question only concerns him. I believe that the only man who has a right to talk about such matters is the man himself. His peculiar method, however, sets one thinking, and as business methods are open to criticism, it might be interesting to discuss Pierce's.

There is a great danger about continually changing one's domicile, of being an eternal wanderer, and changing one's life into an Odyssey. If one stays in one town one grows prosperous with the growth of the population, one gets known for a certain kind of work that one can do better than any one else, one has made friends amongst one's customers upon whom one can depend, and as the years roll on things begin to run more smoothly as by themselves. The transient photographer is really nowhere at home; he quickly makes friends and is as quickly forgotten. He has no clientele except the one of which he is dealing with at present, and which is created by the necessity of the moment.

Of course, it is a free and easy life from the artist's viewpoint, and a man who has a frank and genuine passion for his profession may find it very enjoyable. But does it not after all smack a little bit—pardon me, I mean just a trifle—of the peddler who goes from house to house? A successful photographer should not solicit his business; it should come to him. And a man who comes to a city that is strange to him must necessarily drum up his business even with the best of introductions.

Of course, I perfectly understand what is in Mr. Pierce's mind. Nearly all the foremost portrait painters have turned globe trotters. They shift hither and thither from one metropolis to the other, holding exhibitions, painting portraits and filling their coffers with gold. Why could not a photographer do likewise?

Possibly—although the conditions are not quite the same—at all events it could only be accomplished by a photographer of international reputation. But I will say so much, that if it ever were accomplished it would do more to raise the standard of the profession in the eye of the public than anything I can imagine.

Follow your natural inclinations, do your chosen work as well as you can, fashion your happiness of the hours as they come, and at all events make some good photographs. This, I take it, is the philosophy of Pierce's life and work. Is he a great photographer? He is more: He is alive, impulsive, courageous, and ambitious, and may yet startle the world, not only the photographic one. He is traveling at a fast pace. I should not be surprised to meet him on the road to Windsor or the Berliner Schloss.

—1905

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ELIAS GOLDENSKY

In the Proletarian Interest

NOBODY WHO HAS ever heard Goldensky take part in a convention debate will deny that his mental attitude is a peculiar one. He is always ready to deny and to revolt. He preaches individualism and at all times is willing to indulge in that rare and dangerous luxury of—telling the truth. He is a serious student of social economics and, at the same time a mystic who dreams of Utopias, of absolute freedom, of a society in which all men shall be intelligent and naturally good.

Fond of expounding his theories, he is always on the stump for his ideas—in his reception room as well as on the convention platform. He is a victim of his vocabulary; he utters his socialistic paeans, inspired by the altruism which one finds on the East Side of New York, in blunt and vehement words.

A strange personality, this Russian Hebrew with a studio at the outskirts of the Philadelphia slums, making photographs of such taste and refinement that the most fashionable society people do not consider it beneath their dignity to look him up and sit for him.

The craftsmanship of his portraits and the subtlety of characterization is singularly fine and accomplished. They do not, however, reflect his mental agitation. They apparently have undergone a clarifying process, for the ideas back of them are of a turbulent, riotous order.

He is one of the few photographers who has

Elias Goldensky.

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Above. ELIAS GOLDENSKY: The Artist.

Opposite page right. ELIAS GOLDENSKY: Portrait.

Opposite page left. ELIAS GOLDENSKY: Gum Print.

thought deeply about all the details of his craft. He has a theory for everything, and at least a half-dozen different ideals. His arguments are wonderfully lucid, though often disconnected and contradictory to previous statements. There is some classic standard he is searching for, some formidable expression that would solve the various problems of portraiture, and in the meanwhile he is doing work of excellent quality.

His present method under the light is a very interesting one. He explained it to me in his colorful, vivacious language.

Contrary to Pirie MacDonald, Strauss, and Pierce, who believe that the photographer must *influence* the facial expression of the sitter, Goldensky holds the opinion that the sitter alone can control the expression. "How do they know when a man looks most like himself? Those photographers who say they know a man as soon as they see him are not telling the truth. Nobody can do that. And facial expression is surely not helped by intimidation or by a deliberate effort to force the features into a certain characteristic expression. That's all wrong about hypnotizing people. Let them be themselves."

From Goldensky's viewpoint the application of the photographer's personal magnetism is no improvement on the old "Now please look pleasant" method. In both the real expression is perturbed and disturbed. The Hollinger method of dragging his sitter on a pushcart platform all over the studio until he discovers what seems the most typical expression is not bad in principle; but it is difficult to feel at one's ease—the situation is rather a ridiculous one—one feels as if one is pushed about on some tumbril awaiting one's photographic execution.

How can the problem be solved? Is there a way in which the photographer can receive his customers and make them feel perfectly natural? I hardly think so. People are too self-conscious, and the majority of studios are, after all, queer places, hardly conducive towards making one feel *en son aise*.

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It has to be remedied in some way. The creating of a mood or of a composite likeness (by a longer exposure), however successful it may be at times, is necessarily guess work unless one is an unerring character reader, as Pirie MacDonald claims to be. If one can afford the time to study each sitter at one's leisure, one's talent for discerning character—which I consider the most essential faculty in a portrait photographer—may be shown to good advantage. But how about six or eight sittings in an hour? For this reason men like Charles H. Davis[1] taboo the idea of creating a mood. They treat the human face like still life and produce likenesses, perhaps not of a high order as some of the other more or less accidental ones, but after all they are likenesses such as the average intelligent public wants.

The problem is a very intricate one; it is really inexhaustible. Now, how does Goldensky get around it?

His policy is to let people stroll into the studio, and do very much as they like. He may point out a chair, or suggest a pose, but he has made it a rule to interfere as little as possible. At the start he makes several snapshots (which are rarely ordered) merely to get the sitter "used to his new experience," and thereupon follows it up with a "continuous sitting," often to twelve prolonged exposures, which is largely due, first, to the fact that the low-keyed pictures temporarily in fashion need more time, and, secondly, that "with most sitters an expression requires time to grow."

Goldensky does not believe in the growth of expression. He talks to his sitters, but not in order to keep their interest alive. He does not want any particular expression. Like everybody else, he

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begins with positions and lightings which are not quite satisfactory, striving continually for better lighting and a better pose, but it must come naturally and not through any conversation or psychological explorations.

The Goldensky idea of leaving the sitter undisturbed impresses me as being not much better or worse than any of the other ones. I don't consider it tenable. Looking over some of his albums of proofs containing up to twenty different poses, I came to the conclusions that either his sitters must have been remarkably clever in posing themselves or—that he after all had more to do with the varied attitudes than he is willing to admit.

Of course, Goldensky, philosophizing photographer that he is, has all sorts of curious ideas to back up his theory. He claims that the less one knows a sitter, the better are the conditions for making a good portrait. "If one knows people too well, one can't photograph them!" he exclaimed. "I can't photograph my wife or my boy. I know them from too many different viewpoints. One picture cannot express it."

This may be true enough. But it is dangerous ground to enter upon. What he says of members of his own family is just as true of yours or mine. Likeness is always evasive, only the majority has not such a high standard and is easier to satisfy. If this were not the case the profession of portrait making might come to an abrupt end. To tell people that it is an impossibility to make a satisfactory portrait of them may be more honest than to assure them "they will get the very best they ever had," but it is hardly good business. It has the flavor of revolt about it; a revolt that is abstract and largely sentimental.

And so it is with everything Goldensky advocates. He continually gropes for the stars. He has the Griffith[2] idea of studios; of long spacious rooms, furnished like the interior of houses, containing fragments of libraries, boudoirs, parlors, music rooms, etc.—with a complete absence of ordinary photographic paraphernalia—so that his sitters may proceed from one natural environment to another. A capital idea that is carried out in a way by Core,[3] whose operating room resembles a nursery; and by Stein,[4] whose studio has all the sombre luxury of some aristocratic family of Teutonic origin. Goldensky would like to go them one better. He would like to have special studios for ladies, men, and children. He would like—even as Garo would—to make large, three-quarter, life-size portraits single-handed, only one of each; just suit his own fancy; leave it to the customer whether they would care to purchase it, and only in case they like it, ask his own exorbitant price for it.

And thus Goldensky dreams his bold, esthetic dreams, while he continues to lead his good industrious life at the borders of the slums, photographing some Armenian peddlar, or some newly-married Hebrew couple.

We talked of Pirie MacDonald and his scientific method. There is a mental affinity between the two men. They are both thinkers of far more than ordinary acumen; they are innovators and have the analytical turn of mind, but with the one difference; Pirie MacDonald knows how to catalogue and classify his multitudinous photographic speculations. He has erected a distinct style of his own; he has found an archetype without neglecting the individual. Whenever he reaches perfection (or anything near it), he is quite sure of it. Goldensky, on the other hand, is never satisfied with his results; he is merely experimenting, trying to do his best, and like so many of us, unable to judge his work until some time has elapsed. "There can be no system!" he proclaims. "With each case conditions change. One person has to be lighted in such a way, another one in an entirely different way."

Goldensky at all times remains the ideal opportunist; he continues to experiment, and each day fights for a new conviction.

This appreciation—and it is an appreciation, as I find very much to admire in this man, and the strange mixture of proletarianism and aristocratic artistry which he represents—may seem rather

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Elias Goldensky: Imber, Esq.

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vague and unsettled to the reader. I wish it to be so. I change my method of writing with each man. I want to reflect the character of that man.

He is the most turbulent spirit in photographic circles today. He is instructive, rather than interesting. He looks out at the vehement play of causes with the dull hatred of a Jewish phylactery. He sees in photography, as everywhere else, a war of the many against the few, of the weak against the strong, of the individual against the material and despotic power. Goldensky is inspired by a true love of his profession, of the minor talents, of the owners of smaller galleries in provincial towns, and some day he may have a message to deliver; but the crude violence of words, which is the chief defect of reformers, stands at present in the way of any clear understanding of the fierce crusade for the ideal he is fighting. Even serene and thoughtful men like Stein and Richard[5] have a tendency to scream when you touch them on their theories.

I admire the man for his ardor, but I do not feel like applauding him too loudly. I do not take things quite as seriously as he; I look rather skeptically and shrewdly through my eyeglasses upon this generation and have no particular sympathy for a man who turns from a dark and troubled present to a future all rose.

But Goldensky is sincere, and as long as he can turn out of all the turmoil and tumult so many beautiful and characteristic portraits as he has shown in recent years, we can not help admiring his candour and analytical spirit of revolt. It is the development of the conditions of the day, and had to come in photography as well as everywhere else.

—1905

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J. H. GARO

Wanderer on New Roads

WHEN I FIRST met J. H. Garo I hardly trusted my eyes. Surely that man can be no adherent of old pictorial formulae and a T-square art—no ordinary photographer! Why, with his hat tipped over his eyebrows, and a hand shaped like that of a painter's, caressing a mustache that is defiantly twisted up—he has the air of some bobadil of Tripolis, of a pirate of the Algerian coast.

Nevertheless, he is a photographer, but one who can draw and who does not hesitate to make use of these qualities and paint like an artist in his portraiture. His aim is to attain the maximum of personal intensity in his photographic work.

The *Garograph*, as he has termed his photographic production, does not necessarily decry conventional photography. There is a place for the clear, sharp, over-retouched portrait. There are times when the old ways are aptest and best. But Garo himself wanders on new roads. He has a personal mode of feeling and thinking, and searches for an adequate and personal fashion of expressing himself. If he had only conventional things to say, the old style would suit him well enough, but as he has—like Pierce and others—something special to say, he must find for himself a special and unique mode of expression.

He is an Armenian by birth; he came to America when he was sixteen. Slowly he has made his way. Ten years ago he entered the photographic field.

J. H. GARO.

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JOHN H. GARO:
Early Morning.

JOHN H. GARO:
Winter Evening.

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Four years ago he opened his studio, the most beautiful studio in Boston, unlike any one I have ever seen. Since then he has rowed lustily against the stream. He does not wish to make any concessions to popularity. He does not want any pictorial expression learned by rote, or garrotted by a thousand rules which others have invented—but that personal touch which is inveterately the artist's own.

In simple words, Garo's ambition is to produce in photographic monotone pictorial qualities such as we admire in painting. It is surely a tribute to Garo's ability that his work accomplishes this in a more pronounced degree than we are used to encounter, even in the most advanced professional realms, and that he is able to run a studio on these artistic lines.

Little by little his work has become known to those whom it was once the mode to call *cognoscenti*. He gained admirers and disciples. Last year he received a splendid recognition at the national convention. He sent one single print to the Exhibition, and it attracted more attention than all the other exhibits together.[1]

Chiaroscura should be to the photographer what color is to the painter. Few have realized this as fully as Garo. To him light creates space and roundness, and he distributes his light planes scientifically by emphasizing them on the face and "using less light" on the body. In his standing figures both head and body are seen under common daylight, but the light values in the figure grow more and more subdued the farther they recede from the predominating light. Sometimes his strongest light accents shimmer like pearls set in a deep rich tone to which the rest of his composition is subordinate. Reserve and fidelity go hand in hand in his work, and although I am not quite prepared to become an adherent of his peculiar style, of composing solely in two principal tones—a light and dark one (six or eight tones would be more to the point)—I admire the characteristic breadth of his treatment joined as it is to an extreme delicacy of execution.

JOHN H. GARO: Bertha Cushing Child—Contralto.

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JOHN H. GARO: H. H. Kitson, Sculptor.

JOHN H. GARO: Portrait of Mr. B.

His technique is rather an elaborate one, and would hardly bear the endorsement of the advocates of straight photography. Garo is a painter, water colorist, monotypist almost as much as he is photographer, and consequently a very clever and industrious manipulator of the negative. Involuntarily a comparison with E. J. Steichen suggests itself. Both men understand the value of the subordination of parts of the main subject, of right emphasis, of more careful definition at the chief points of interest, and of that general harmony of line, mass, tone, light and shade which we look for among the fundamentals of an ordinary picture. Both men are deficient in producing likenesses, and too much given to "esthetic subtlety," "decorative harmony," and "soulful composition" and that sort of thing. They claim too much interest for the artistic quality of their portraits and become utterly oblivious to the fact that too much "poetic atmosphere" may offend the fundamental laws of depiction.

There is no doubt that Steichen is by far the more fluent and versatile of the two in artistic expression, but he is absolutely deficient of photographic texture. He is just like the man who in a race of sailing yachts would have no scruples in using a propeller in addition to his sails. Garo, although not half as clever, is hardly ever *unphotographic*, technically as little as in the choice of his subject. He is never guilty of producing figures that have no faces, hands that look like flappers, or pictures that are entirely clouded over by a granular veil. Nor do his faces stare at us as familiarly as out of well-known masterpieces of painting. Also Garo's work contains certain of the ideals and characteristics, together with the same general conception of things, that

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JOHN H. GARO: Portrait.

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one finds in the work of a Watteau, for instance, but his pictorial conception does not necessarily copy from the past; it carries on the tradition, yet is different, transformed as it were, because more truly photographic.

Garo's men's portraits are often beautiful. His photographic drawing, although soft and blurred, is always nervous, full of accent and virility. What could be more forceful than the drawing of the nose and mouth in the portrait of Mr. F. E. Aiken, and yet what more sensitive! Look, too, at the rendering of the wrinkles and the firmness in the otherwise so smoothly washed contour. And behind all this is that sense of something being passionate and alive which so few portraitists give us. Also his Joe Jefferson is a fine piece of work. There is much power in the face, an infinite delicacy in the modeling of the high cheek bones, thin temples, and faintly humorous mouth, while the necessary accent is obtained by the depth of the eyes. And then his improvisation of Proctor.[2] (One can scarcely call it a portrait.) Where did he acquire that wonderful control of light? The eye lingers lovingly over the exceptional richness of the execution, the superb chiaroscural display, which is of the very first order, while faithfully playing at the same time its proper part in the ensemble—it is a notable portrait, indeed.

Among his women's portraits I was particularly attracted by the one photograph which hangs in his "waiting" or "getting into the right mood" room (Garo has a special one for this purpose) among a lot of oil paintings, and yet holds its own. It is a full length portrait of a young lady, and especially attracts our attention by the manner in which she has been surprised in her most characteristic attitude, quietly poised, looking straight ahead, and yet carrying out the nervous accent and all the instinctive grace of the American woman. It shows him to be as enthusiastic an observer of character as a passionate admirer of tone.

And why is such a man not a wielder of the brush? Not to be able to be oneself is indeed a sad affair; or does he really believe that he is the photographer who "will bring mighty things to pass"?

At thirty-three a man stands only at the threshold of his life, and one, therefore, may be warranted in prophecying without fear of contradiction that Garo's peculiar line of work will gain a widespread and deserved approbation. His energetic, far-seeing and vigorous development of "a method for the few" that he has consistently believed in and labored for is worthy of the success he has already achieved, and of the encouragement of all those who like to see themselves portrayed as another personality views them. His ideal would be to make only one (or a very limited number of copies) of each person, to carry it out in large size, to make it absolutely a personal creation, as Boldini[3] has painted Whistler and Whistler the violinist Sarasate. Some golden day in the future (he does not necessarily need to wait until Goldensky brings about the new era) his studio will be open solely to those who desire original work, thus preserving his style of expression from the degradation which it would certainly suffer from ordinary routine portraiture, so that each pictorial masterpiece issued from his studio will possess the additional value of being the only one of its kind in existence. It is difficult, indeed, not to become enthusiastic over the idea of the gorgeous aspect of such a portrait gallery. Each one of his own choice, representing a unique specimen of character or beauty, and embellished with the most varied and brilliant effects.

The motto which has always expressed Garo's artistic aspiration is, "The utmost for the highest." And he has always lived up to it. In a day when the only form of portrait photography which is financially successful is the pleasing likeness, he has preferred to devote himself to the dictates of his fancy, and only to take portraits of people who interest him personally. His object has always been to produce pictures which came to him in his own way, and to satisfy his inner vision before anything else. May he flourish in the land of his adoption.

—1906

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B. J. FALK

An Exquisite Temperament

STRANGE THAT I should have never run across this man before now. Only when my editor suggested his name did I recall that there was such a photographer in existence.

Although the name "Falk" is as popular as any in the photographic world, the man himself has understood to keep away from the glare of the limelight. He does not know the value of the pompous phrase, he has no pet theories to exploit, and has never tried to make himself a mode of the day. Not that he would not take his firm stand whenever there is a stir and bustle of thought—as, for instance, now in the copyright question—but he does it with an amiable and unassuming grace, keeping his own personality in the background. He prefers to let the products of his studio do the talking. The operating room is his field of action, and he is satisfied if the results reach the highest standard of excellence that his ability is capable of.

A new acquaintance is very much like a new book. It is only with old friends and old books that we may chat the hours away. A new friend, like a new book, may come into your life, and you may find both winsome. But it is not until the book is dog-eared and the man is worn down into a certain intimacy that you take a real pleasure in them. It is the familiar book—with its friendly savor of a favorite dish—that give the greatest satisfaction; in equal measure you cannot really like a man until you know what to expect of him.

B. J. FALK.

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B. J. Falk: H. Snowden Ward.

But there are exceptions, men that give themselves so naturally that even at the first meeting you feel perfectly at ease, as if you knew them for a long time. Such a personality is B. J. Falk.

He impressed me by the gentleness of his manners, the sincerity of his opinions, and the loyalty to his profession.

Falk belongs to the old guard—having established himself as early as 1877—but to the old guard that never surrendered; on the contrary, shrewd man of affairs that he was, he kept apace with the technical innovations and the fads and fancies of each decade, and is today as successful as any of the younger men. He began in the old collodion days, was one of the first to adopt the dry plates, and after years of so-called "professional work" branched out as a society photographer. Who else would have had the courage and insight to open a fashionable studio in the Waldorf-Astoria? And after all these experiences of a long career of twenty-eight years—he is now situated in West 33d Street opposite the Waldorf-Astoria—he is as alert and progressive as at the start. The best proof for this is that he is the only *portrait photographer* who went seriously into color photography. He clearly sees, even as I had occasion to state at various times, that portraiture in color will be the most important development in the evolution of photography, and he only regrets that his present business does not allow him to take it up as a specialty.

The advent of portraiture in color is to him inevitable. It has been coming all this time. Already, fifteen years ago—one and a half years before Prof. Vogel[1] in Germany—E. Bierstadt,[2] in Reid Street (N.Y.), tried to solve the problem. More recently Kurtz[3] experimented with still lifes on three plates.

Becquerel,[4] Poitevin,[5] Lippmann,[6] Joly,[7] Clerk-Maxwell[8] have since endeavored in various ways to mirror the colors of nature. New cameras, filters and printing papers for that purpose are continually invented. It has become merely a question of time. In the meanwhile a studio has been opened in

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Berlin that devotes itself entirely to color portrait photography. Falk, in turn, sent over for one of those experts. The experiments which he made in his studio were quite successful, but he found that the difficulty of successive or simultaneous exposures, of registration, of keeping the apparatus in order, etc., were still too elaborate and expensive to be handled as "a side issue" in any photographic establishment.

"One had to devote all one's time to it, and I can't afford that," he modestly remarked, "so I have shelved it for the present; but it is one of my dearest wishes to see it effective, in good working order, before I make my departure from this earth."

The way he said it showed me the man in a clear light. He does not seem to care a snap for any personal glory; of course, he would not object to it, he would even feel proud of it, but the principal concern is after all the welfare of photography. I have met few men in my life with such an impersonal attitude toward their own accomplishments.

Glancing over the work on his walls, I was surprised at the unevenness of the display. There were a few as perfect as photographic craftsmanship can make them, others merely represented a fair average, while some were disappointing to say the least. I do not remember ever having seen the work of one studio cover such a wide range in character and quality, from the commonplace to the most exquisite specimen of portraiture. Why, some of his portraits, particularly one of the profile of a young girl rather curiously spaced, were even "secessionist" in tendency.

"It is rather easy to make that sort of a thing, if one wants to make it," he remarked. "To put good, strong qualities into the average run of your work is by far more difficult. You see every man is subject to moods. Did you never notice, looking at the different show cases, that the expressions on the faces of one photographer are all serious, while those of another are all gay and cheerful? The temperament of a photographer always gets into his work. There is no escape from it. And the temperament itself is

B. J. FALK: Dr. Emanuel Lasker, Chess champion of the world.

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B. J. Falk: "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight."

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B. J. Falk: Untitled.

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due to changes. Some mornings when I am in bad humor, no matter what I may do, all my sitters will have a sour expression in their faces. On the other hand, when I feel particularly happy or elevated over some good news, my feeling is sure to impact itself to the countenance of my sitters."

This sounded very plausible, and in a way explained to me the unevenness of his work. Yet, after all it seems to me only possible with a man who possesses a temperament generally so exquisite in tune that even its slightest discords will influence those who come in contact with it.

"For that reason," Falk continues, "I try to work as quick as possible. Already in 1881 I was in favor of rapid exposure. I divided the usual time of exposure: ten or twenty seconds by ten, which gave me one to two seconds. I worked under the strongest light I could get. My idea was the photographer has to do it all; if he does not succeed in getting a straightforward, life-like expression, he alone is to blame for it. And for that quick work is absolutely essential. At that time, when nearly all my time was taken up by theatrical work, I was also fond of making all sorts of stunts—for instance, a clown jumping through a hoop" (and he showed me the negative). "I wanted to give the impression of instantaneousness."

"And do you still work in the same fashion?"

"The light in this studio is not good enough for very rapid work. You see, my skylight is of blind glass, and in summer I have to screen off the light by two sets of curtains, as the reflections of the red walls opposite interfere considerably."

Falk seems to me to be one of those men who do not fret much about possible disadvantages and that sort of a thing, but who readily adapt themselves to conditions and always do the best they can under the prevailing circumstances.

Talking of lighting he spoke of Sarony,[9] who really had an ideal arrangement for lighting. "No fancy light, the light was more direct—a matter of angles—very strong and always of the same quality. He merely had to pose a person there and was sure

B. J. Falk: Minnie Ashley.

of a result. Of course he differentiated the light values. I do not agree at all with those photographers who light all persons in the same way."

"You are of the opinion that different types of character should be differently lighted?"

"Decidedly so. One has to find for each character the light which is best suited to the complexion, the color of the hair, the expression of the face, or any physical characteristic. For instance, if a girl has a peculiar interesting curve in her shoulder or arm one wants to emphasize it, as long as it is beautiful."

Glancing at his collection of "theatrical" backgrounds,[10] which are of a most astounding variety, I asked him whether he had not found it necessary to

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simplify his general studio outfit as so many of his contemporaries have done.

"No, I have always worked very much the same way," he replied.

"You seem to be peculiarly free of any theory or pose," I interrogated.

"Yes, I don't go in for that sort of thing. I haven't the gift of talking as some other men have. All I try for is a good, satisfactory likeness, a pleasing effect, well posed and well lighted."

After inspecting the reception room and the studio, Mr. Falk invited me to his private den, a large and curious room crammed full with books, pictures, statuary and souvenirs of every description. Also the growlery—so familiar in western studios but sadly absent in New York establishments—was not missing. One could not help feeling at home.

And there we sat in the twilight and talked of conventions and exhibitions, of color and "freak photography," of the Metropolitan Section of the New York State Society and the copyright law. Noticing a few of the charming photographic crayons of Sarony on the wall, the latter became for awhile the topic of our animated conversation. We both agreed that he was a wonderful man, a true genius in his way. Unphotographic? Why, of course, in that particular kind of work, even as Steichen is to-day. Steichen and Sarony, an inadequate comparison! Not at all. Each man represents a different phase of art, and one as good as the other, I suppose, in the long run of time. Sarony will always occupy a little niche in the estimation of photographers. Let us be just and hope that Steichen will do the same.

Falk told me how he had admired Sarony, how much he had learned from him; that he really owed "an awful lot" to him. Be that as it may, I cannot quite agree with it. In my humble opinion Falk owes all that has made him dear to his friends and valuable to the profession solely to himself, to his modesty, his sincerity, his adaptability and rare craftsmanship, his loyalty and unselfishness in all that pertains to the welfare and progress of photography, and above all else to his exquisite temperament—that has won me over to his side the first time I had occasion to feel the firm grasp of his hand in mine.

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J. C. STRAUSS

The Man Behind the Gun

IT IS WELL-NIGH impossible to talk ten minutes about photography without mentioning the name of J. C. Strauss. No other—neither Pirie MacDonald's nor the cryptic Steichen's—suggests itself so readily to our mind, comes so easily tripping on our tongue, though we may have never enjoyed the hospitality of the Growlery[1] nor idled away a gray afternoon amidst the roseate pleasures of the tower room. Strauss, more than any other of his brother craftsmen, has realized the necessity of making concessions to popularity, and he has made them in a broad and brilliant Western fashion. His "shop," with the air of a French castle, with its elegant and yet matter-of-fact equipments and it insolent waste of space, boldly proclaims the advance the profession has made in recent decades, and proves beyond doubt that also a portrait photographer may possess a striking and even pompous personality.

Tall and brusque, with hair that curls and eyes that twinkle ironically and continually—the sort of man at whom women look regardfully—he lives in St. Louis and has made his studio one of the sights of that lightest and most coquettish of Western towns. He has made the city photographically his own by right of personal conquest.

Twenty-seven years ago he opened there a little shabby gallery, and did the ordinary down-town trade. His work was probably not much worse nor much better than the average encountered in such premises. They represented the attempts through which every young ambitious photographer passes on his way to a knowledge of his own thought and his own style. But he was shrewd; he sized up his competitors; he studied the wants of his time with all its conventions and limitations (over which man has no control); sought how best to turn to account the material he had on hand, and slowly but steadily made his way into public favor, until he completely mastered the trick of pleasing the public. His cleverness in that respect is, in these days, amazing, almost diabolical.

As a portraitist Strauss is what I would call a "brutalist." He does not merely endeavor to control, but actually tries to force the countenance of a sitter into its most favorable expressions. He makes his sitter assume an attitude, a gesture, a twist of the body that he considers characteristic, and then, with bulb in hand, lies in wait for some fugitive expression that will yield a significant and impressive representation of the subject, and lend life and suggestive force to the objective record of the camera. Like a bandit ready to seize upon a victim and rob it of all the beauty it calls its own, he crawls around his sitter, restless as a panther, peering into his face and rearranging the light effect at every moment (his sidelights are frequently the best part of the performance), and when the reflection of a congenial mood flits across the features before

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J. C. Strauss: Miss Maude Hellman and J. C. Strauss.

J. C. Strauss: Portrait.

him—presto! Before the sitter is aware of it, the thing is accomplished, and you only have the familiar remark of Strauss to his assistant, "Boy, did you get that?"

And the "boy" is so wonderfully trained that he invariably realizes Strauss's intentions. Strauss's operating tactics are really marvels of rapidity. Four to six exposures a minute are mere play to him. He works his camera like a breech-loading gun. It is very much like target practice at high sea, he aims at a certain facial expression, and whenever any indication of it appears, he fires away in rapid succession, operating his bulb with amazing alacrity. Also Falk and Pierce deserve the title of "men behind the gun," but there is a difference. Falk, learned as he is in photographic ballistics, is not quite nimble enough to fire away in volleys; and Pierce (really a disciple of Strauss), although courageous enough to sail over torpedoes or any house portraiture obstruction, somehow, does not aim quite as accurately. And this is, after all, the secret of success of all portraiture of this kind.

Strauss seems to be more versed in the knowledge of human nature, seems to be a more efficient character reader. He has the changes of physiognomy, the range of external appearances at his beck and call. Using a rubber tube of extraordinary length—I have never seen a longer one—his movements are in no way handicapped; he can stand twenty feet away from his sitter and still practice

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his hypnotic coaxing and invigorating methods. And he juggles so expertly with rubber bulb and tube that he almost persuaded me that photography was all slight of hand.

The natural fugitive expression is Strauss's strength and weakness. Portraiture of this kind is surprisingly interesting, but a trifle impersonal, not so much as far as the photographer is concerned—this particular method gives as much scope to the display of individuality as any other—but from the sitter's standpoint. A snap-shot portrait—and what else is it!—rarely becomes typical, the exposure is too short to enable one to seize upon the essential characteristics of a face. An idealization is purely accidental. And yet—after many a sleepless night—I have come to the conclusion that it is, after all, the most logical method, and the one which I most heartily endorse.

What the public wants first of all is a natural likeness. Coburns are no photographic commodity. A momentary expression may look at times very queer, notwithstanding that it may be perfectly accurate. No matter how intimately we may be acquainted with a person, it is impossible to compete with the camera and discover all the subtle variations of his or her (as it may be) facial expressions. It is at this point where the genius of the portrait photographer comes in, his ability to read character, to reflect through external appearances the disposition of the sitter. A long exposure, the composite of several fugitive expressions, on the other hand, may be more typical, but it has the disadvantage of being less subtle, more stereotype and less natural. And for that reason, mark my word, the "brutalist" will win out in the long run.

And this brutal interpenetration into a person's character is really what interests me most in Strauss's work. His workmanship is as elegant and elaborate as that of a dozen other men—not more so and not less. He has, of course, also been influenced, but not to his undoing, by the tonal movement, and indulges in the harmless pastime of painting meaningless pictorial backgrounds into his pictures. But

Above. J. C. Strauss: Portrait.

Opposite page. J. C. Strauss: Sadakichi on Pedestal, ca. 1898.

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J. C. Strauss: Convention Picture.

these are merely mannerisms that do not count in the final summing up of his abilities.

What I admire in Strauss is that he works with the true intensity of an artist. His work is visible. He has faith in himself, and is in love with the work he does. His special faculty as a reader of physiognomies is self-centered; it revolves on its own pivot. He has not enriched the world with morbid pictorial fragments like Steichen, but poured forth a rich and vivid stream of average excellence. He is a natural man, who loves all that tends to expand his emotions, and his portraits (mediocre as at least 10 per cent of them are) are merely the expression of his joy in expansive life. And for that reason I like best to think of Strauss, sitting in his tower room when the strain of work is over, giving his friends the benefit of his wholesome, spendthrift nature, his wit, his heart, his intelligence. He is as whole-souled and magnetic a personality as I have ever known, and he is always triumphantly himself.

But what does it really matter what I or anybody else think of him! He is one of the men who has made good in his profession, as well as in his life, and that is, after all, the principal thing in all nooks and byways of our earthly existence.

Strauss is not merely playing a very important role—if not the most important—in American portrait photography of the last ten years; but has also created a mode of doing things in a gallant and lavish way that has attracted and influenced all the photographers of his generation. In his profession he is the most accomplished man of affairs living—master of all the artifices and secrets of pleasing the public and yet, withal an excellent craftsman, an expert portrait photographer, full of originality, insight and selection, whom I admire and whom all, I presume, respect.

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JOSEPH BYRON

"The Stage Is My Studio"

IN THIS AGE, specialism is the order of the day. It is generally accompanied by success. The man who is wise enough to concentrate his faculties and restrict his field of action to what he can do best has a better chance than his more versatile competitor. Of course the start is difficult for the specialist. He has to assert himself; he has to create his own specialty and convince his prospective customer of its necessity and his superiority in the particular line he has chosen to exploit. But as soon as he has made good, provided he has the necessary business foresight, patience and perseverance, he will have a comparatively easy time of it. Orders will drift to him of their own accord; one customer will recommend another, and his trade will steadily increase the more he insists upon his specialty—that he is the one man who can do a certain thing better than anybody else.

Byron is such a specialist. He is known as the photographer of the stage; the theatrical flashlight man. He prefers to call it *artificial* light, but of that anon. In the theatrical world, as well as in the profession, he has gained the reputation of being the leading "flashlight" photographer, and the epithet "will he nil he" will stick to him as long as he lives.[1]

He can be justly proud of it. He has been one of the first to apply flashlight photography—some forty-three years ago or more; he has mastered all of its intricate technicalities and brought it to a higher grade of perfection, pictorially as well as practically, than anybody else.

One wintry morning last November I sat at his office—for he has no reception room—"the stage being his studio" and he told me of his varied experiences. Byron is as candid, jovial, and wholesouled a Britisher as I have ever met, and he still drops his h's with the same alacrity as if he had just crossed the big pond, instead of being with us for more than eighteen years.

Byron made his first flashlight, using magnesium wire, on March 10, 1863, at the occasion of some festivity at which the Prince of Wales (the present King) furnished the central figure of attraction. The result was not a very startling one. He only succeeded in getting silhouettes with the slightest indication of detail. Slowly he conquered the difficulties of the process and when he came to this country in 1887[2] I believe he was an expert in the game with considerable experience behind him.

Yet at that time nobody wanted flashlights. The theatrical managers had no use for them. Byron went from one office to the other explaining the advantage of flashlight pictures, its merits as an advertising medium, as actual pictorial reports and records showing at a glance the character of a production, its scenery, costumes, and placing of accessories, but they would have none of it. They

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JOSEPH BYRON: Scene from "The Shepherd King."

were of the opinion that the customary way of sending out diagrams served their purpose better than any new method. So Byron got connected with a newspaper. Flashlights as illustrations were a decided novelty and Byron made a hit with them; the managers, however, continued to shrug their shoulders at the innovation and only reluctantly gave permission to have some of their performances photographed. They considered it a great nuisance.

But there came a time when the public had grown so used to this kind of illustrations that it would have been very unwise to discontinue them. For a while there was a decided danger that this would happen. The editors did not see any reason why they should pay for illustrations that advertised the theaters, and the managers did not yet fully realize the value of this pictorial réclame. Byron, a true pioneer, was equal to the emergency. He knew his time had come. Again he approached the managers, and this time with some success. They began to consider it. First one came around—Lederer[3] I believe—then others followed suit. They paid Byron for his work and furnished the photographs gratuitously to the papers. And suddenly Byron found himself the possessor of a lucrative trade created by himself.

That was about twelve years ago. Today, it is difficult to believe that there was even a time when theatrical flashlight photography was not an established fact. No manager would think of sending

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out a production on the road without having secured a full set of all the principal scenes in the play. It has really become his helpmate in booking engagements and advertising his plays, and seems to do its work more effectually than press clippings or any other method of recommendation. Of course Byron has many competitors now, but he still holds his own, and as far as workmanship and pictorial treatment is concerned, he is still king of them all.

The secret is that he has steadily improved. He did not rest on his laurels and energetic worker that he is—the number of his negatives reached the 23,000 mark some time ago—did not allow his work to become stereotype. It is now better than ever.

I had the opportunity to look at some of his work of fourteen or fifteen years ago. It looked very much like some of the work his competitors are doing now. His photographs of that early period are good flashlights, well-posed, well-lighted, and clear in detail, but there is no discrimination in values. A white gown is simply rendered white. There is no gradation, no subtlety, no finer pictorial effect. The pictures look blank and bald like so many we see standing in the theatre entrances.

The Byron of today is made of entirely different mettle. His pictures are no longer mere records, they are studies in light and shade. The lightest spot of the picture is skillfully reserved for the principal character of each scene, and the rest of the figures and accessories are subdued without loosing their distinctness. Everybody familiar with the garishness of stage scenery will realize how difficult it must be at times to eliminate its objectionable elements, for instance the netting and sharp outlines of drops and wings, and to give to mere daubs of paint something like depth and natural appearance.

Besides, good lighting is very scarce. It is generally done without real understanding in a kind of slipshod manner. Irving[4] and Duse[5] were notable exceptions. Their scenes could be taken very much as they were represented to the audience.

But the majority of productions need re-composition, and Byron has learnt to overcome, to a large extent, the difficulties caused by inadequate lighting. He conceives his pictures like a painter and prints his compositions and light effects with his flashlights, of which he uses frequently as many as eight. They are really not flashlights, but continual artificial lights which he has under perfect control as he prepares his own magnesium powder. Contrary to the general custom and belief, he does not take his pictures by a single flash but by one to two second exposures. He allows himself time to wait for the most opportune moment, and yet he works with lightning rapidity, making sometimes as many as thirty exposures in an hour and a half. One of his peculiarities in operating is that he never shuts out any source of light, but on the contrary, that he uses every illuminative available, may it be the footlights or a streak of daylight, to heighten his effects. A twelve foot stand enables him to get a full view of the stage and his pictures all show a stretch of foreground that help the naturalness of the scene depicted.

With his lights he plays like a magician. He orders his men about all over the stage and auditorium, places one man in the flies, another in a proscenium box, a third quite near the principal actor and so on until he has finished the composition in his mind's eye. It is wonderful how he manages to concentrate a streak of light on one person. This is, no doubt, done with some special device which controls the expansion of light, perhaps by a funnel-like shade attached to the stand; but we do not know, we can only guess at it. He admits that there are some tricks in his trade, but he is not willing to disclose them, or even use them when the coast is not entirely clear. "Not that I object so much to letting them know, and to profit by my experience," he remarked to me, "but I object to their claiming it as their own invention, which they have done in more instances than one."

The great fault of flashlight photography lies in the falsity of its lighting. There are interiors where the light is supposed to come from the window, while the shadows of the furniture indicate that it comes from the opposite direction. In some of his

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Joseph Byron: C. K. G. Billings' Horseback Dinner at Sherry's, March 28, 1903. Southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-Fourth Street. MCNY.

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Joseph Byron: Madame Réjane at the James Hazen Hyde Ball, January, 1905. MCNY.

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pictures I discovered so many sources of light that the chiaroscural scheme was reduced to a battle of lights against each other. They, however, perfectly balanced each other and eliminated all darkness in the shadows.

"You do not strive for any accurate lighting?" I asked the photographer.

"No, that is out of the question," he replied, "just as plain truth wouldn't do in a story, accurate lighting would not make a good picture. Something has to be added."

I was not quite satisfied with his answer. To go contrary to all laws of lighting can hardly be right. And yet in a stage representation everything is artificial; the whole aim is to produce an illusion, and as long as pictures of it produce a similar effect I suppose one has to excuse the chaos of conflicting lights. The principal thing is, after all, to make a good effective picture that plainly tells its story, and this Byron invariably does, adding to it a certain artistic refinement that enhances its value to the more critical and fastidious mind.

The life of a theatrical flashlight photographer seems to be rather a strenuous one. He has to keep up with all the new productions, familiarize himself with the dramatic situations and be ready to be called away at any moment to photograph a play during a dress rehearsal or perhaps late at night after a first night production. The latter are generally in out-of-town places, and at short notice, he and his assistants with all the necessary implements have to journey to New Haven, New London, Boston, Baltimore, or Washington (sometimes even as far as Pittsburgh or Chicago) and as soon as they arrive look up the theatre and get ready at once for action.

The number of engagements Byron has covered in the last ten years is an astounding one. The majority of all leading productions, with their original cast, scenery, and costumes, during that period have been duly recorded by him and there is hardly an actor or actress of prominence who has remained unrepresented. Irving, Duse, Réjane,[6] Bernhardt, and all our native favorites, are there. It is an interesting assembly that will increase in interest with every year. It is a pictorial history of our stage, and it is Byron's merit that he has told it in an expressive and artistic manner far beyond the average of photographic records.

—1907

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BURR MCINTOSH

Photographer of Fads and Fancies

How to classify him! A photographer who is no specialist (in the ordinary sense of the word) and yet who can give most specialists a beating at their own game must be a remarkable sort of camera craftsman.

I, who am not easily abashed, stand perplexed before this virile and versatile personality. The usual terms do not apply to him. He occupies a unique position in the photographic field, and I find it difficult to make up my mind from what side I might best approach him.

He is generally called a society photographer. This is true to a certain extent. Burr McIntosh is, at all times, at the service of polite society, but in a somewhat different fashion than the rest. The average "society" photographer sits in his studio, sends out a general invitation to fashionable people, and waits until they come or do not come to him. Burr McIntosh, on the other hand, actually goes into society; he has the entrée into political and military circles and various coteries of our fashionable world, and while enjoying himself in their very midst plies his tools of trade nonchalantly like a gentleman-amateur. Only the results, photographically as well as financially, are strictly professional in character.

To understand more clearly his peculiar vocation, it may be interesting to dwell, for a few moments, upon his earlier life before he became a photographer. As a college student he was greatly interested in athletics and, I believe, made quite a hit as a baseball player. After leaving college he followed the theatrical profession for fifteen years, and not earlier than ten or twelve years ago did he take up photography as a profession.

And how well he understood to adapt his new vocation to the wants of his own personality! It furnishes an object lesson to every man in the profession. The temperament of the strolling player, something lusty, restless, and unabashed, was still in him and it has never entirely left him to this very day. He is a nomad by nature. Change is absolutely necessary to him. He can not occupy himself with anything for any length of time. He went his own way, always splendidly and aggressively himself; one of the few men who have fashioned out of photography a resonant instrument capable of expressing the virile and individual emotions of his own life. This is to me Burr McIntosh's chief distinction.

But what of his workmanship? It is OK of course; I have said so at the very start. Should one wish to be critical one might say that his prints are generally a trifle too hard or too light. Well, these faults are not of a very serious nature.

By choice, he is largely a recorder of facts, and distinctness and clearness are not always possible without hardness in the outlines and the transition

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Top. Burr McIntosh: Lou Dillon, World's Champion Trotter (Two Minute), 1903.

Above. Burr McIntosh: At Rest (The New York Yacht Club Cruise, Newport, Friday Evening), 1903.

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of light to shadows. Whether a print is too light or not is really a matter of taste; some people like it, and his portraits on that order had, for a time, quite a vogue. His prints, however, do not interest me as specimens of workmanship. Workmanship I study at Strauss' studio, or at Falk's, or at Steffens'[1] or Stein's.[2] The subject matter attracts all my attention. It is poured forth in an endless stream. It is like a society encyclopaedia in pictures. The range of subjects is simply astounding. I believe Burr McIntosh has photographed everything under the sun.

Rummage about in his studio and you will get a vague idea of this man's prodigality. There is Ethel Barrymore in her prime, a vaguely colored enlargement, as handsome a "professional" picture as I have ever seen. Right near it stands a picture of the Sultan of Sulu on horseback accompanied by two runners. Nor far away from it I espy a camp scene of the Spanish-American War, with Colonel Roosevelt, General Wheeler, and several other military notables as leading figures; and with the grasp of my hand, for a change, lies the portrait of the pet dog of some languid lady of fashion. Everywhere prints galore: of children in smart frocks and coats; of frequenters of clubs; of society débutantes in delicate fluffy gowns; of tally-ho parties; of picnic and garden scenes; of an equestrienne taking a hurdle on her favorite hunter; of yachts and automobiles, etc. There seem to be no end to his energy.

But this kind of photography is really only a side issue with him. It occupies very little of his time, for he is generally away on some trip, on some photographic exploitation. Some lumber king of the West wants to give the world an impression of the vastness of his possessions, of his yards and forest land. Burr McIntosh is at his disposal. A railroad company desires the beauty of some mountain scenery depicted for advertising purposes. Burr McIntosh will start to-night for the spot. As panoramic views are most suitable for this kind of work, McIntosh has made quite a study of this sort of kodaking. I have seen several of these views, some of them forming a complete circle; a lumber yard

BURR MCINTOSH: Louise Gunning.

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BURR MCINTOSH: Walter J. Travis, American Golf Champion.

BURR MCINTOSH: "Iron Man" Joe McGinnity, 1903.

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and a baseball field (taken from the centre) which were exceedingly well handled, without a blur or break, clear in every part and perfect as regard to detail. Of course a man like McIntosh has no distinct method. I asked him whether he had one. He answered in a vague way: "One has to reckon with the conditions, the light, the weather, and atmosphere."

But before I forget, I must point out to you McIntosh's principal claim to photographic honors. He is in a way the special photographer to his Excellency, the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt. It is not an official position, he would be the last to take one, but he simply has leave of way whenever something of importance happens in the solemn affairs of state. Thus he accompanied the Rough Riders as war photographer on their Cuba campaign, and was the only member of his clan who succeeded in snapshotting several phases of the famous charge on San Juan Hill. And thus he went with the Taft party to the Orient, chronicling the scenes and incidents of that memorable semi-diplomatic journey. The number of pictures he made during this trip goes into the thousands, and to the initiated they are very much like illustrations to some "Alice in Wonderland." We see her slender girlish form, *en famille* so to speak, in attitudes and poses unknown to the public with the beauties of the Orient. Perchance, the Temple of Shiba or some Chinese gateway as a fitting background.

Yes, Burr McIntosh knows how to get some enjoyment out of his profession. I never wished that I were a photographer, but if I had to be one I would rather change places with him than with anyone else. He is alive, masculine, vital, and in his work he has made his own personality live; and that is more than art, it is the art of life which few of us manage to introduce in our every-day business life.

The life of most photographers is hodden-gray. Always the same thing, going to the shop in the morning and going home in the evening. The same wearisome promenades from the reception-room to the operating-room and back again; the same experiences under the skylight. This man knows how at least to give his life an interesting twist. He goes to the big athletic games and takes part in the Meadow Brook hunt. But does this diversified occupation really add to the prosperity of his business? Well, this is not for me to answer. That is every man's own affair. I only know that he is "a hale fellow well met," who understands the art of spending money.

He has great capacity for work. He has always several "irons in the fire."

He is afraid of nothing, and we can expect everything from him. Attending to the ordinary routine of his business, and furnishing all the material for the Burr McIntosh magazine every month,[3] he still finds time to lecture on his trip to the Orient, and to work on the libretto of a musical comedy entitled "The Photographer," which will be produced by some New York manager early in spring. In the meanwhile he will proceed to Los Angeles, where he dreams of opening a gorgeous studio in the Mission style of vast dimensions—the largest and most beautiful studio in America, surrounded by acres of ground. In the winter, for a few months, he will conduct his business in New York as heretofore; but, the remainder of the year he will live in some summer clime, among the fairy-like surroundings of his own creation, which can not fail to give to his personality the proper setting which it should have enjoyed long ago. Let us hope, for his sake, that this dream will come true.

Burr McIntosh has travelled on many highways, but he has always remained master of himself. He has exploited the fads and fancies of society, but in a way that has lifted the profession one peg higher in the esteem of the world. Photography is to him a sport, useful, pleasing, and lucrative at times, specially made for a man of roving disposition as he is, and the least we can do is admire his versatility. He may have never produced a single photograph that is perfect, artistically speaking—who does? But I am sure that he has produced more photographs that will live than the majority of photographers I know.

—1907

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GUIDO REY

A Master of Detail Composition

THE MORE I look at pictorial prints, the more I come to the conclusion that the majority of "successful" photographs are the result of accident rather than of any distinct evidence of artistic feeling and execution, or in other words that they are chance pictures. If a camera worker shows me several dozen pictures and only a few—as is often the case—reach a reasonable standard of excellence, probability points to those two or three pictures as a result of mere chance, as a mere happening that proves absolutely nothing as to the ability of the maker.

This became particularly clear to me when I sat for my portrait at the studio of one of our best known amateur portraitists, a man who can boast of an international reputation. He made twenty-nine exposures in order to produce one satisfactory result. Would it not be quite logical to argue that said picture was the product of experiment rather than of a masterly application of art laws. In photography, number is the supreme test of skill. If a man exhibits ten pictures, nine of which are merely matter of fact records and the remaining one fairly artistic, it is reasonable to suppose that the one is a chance picture. If, on the other hand, another man exhibits twenty pictures that all show artistic composition, it is equally reasonable to suppose them to be the work of an artist.

On my desk before me lies at this moment a small collection of prints by Guido Rey,—an Italian worker (semi-professional I suppose)—which records this uniformity of excellence. I have lived with them for a few days, and I have found in them considerable knowledge of composition, skill in artistic treatment, and a rare appreciation for the details of life—faculties that can be due only to a mind which, after hard fought struggles, slow artistic growth, and long years of observation, has finally gained the power to materialize his imagination.

From the tonal point of view—the accepted standard in recent years—the prints of Guido Rey show but little merit, but as he has said himself in a letter to the editor, he strives for different ideals. He considers detail and transparency the most important features of art photography, and a man with such convictions can naturally not enter the field of tonal competition with any sort of success. The tonalists strive for blurred effects, and the elimination of detail. Guido Rey sacrifices breadth of expression for subtler effects of lights and lines.

One of the principal merits of his work seems to me to be in his choice of subjects. Our American amateurs are favorably known for their excellent workmanship, but there is an appalling dearth of interesting subjects in most exhibitions. I have a vague recollection of a recent exhibition that contained at least twelve figure compositions, in

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which showing brass vessels and crystal balls played the most conspicuous parts. Surely this world does not consist entirely of brass vessel collectors and crystal ball gazers. The latter may be a very aesthetic occupation, but is it not a rather whimsical excuse for the making of a pictorial masterpiece? This lack of appreciation may be entirely my fault, but I cannot help myself. I prefer a man who has something to say or convey and I find it refreshing, to say the least, to come into contact now and then with a photographer who has ideas like Guido Rey.

This man of Turin composes his pictures like a genre painter. All his prints reveal a thorough knowledge and study of that popular branch of painting. Some are slightly imitation, as for instance: "The Encyclopedist" which reminds of Meissonnier;[1] and "Feeding the Pigeons" which looks like a reproduction of an Alma-Tadema[2] or a Coomans;[3] while others like the "Ciociara" and the "Morning Prayer" show true originality of pictorial conception. Yet no matter whether they are the products of skillful adaptation or careful invention, they invariably have a charm of their own, a certain poetical suavity which roots in personal feeling and ability.

Let us now take up each print separately and dwell upon the principal merits and short comings in each case. The "Morning Prayer" is exceedingly delicate in treatment. A man who can drape a figure in such an exquisite fashion and yet at the same time be historically accurate, avoiding all theatricality of effect, must have a strong poetical vein in him. With the conception and the placing, no fault can be found. Also the light (I suppose artificial light) is well concentrated; the only objection I have is that the outlines of the figure and the drooping veil should not be so abruptly lost in the darkness of the right hand corner. A faint indication of the form would in my opinion help the composition. A pity that he did not use real flowers instead of artificial ones. This is an infinitesimal detail, but a photographer who prides himself on

GUIDO REY: Morning Prayer.

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Above. GUIDO REY: The Cage of the Blackbird.

Opposite page top. GUIDO REY: Lady Tying her Bonnet.

Opposite page bottom. GUIDO REY: Little Girl Reading.

his handling of detail, should consider everything that might make his picture more perfect.

The next picture that we have to consider is "The Cage of the Blackbird." It is one of the very best. Its simplicity alone is convincing. The feeling for straight lines, in particular of the vertical ones, are unusually pronounced in this composition, but the little hooded and aproned figure is so well placed, that it destroys every trace of awkwardness and angularity. This is further helped by the distribution of light. The dark floor and the semi-darkness of the big stretch of wall with the black lines of the frame perfectly balance the light that comes pouring in through the window. In this case, however, the highest light merely strikes the lower part of the figure; the principal part of interest, the hand opening the door of the cage, is emphasized by the greatest accumulation of detail, the linear arrangement of the cage; and the manner in which the tiny pot of flowers is utilized to hide the angle formed by wall and window sill is a master touch of which only a man with an artistic knowledge is capable of.

The "Lady Tying her Bonnet" is not half as carefully composed as the preceding print, it is beautiful only in parts, notably in the way the model is costumed and posed. The principal fault of the picture is that its vertical and horizontal lines are all out of perspective. The left side of the picture holds its place, its vagueness helps the figure, but the arrangement of objects on the table and window sill is not up to his usual standard. It is too confused.

Excellent in every detail is his "Little Girl Reading." I consider it the masterpiece of this little collection. Notice how well the space is divided in regard to light and shade, how the flowers break the monotony of the curtain, how beautifully the hand rests on the highly illumined pages of the book. The little girl is poring over some picture book. This is the subject of the picture, the reason why it was made, and the eye of the beholder is lead straight to the main object of interest, the book, from there to

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the exquisitely posed hands and the silhouette of the little girl's face. Then the eye is caught by the over-hanging flower, and in a circle taking in the other flowers, the vase, and the crystal bowl, returns to the book. Only gradually one discovers all the charming details, the elaborate costume of the girl, the arrangement of the cushion, the little picture which hangs just at the right spot, and the peculiar line arrangement and diffused light effect of the window. This picture is a triumph in the mastery of detail, without spoiling the general effect of the picture.

Rather trite in subject is his "The Encyclopedist." We have seen that kind of picture so often that most of us will pass it with a shoulder shrug no matter how well it is done, and yet this picture, as far as composition is concerned, is one of the best Guido Rey has produced. Only to mention one instance, observe how well the empty space on the left side of the picture is filled by the reclining back of the chair. A decided shortcoming in the treatment, however, is the lack of transparency in the blacks of the man's coat; furthermore, the line formed by the map and the canvas behind the table should be more subdued.

"Feeding the Pigeons" is equally successful in the handling of detail, but the composition is not quite as satisfactory. The interest is too divided. The little Greek child, the pair of pigeons, the table with the still life in the background, all absorb an equal share of attention. The picture is spotty, and the eye errs restlessly from one object to another. The large light space in the upper part of the picture may possibly help to convey the impression of sunlight but does not balance well with the rest of the picture. Some tall object, where the bottle stands, would have helped the composition. Not too much in praise, however, can be said of the loving way in which all the minor objects are treated. There are few photographers who could pose and drape a figure more simply and artistically than Guido Rey in this little Greek child study.

GUIDO REY: Feeding the Pigeons.

Truly Italian in character is his "Ciociara." The true meaning of the picture, perhaps one of local interest, is difficult to discern. All that concerns us is its pictorial quality and significance. The pose of the peasant woman, holding so picturesquely her huge basket while her eyes sweep over the distant valley, is superb. It conveys to us a feeling of outdoor life among the hills of Piedmont, the native country of the artist photographer. Too bad that the sky is so empty and meaningless. How easily a sky could have been faked in that it would have enhanced the beauty of the scene. But Guido Rey never *retouches*, and it is perhaps well that he sticks to the rule that he has laid down for himself. With

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GUIDO REY: Ciociara.

him everything depends on premeditation and pre-arrangement; he strives to get the final result in the exposure without further manipulation. One can only respect him for this determination, and I who have always advocated straight photography welcome his as a true exponent of my theory.[4]

A pretty conceit is also his "Bowl of Milk," and it might belong to the very best of his pictures, if there was more differentiation of values, and the floor, mantelpiece and wall not of the same uniform tint. As it is, figure and accessories are seen almost as silhouettes, and the feeling of space which every interior should convey is spoiled thereby. On the other hand, if the photographer wished to produce a flat poster-like effect, the lineal arrangement should have been more strongly accentuated.

"Reading the Bible" is a good example of the so-called "full-face" composition. The subject demands concentration, and there was no other way but to make the arrangement a symmetrical one. This was done not merely by placing the figures in the centre and by balancing the tulips with the hour glass, but by giving the shape of the picture an archlike effect. The concentration of light towards the side of the little girl, and the vagueness of objects in the background are handled with the true understanding for pictorial effect.

I believe I have amply proven that the work of Guido Rey is exempt from the element of chance. When he sets out to make a picture, it is all ready in his mind; he may not always succeed in realizing it, but even his weakest effort is not accidental, but the product of a trained and sensitive mind; and if we agree on the point that the final test of a photographer's ability is the production of a *number* of artistic pictures, then Guido Rey is entitled to the highest honors, as he has shown by numerous and varied examples that he is a master in the application of art laws.

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ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

Secession Portraiture

AT THE RECENT One-Print Exhibition of the Professional Photographers' Society of New York,[1] I was greatly astonished to find several prints, notably those of Strauss, Pirie MacDonald, and Partridge[2] that reminded me—there was no getting away from it—of Coburn's peculiar method of portraying celebrities.

Were those pictures accidents, or did the photographers wish to convey the idea that they also could do that sort of a thing? Hardly. I believe it was done on their part more or less unconsciously. They are all three men who are well posted and keep apace with new achievements. They may have made experiments in that direction years ago, and only now dare to come out with them because there is a general tendency all over the country for softer and more blurred effects. This, of course, is the influence of the Secession, but it is not imitation. Such things are in the air. I have seen forced highlights, such as Steichen used at times with more bravado than discrimination, in pictures of one-horse-town photographers who had never enjoyed the aesthetic pleasure of gazing at a Steichen print.

Of course, Coburn is an extreme. His delicate and poetical pictorial fancies are not for the public at large; nor can his portraiture be applied to common humanity. He is preëminently a depictor of picturesque personalities.

He shows us forms and faces as we may see them in a dream immaterialized as it were, and yet in a strongly decorative manner. He is in photography what Carrière[3] with his nebulous portraits is in painting. Portraits of this sort have no utilitarian but only an esthetic importance. If you get attached to them at all, you get attached to them deeply.

I have not yet arrived at that point. To be transformed into a pictorial phantasm may grant an acute sensation to the fastidiously inclined, but I prefer line and clear modeling to vagueness.

I asked Mr. Coburn the naive question, how he came to see everything in such an abnormal way. He responded with the equally naive answer, that there was nothing abnormal about it; that he considered the way other photographers represented life abnormal.

Well, that is merely an attitude of mind, as I do not believe that any man can actually see things that way, just as little as the impressionist painters see nature actually in color dots. Impressionism is a style of expression, and so is Coburn's method of diffusion.

There is really nothing new in this way of treating subjects, although it impresses me as unfamiliar and in a way unique. Tom Harris[4] made a portrait of me in 1901 (displayed at various Secession exhibits) which was done very much in the same manner; of course, it was a solitary example. It is Coburn's merit to have developed

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Alvin Langdon Coburn: Alfred Stieglitz. IMP-GFH.

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Alvin Langdon Coburn: Henry James. imp-geh.

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this vagueness of effect into a style of his own. He has mastered it completely, and after once accepting his viewpoint (as a critic should) one will find much of interest in his work.

As may be easily understood, there is in this sort of pictorialism not much scope for character interpretation, at least as we generally understand it, yet there is something in it that is perhaps equally eloquent. As I looked at his Rodin in scull cap with flowing beard; at his Arthur Symons, very thoughtful-looking with one hand at his chin; and his Chesterton, all washy and blurred, it seemed to me that I did not merely see the faces of three distinct personalities, but something beyond; something of their life, their occupation, etc.; a vague impression, such as we may get of the personality of an author perusing one of his books. Is it merely because I am familiar with the work of these men, and does my imagination add this intangible something? Very likely; but is it not rather curious that a photograph can set your imagination going in such a direction? It seems so to me. Steichen never accomplished it. His portraits of celebrities were always self-explanatory, even melodramatic. Coburn is subtler, more poetic and elegant. One only has to look at the two men. Steichen was proud, eccentric, intolerant. Coburn is genial, cheerful, more temperamental. And just as his personality vaguely reminds me of some quaint character that we have seen in daguerreotypes, a young esthete of

ALVIN LANGDON COBURN: Chesterton. IMP-GEH.

ALVIN LANGDON COBURN: Rodin in Skull Cap. IMP-GEH.

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some Anglicized "Bohemia" (note: stove pipe, finger rings, and aureole of beard), his prints, grave and all, have a certain old-fashioned breadth and charm about them. His Shannon, Carpenter, James, Soloman Soloman, Shaw, Meredith, Sargent, etc., have what the critic calls soul quality. They give us more than we see at the first glance, yet we feel that all has not been said.

Technically this is easy enough to explain. Of course, I do not refer now to photographic technique, but that higher technique of conception. Every painter who thinks (sorry to say there are many who do not, just as there are such photographers), knows that mystery is produced by vagueness. Form ordinarily is something tangible, but as soon as its outlines are blurred and its texture diffused, it will begin to mystify us. This is—if not the aim—at least the final result of Coburn's work.

Whether these ghostlike apparitions have any permanent place in portraiture, I do not dare to decide. There is rarely an excuse for their existence, and I have never heard it better explained than by a young amateur at the Metropolitan School of Photography. We discussed Coburn, and he asked: "Is that, after all, not the right way, as we have never anything but a rather vague idea about great men?"

Coburn is not so much an impressionist as a symbolist. He knows that the character of a great man cannot be conveyed fully in one portrait; he therefore creates before our eyes an elegant and graceful vision, suggestive by its very formlessness of something subtly intellectual, and lets us add with the help of our imagination what the picture lacks in actual facts.

Although I do not endorse his method, not even for great men, I admire the energy with which he seeks out his subject and the exquisite taste with which he handles them. His management of silhouette and middle tints (never approaching pure white or the deepest black) is masterly. He is today by far the most progressive member of the Secession. Despite its ardent estheticism, his art is sane and healthy. He has heightened the key of tone composition, and it is largely due to him that—to talk with an English critic—"the gloomy glimmering and Aubrey Beardsley-like straining after effect of American pictorial photography" is changing into something brighter, more beautiful, and less painful to contemplate.

Yet the most remarkable thing, after all, is that one can write about a photographer as I have done, just as if he—well, dear reader, you will come to your own conclusion. It is my old argument, well nigh threadbare by this time, but just as true as ever. In my opinion Coburn is an artist, but the term portrait photography cannot be applied to such delicate fantasies as he has chosen to do.

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RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP

A German Pictorialist

The work of Rudolf Dührkoop is fairly well known in this country. He is one of the few German professionals who can claim this distinction. During his visit to America in 1904 as commissioner to the St. Louis Exposition, he made many friends, and ever since has been exceedingly generous in sending specimens of his average studio work across the ocean. During my recent trip in the West I came across several portfolios filled with examples from his Hamburg workshop.

Dührkoop occupies in Germany a similar position to Garo, Pierce, Goldensky, and Strauss here, men who carry the artistic element in their prints as far as their customers allow them to do it. The German pictorialists—of whom Rudolf Dührkoop and Fritz Greiner[1] of Munich are typical—are perhaps a trifle more ambitious than their American colleagues. They tackle more difficult problems, in particular more elaborate interior compositions, and in consequence often lack the naturalness and simplicity of our work.

I do not believe that an American professional would ever produce a composition like "The Lovers." It is even beyond the grasp of the Secessionists. Its sentimentality is strictly Teutonic. I do not know the particular *raison d'etre* of this picture, whether there are really people in aristocratic, purse-proud Hamburg who fancy such effusions and accept them as portraiture, or whether it is merely a study, a flight of Herr Dührkoop's muse into the pictorial-emotional domain of life. As a composition, it is excellent. The management of light, putting the strongest highlights in the man's forehead, leaving the rest of the face in shadow, and distributing a shimmer of subdued light on the lower part of the girl's face is worthy of an illustrator. Even A. E. Sterner[2] who excells in such depictions could not do it any better. The placing of the folded hands is a difficult proposition. They are a trifle large and could be better in line feeling, but they help to carry out the sentiment and perfectly balance the higher planes in the upper part of the picture. The arm of the girl is rather carelessly draped, but hardly enough in praise can be said as to how the rest of the garments have been subdued and kept back. Also the natural treatment of the girl's hair deserves favorable comment.

The "Young Man in the Panama Hat" is a good study of subdued flesh-tints. Despite the whiteness of the tie and coat, the face has remained the principal point of attraction. I believe this has been accomplished by the dark accent of the hair and by producing, with the help of the hat (almost of the same tone value as the face), a large uniform plane of middle tints. The background, although subjected to manual manipulation, is restful and effective. The ear and the jaw line seem to be a trifle out of drawing.

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RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP: Young Man in the Panama Hat.

RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP: Head of a Girl.

The "Head of a Girl" is an interesting study in oblique lines. Again the face is lower in key than the dress. The darkness of the hair, accentuated by the light background, helps the complexion of the face. It does not impress one as being too dark. Dührkoop seems to lay special stress upon a clearly defined light and shade distribution, a quality which is apt to lend strength to the modeling and which is generally neglected in this country. Few of our men would dare to apply such pronounced shadows as these under the nose, lower lip, and chin. Even a Pierce seems to be afraid of such decided contrasts.

The "Lady in Riding Habit" reminds one of the work of Rose Clark[3] and Elizabeth Flint Wade.[4] The subtlety of the black and dark gray tones is exceedingly fine. The lower hand is too dark, and one is also left in doubt as to what she holds in her hands. In a good picture everything should explain itself. The modeling of the face is treated with charming breadth. The features have undergone a flattening process and yet suggest roundness. The fragment of the frame in the right upper corner is well placed and helps the composition considerably. On the whole this is a most satisfactory print. It seems, however, to show American influence and it is not quite as original as most of Dührkoop's work.

The group of the three children is too full of detail to suit me. There is a decided lack of composition in this picture. It is overcrowded and too diversified in interest. The poses of the children, each taken separately, are natural enough but the

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RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP: Lady in Riding Habit.

RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP: Study.

figures do not pull together. If the smallest girl had been left out entirely and the background treated in a more sketchy manner, the composition would be greatly improved. As it is, this picture falls short of Dührkoop's best efforts. Eickemeyer could easily beat him in this kind of work.

In the "Study," a lady in evening dress standing at a sort of studio window, we have a poster-like effect. It is produced principally by the straight lines of the window-frame, the silhouette-like treatment of the figure and the train of the dress disappearing in the lower right corner. Particularly note-worthy is the handling of the upper part of the figure. It is full of charming details, kept in such a low tone, however, that they are hardly noticed at the first glance. The Hamburg pictorialist seems to be specially fond of such low-toned effects, and I would find it difficult to mention anybody who could compete with him in this specialty. If the picture were changed into an upright by trimming it about an inch and a quarter at the left hand side (eliminating the suggestion of the side wall), the pictorial quality of the composition would be greatly enhanced. The length of the figure seems to call for it.

We now come to the three most beautiful prints of this collection. The portraits of an Old Lady, of the poet Froensen, and of a young girl are specimens of such excellent workmanship that every studio could well afford to be proud of them. They are exceedingly simple and unaffected as all good portraiture should be. The photographer tried for

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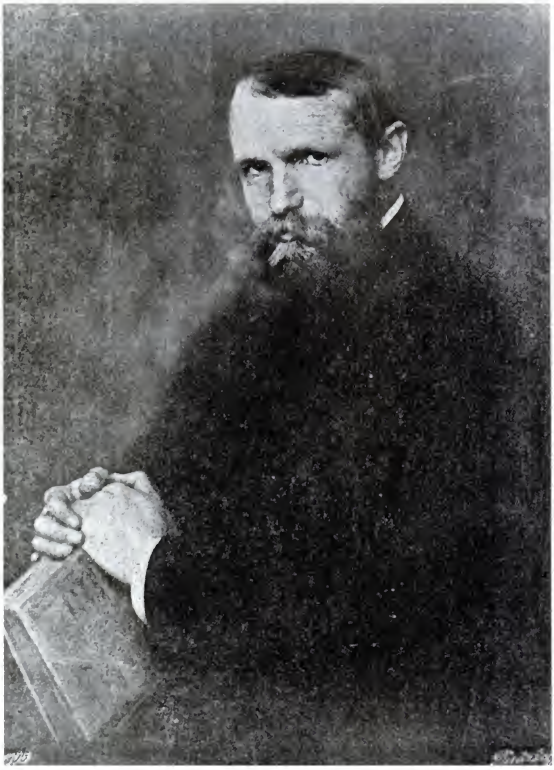

RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP: Portrait of the Poet Froensen.

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nothing but the salient characteristics of each sitter, and he succeeded in recording them. It would be difficult to say which of the three is the best one. They seem to be powerfully and rapidly improvised direct from nature.

How naturally the thoughtful old lady wrapped in meditation is seated. She truly conveys the idea that she was not posing. This is frank and sane portraiture without a trace of arrogance and striving for queer and quaint effects. It is inspired only by the spectacle of life as visible to his own eyes. It seems almost cruel to pick out minor faults in such an excellent print, and yet this is the critic's duty. I wish the photographer had not considered it necessary to accentuate the highlights of the hand on which the old woman's face is resting. The face does not need this contrast, and the form of the hand is not beautiful enough to warrant accentuation. The highlights in the lace cap would have proved sufficient to throw the face into relief. Otherwise, the picture is perfect, unless somebody should find fault with the three perpendicular folds in the background.

The portrait of the poet is equally successful, perhaps even more so. However hard I might try, I would find it difficult to criticize anything in this print. There is nothing to criticize. The simple arrangement, the pose of the thoughtful face, the masterly treatment of the hands resting so naturally on the book, the elimination of all unnecessary details, the quality of the background, are all above fault finding; and it is really a critic's greatest pleasure to find something where argument becomes unnecessary. A pity that it occurs so seldom.

There is something, however, in this print that demands special consideration. You will notice that the strongest highlight, the tone nearest to white (as in the majority of Dührkoop's pictures) is not in the face but on the collar and cuff. It proves the fallacy of the general opinion (Poore's,[5] Bement's,[6] Beck's[7] and Dundas Todd's[8] included) that the highest light effects must be concentrated on the face, in order to make it stand out. Garo's and Pirie MacDonald's theories are well enough—for them, but they are only one solution of the problem of lighting a face. The Dührkoop method is a much subtler one and well worth analysis and experiments under the skylight. The expression of a face handled in a gradation of middle tints is much finer than one produced by big chalky splotches on forehead and nose.

In the "Portrait of a Young Girl" we have a peculiar top light effect which strikes neither forehead nor chin, but only a part of the eyebrow, the cheek bone, and one side of the nose, and of the upper and lower lip. Dührkoop apparently searches continually for new light effects. They give variety to his prints and in this instance give a

RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP: Portrait of a Young Girl.

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RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP: The Lovers.

special impression of vivacity to the typically German face of the young girl. In this picture, as in the "Lady in Riding Habit" and "The Lovers," the strongest highlights are to be found in the face, but in each instance they are treated in an unconventional, novel sort of a manner. He does not believe in any stereotyped method of picture construction. The prevailing tone of mushiness invented by gloom-imbued souls whose artistic feeling can find no other outlet than in the portrayal of dark vagaries and misty agonies, has also found its way to Germany. But no person of superior judgment like Dührkoop would apply this prepondering note of gloom to the depiction of a happy laughing child. Käsebier would. That is the difference.

In summing up the manifold merits of Rudolph Dührkoop as a portraitist, it seems that special stress should be laid upon his unconventionality of expression. Also following at times to some extent the tonal compositions of American pictorialists, he invariably produces work which is strongly marked by personal sentiment. He recognizes the great truth that the charm of a face does not necessarily lie in the accurate rendering of its features, but in the expression of those deeper and more subtle beauties by which nature appeals to the imagination. To him a portrait is not merely a record, not merely actuality, but the means by which he can give utterance to poetic sentiments and aspirations. He revels in the mysteries of light and shade—one of the greatest problems portraiture has to offer—and makes his prints sparkle with that delightful freshness which is one of the great charms of all good pictures.

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E. S. CURTIS

Photo-Historian

ALTHOUGH IT IS difficult to tell the whereabouts of E. S. Curtis at this moment, there is no doubt that he is just now the most talked-of person in photographic circles.

His publisher or manager, whoever that may be, seems to be engaged in a huge advertising campaign. Wild rumors are afloat that Pierpont Morgan is backing Curtis with immense sums. There is much talk about the forthcoming edition de luxe of *The North American Indian* in ten to twelve volumes, at three thousand dollars per copy; and President Roosevelt who, like the German Emperor, likes to have his say about everything has endorsed the work with a foreword.[1]

The publication of such a work which will contain 2200 photogravure illustrations (a third of which will be twelve by sixteen inches) is, of course, a stupendous undertaking. Some noise has to be made, in order to avoid too great a loss of invested money. But it is not particularly dignified. One would prefer to see less glamour and lime-light flare connected with a serious scientific publication, as this pretends to be.

I never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Curtis personally, but I have heard a good deal about him indirectly. A friend of mine, Albert L. Groll[2] the painter of "Arizona," has met him while photographing the Hopi Indians, and told me all about the photographer's field outfit and his curious way of working. There is no doubt that this man is sincere. His fifteen years of camplife devoted to the task prove it. He probably knows about the Indians as much as any other man alive, and seems to possess the faculties necessary for making valuable records of his knowledge and observations.

As the Indian Commissioner Francis E. Leupp says in the introduction: "*The North American Indian* will give a complete written description of every detail of the lives, customs, and folklore of every Indian tribe in the United States. All phases are pictured—the Indians in their environment, the types of the old and young, their primitive home structure, their handicrafts, their ceremonies, games, customs—with an object first to truth, then to art composition."

Truly a gigantic task. And I believe it is safe to say that the work will satisfy all expectations as far as truth is concerned. It will give a truthful record of the Indian race, and as an ethnological document will be invaluable.

Walt Whitman, in his prose writings, expressed more than once his regret at the ultimate fate and extinction of this wild and beautiful race. And although some authorities claim that "the Indian race is not dying out, and that some tribes are steadily increasing (as, for instance, the Cherokees, who adopt all who marry into their tribe)," one can hardly be very sanguine on that subject. I perfectly

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E. S. Curtis: Indians Riding, 1908. LC.

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E. S. Curtis: A Morning Chat, Acoma, 1904. LC.

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Above. E. S. CURTIS: Pueblo Zuni Girl.

Opposite page. E. S. CURTIS: A Desert Cahuilla Woman (Rosebelle Nombre of Torres-Martinez Reservation).

agree that Mr. Curtis' undertaking is one that can not easily be repeated. The red savage Indian is fast changing into a mere ordinary, uninteresting copy of the white race. And although opportunities for similar records may continue to exist for some years to come, there will probably be no other Curtis to do it. He is an enthusiast and has made it his life's work, and none of his occasional competitors will succeed in gathering a more valuable and complete accumulation of material.

Curtis is the pictorial historian of the Red Man, and he has done more in that respect than any painter has been able to do. And it was the camera that won out for him. A painter is apt to let his imagination run away with him. He is never to be relied upon for accuracy, and accuracy is what makes Curtis' records valuable to posterity. There is no making of pictures for pictures' sake; a Sioux must be a Sioux, an Apache an Apache. In fact every picture must be primarily an ethnographic record. Being photographs from life they show what exists and not what one in the artist's studio presumes might exist.

Of course, black and white reproduction has its drawbacks. "An Indian is only half an Indian without the blue-black hair and the brilliant eyes shining out of the wonderful dusky ochre and rose complexion." Also his paraphernalia, feathers and paint, etc., suffer greatly by monochrome depiction. Another serious objection is the photographic process itself. It cannot grasp ideal traits. It necessarily falls short in the highest characteristic representation, that which the painter can add by his thought. A photograph will never go beyond the record, and the more faithful the photograph is the truer this will be.

Pictures as George de Forrest Brush[3] has painted, notably his Indian plucking a water lily and his Indian in a canoe gazing at the flight of a wild swan overhead, will convey to posterity a finer conception of the aboriginal American than any photograph can ever do. And yet there is a question whether the Indian is really such a wonderfully

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inspiring subject for an artist. Despite their characteristic make-up, their primitive way of living, and their peculiar ceremonious rites they can hardly claim to be as picturesque as, for instance, the Arabian horsemen that Schreyer[4] paints. Their circlet of eagle feathers, necklaces of bear claws, headdresses of colored braid, blankets and drab buckskin leggings, hideous wooden masks and moccasins embroidered with glass beads are too gaudy, too loud to be truly pictorial. Everything has to be subdued, reduced in value, idealized, made more poetical, but also less real. All the painters who have tackled this subject, Wimar,[5] Shirlaw,[6] Gaul,[7] Cary,[8] Farny,[9] Deming,[10] Hamilton,[11] Latoix,[12] De Cost Smith,[13] Mosler,[14] etc., have had the same experience. The material was too uncouth for them; they either produced pictures that were a trifle awkward and prosaic, or idealizations that do not ring quite true.

In a black and white delineation harmony is much easier obtained. It is only necessary to transfer the record into a low tone; and it is this toned quality which Curtis applies in the majority of his pictures—and I fear artistically almost to his undoing. The majority of his pictures I have seen were all a trifle muddy. That of course is a fault of the handling and not of the process. The workmanship of the Curtis print could be improved upon and I do not agree with some of his lay critics that "he has created the most beautiful and artistic series of photographs that the world has ever known."

Not even as far as photographs of Indians are concerned. Some of the Käsebier and even Goldensky's Indian pictures are way ahead artistically.[15] But they are merely isolated examples. They do not count when one considers the aim and intrinsic value of Curtis's work. He has done what no other photographer has done. He is *the* photographer of Indians, and will live as such.

Much could be said, I suppose, about his methods as a photographer, and the adventures of his various canvas wagon journeys when he is "gunning with his camera," but as I am not familiar with either it

is best to leave it to others. He himself would probably prove the best narrator of his manifold experiences. The majority of his prints seem to be snapshot enlargements, no doubt the safest way to arrive at results.

The scope of his book is absolutely exhausting. The first volume treats of the Apaches, Jicarillas, and Navahoes. Volume two will cover the many tribes in Southwestern Arizona and in the Colorado, Gila, and Salt River valleys. The different Sioux tribes of North and South Dakota will come next in order, in volume three; and volume four will treat of the tribes of Eastern Montana. The fifth volume will depict the tribes of Western Montana and Idaho and the sixth the tribes of Eastern Washington.

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E. S. Curtis: Tonenli ("Water Sprinkler"), Navaho Rain God, 1904. LC.

Other volumes will take up the Mission Indians of Southern California, the aborigines of Northern California and Oregon, those on the Northern Pacific coast and Puget Sound, and the coast Indians of Alaska and the Pacific coast. One will be devoted to the Hopis and one to the other different Pueblo tribes. There probably will be a volume on the Seminoles of Florida, and Canada will have, without doubt, one volume which will practically be what might be called a treatise on the "Woods Indians." The final volumes will take up the tribes in the Oklahoma and Indian territory.

We will become acquainted with the tribes of the mountains and the plains. We will learn to know them as they hunt, as they travel, as they go about their various avocations on the march and in the camp. We will be introduced to their medicine men, sorcerers, and story tellers, their chiefs and warriors, their young men, squaws, and children. And we will not only see their vigorous outward existence, but catch glimpses of that strange spiritual life of theirs, their mythology, folklore, and religious ceremonies—whose innermost recesses were never fathomed by white men.

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PIRIE MACDONALD

Psychology in Portraiture

PORTRAITURE, AS IT is practised to-day, even when at its very best, is nothing but an aesthetic enjoyment for the few who like to see a personality delineated as another personality sees it. The pride and surprise of performance has become the predominant quality, and the note of psychology—the record of the inner life of man in contrast to outward appearance—is lacking.

The painter is too much absorbed in the individuality of brush-work, in the color-scheme and composition, in the effect, perchance, of some passing light, to give due attention to the delineation of character. Of course there are exceptions like Watts,[1] Lenbach[2] and Bastien-LePage,[3] who, all three in their own way, undertook to blend character with artistic qualities. But the technique of the painter is inseparable from the conception of his mind, and the stronger his personality is, the more active will his imagination be in the presence of an interesting sitter. He unconsciously will give his own interpretation to the features and forms before him, and the result will be a commentary on them rather than an accurate representation of the same.

Their medium of expression is a too elaborate one, the action of the hand too closely connected with activity of the brain that it could grasp objective phenomena; and the likeness they render

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is not likeness *per se*, but likeness as seen through a temperament. Many of the leading portrait-painters have realized this deficiency and tried to substitute for it a mechanical registration of facts. They have welcomed the camera as an obliging assistant to overcome the difficulties of actual structure.

Photography is the one medium of pictorial expression which records independently; only the selection of its subjects is under control, but what it is asked to represent, it represents mechanically. And it is one of those inexplicable cases of human shortsightedness that the artists of the camera have not recognized the fact that the originality of camera expression is dependent, no, stands or falls, with this one quality of independent registration. Instead of blindly imitating the formula of other arts, they should have recognized that their technical means were capable of a new style of expression.

For who can say what a portrait-painter might not accomplish, if he could devote his entire knowledge and all those qualities which constitute genius in a painter to the arrangement, investigation and full comprehension of his subject, leaving the labor of actual representation to a mechanical process of reproduction.

"But a photograph is so matter-of-fact, so bald in appearance!" will be the argument. True, it is matter-of-fact, and this is the sole reason why so many photographers lose themselves in imitative eclecticism, in the endeavor to substitute what their process is lacking. I am not so certain, however, about the baldness of effect. The technique of photography is becoming more fluent and flexible every day, and, barring color, it has a peculiar solidity of dark tints, a richness of tonal gradations, and a faculty to lose form in its background and environment which compares favorably with other graphic arts. If one approves an etched portrait, one has no ground to find fault with a photographic portrait.

The great difficulty at present is that so few men enter the profession who have the necessary faculty for its proper and successful manipulation. Not every man is an appreciator of character and facial expression and at the same time endowed with good taste, pictorial insight, and that peculiar patience which the scientific practice of photography demands. Pirie MacDonald is such an exception. He is a man of great intellectual resources, naturally endowed with good taste and a peculiar gift for his profession. He underwent a thorough academic training in order to become more conversant with the technical methods of art and the laws of composition. Few have carried the photographic art to such a pitch as MacDonald. He was a masterly technician from the start. From the time of his first successes at photographic expositions he was hailed, I believe, as a recruit of high value to the camp of artistic photography. He was already in possession of a style. Slowly his style gained in delicacy and assurance, in the faculty to render character in a straightforward, sympathetic manner. Then he became a master of light and shade, and added the poetry of atmosphere to his character delineation. Finally, he carried his style to the highest point by expressing those subtle emotions which might be called the psychological element in art.

His portraits, glanced over *en masse*, have all a certain virility and robustness in common; although at first glance there is a deceptive smoothness, resulting from a perfect technique, about them. His subjects are, of course, such as thousands might have to interpret; but how they reflect each human expression! He gives the exact translation of his thought about a person, without changing the actual resemblance. With him photography has become pure tact of vision.

Two of Pirie MacDonald's recent portraits, which it must have been a delight to interpret—I allude to those of General Chaffee and Russell Sage—show his conception of character. It is evident in the massive and erect head of the one and the arrangement of light which forms the setting of the slim, long face of the other. He enables us to see in the shrewd, wrinkled countenance of Russell

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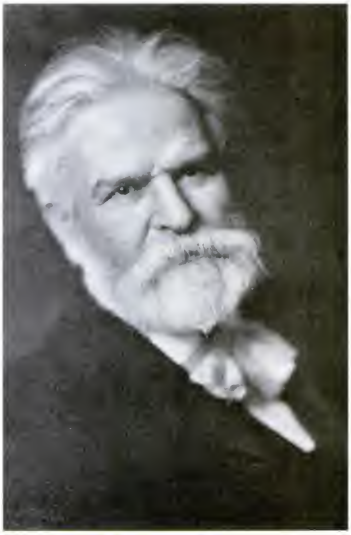
PIRIE MACDONALD: Portrait.



PIRIE MACDONALD: Edwin Markham.

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Sage all the power of concentrated thought and patient labor that is valuable in the man; and in the face of General Chaffee, he suggests squareness of form, indicative of firmness and manly vigor, by features and form that are perfectly round.

Another brilliant production is the portrait of Rev. Parkhurst. The well-known preacher and reformer is quite a picturesque character, and the photographer expressed it by a more pictorial arrangement. It is shown in the energetic twist of the head and in the usually strong contrasts between the light and shadowy parts. His keen and thoughtful and his absorbed and concentrated gaze gains a deeper significance by this treatment.

MacDonald's power of interpretation is also much in evidence in his portrait of Jacob Riis.[4] The sympathetic nature of Roosevelt's "best citizen," his faculty for observation and his frankness in expressing it, are apparent in the simple and genial facial expression.

And with what breadth of sympathy and keenness of insight has the photographer depicted the face of Marshall Field, a man of calculation, restless energy and rare organizing-power. The first impression MacDonald received when Mr. Field entered his studio was that of an officer who, with perfect ease of manner, is used to command large masses of people. "Why, he is the merchant-militant," suggested itself to the photographer's mind, and out of this idea he created the portrait which carries out the most familiar phase in Mr. Field's outward appearance.

MacDonald's activity has been confined almost exclusively to portraiture and, as he was attracted most by character, he has devoted himself in recent years exclusively to the portrayal of men. Laying particular stress upon the beauty of features and those parts of the face that express intellectuality and rare mental gifts, he concentrates all his light upon the eyes and forehead, while the failings and weaknesses of humanity are absorbed in the shadows. For the same reason he seldom attempts standing figures, but prefers the simplicity and

PIRIE MACDONALD: General Adna R. Chaffee.

directness of the bust portrait without any embellishments and accessories. MacDonald simplifies, but simplifies with taste and unerring precision. What big, sweeping masses of light and shade, and what a shimmer of light upon the faces! He is not imitating the chiaroscuro scheme of any painter or school, but has invented his own method.

My admiration for this distinguished work is such that I am perhaps in danger of overstating its merits; but it is worth taking into account that to-day, after several years of acquaintance with it, its merits seem more and more to justify enthusiasm. His photographs have the sign of portraits of the first order, and their style alone—I can't call it

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PIRIE MACDONALD: Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.

PIRIE MACDONALD: Jacob Riis.

otherwise—would save them if everything else should change: our measure of the value of resemblance, their expression of character, and the particular association they evoke.

The gift that he possesses he possesses completely—the immediate perception of the final result and the means he can employ. Putting aside the question of the subject (and to a great portrait a common sitter will doubtless not always conduce), the highest result is achieved when to the element of quick perception a certain faculty of lingering reflection is added. I use this term for lack of a better; I mean the quality which enables the artist to see deep into a subject, to absorb it, to discover in it new things that are not on the surface of expression, and to become patient and almost reverent with it—thus elevating and humanizing the pictorial problem.

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BESSIE BUEHRMANN

Under the Influence of the Secession

I had gone to East Aurora for a vacation. I thought I would indulge for a change in Elbert Hubbard's[1] philosophy of sunshine, get interested in flowers, trees and Roycroft products, and forget for a while all about art and photography. But somehow one can't escape one's destiny. There was a whole congregation of photographers assembled on the porch when I arrived. I had to face the artillery of their cameras more than half a dozen times during the next days and was inveigled into dissertations on art in photography at all hours of the day and night.

Among these enthusiastic craftsmen of the camera was a young lady, Miss Bessie Buehrmann of Chicago, whose work attracted my attention. I had never heard of her, but there was something about her prints which fascinated me. The liberal size, the quality of the material, the way of mounting, the blurred effect, the pictorial notes and tonal arrangement in the composition of the portraits—all betrayed the Secession influence. There is something in the way in which she poses people, or rather in the way in which she lets her sitters pose themselves, which reminds of Eva Watson Schütze,[2] and the general effect particularly of the bust portraits shows all the ear marks of Coburn's masterly technique. And true enough Miss Buehrmann told me that she had worked with Eva Watson Schütze, that she knew Stieglitz, and admired Coburn's style of portraiture above all others. She had only recently returned from a trip to Europe, and was familiar with the pictorial work on both continents.

A good basis to start work upon. Of course one can hardly expect that Miss Buehrmann at the age of twenty-one is a full-fledged artistic personality. But there is no gainsaying that her work has distinction, and that it is particularly interesting to the critic as it represents in a way a further development of the Secessionist movement. Until now, when we came across a "Secession" print, it was one by the regular workers who had grown up in the rank and file of the Secessionists. The movement in itself is only a few years old, and there was no time as yet to bring to light a younger generation of Secessionists. There were followers and sympathisers and imitators galore, but no younger photographers who developed directly under the influence of the movement.

Miss Buehrmann is no Secessionist, and as far as I know no candidate at present, yet it is well nigh impossible to classify her work in any other way than I have done. Her work is at present exceedingly uneven. At times it is perfectly satisfactory, at others, decidedly open to criticism. There is as yet no mathematical precision about it. I heard somebody criticize her work to the effect that it was strictly accidental. I beg to differ. Her portraiture

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may be bad in instances, but is never mediocre and, for that reason, possesses some notes of individuality which she alone can lend to it.

There are three kinds of pictorial photographers. The first class consists of those who have a premeditated conception of the subject they are going to take, and who master the medium of photography so perfectly that they are capable of translating the color and light values of life and nature with as much truth as is possible into monochrome. In other words, they know beforehand the result of the exposure, and they really need under favorable conditions not more than a single plate to produce a satisfactory picture. This is Stieglitz's ideal, but pictorialists who work in that manner can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The second class has numerous exponents. They still have the premeditated conception, but not enough of the technical ability to carry out their original plan to the letter, and so they expose half a dozen plates or more until they get something that resembles their first idea. The members of the third class have no premeditated conception, merely a vague idea of what they want. They rely on the inspiration of the moment, and as it is impossible for any person to be technically so well-equipped as to master all the various conditions of light, atmosphere, etc. (particularly so in home portraiture), the results, at least the larger percentage of them, are strictly experimental.

The majority of the better amateurs—and, sorry to state, also many of the Secessionists—work in that fashion. No wonder that a young photographer like Miss Buehrmann has not yet risen beyond the experimental stage, and yet she would not fare so badly in comparison with others.

When she took my portrait for the first time, she made five exposures. They were all failures. Even in the two better ones, the likeness was snapshotty and in no way typical. Then I told her what I wanted, a portrait that would go with a book, gotten up somewhat in Japanese fashion with margin, illustrations, etc. She made four more exposures in the open, against a background of shrubbery; three of them I never saw, but the fourth one was entirely satisfactory for the special purpose it was intended for. This I thought was doing fairly well, considering that Steichen made twenty-nine exposures of me to produce the portrait which appeared in "Camera Work" two or three years ago.[3]

Let us take a look at Miss Buehrman's portfolio and critically examine some of her best prints. The print entitled "An Artist" is solely taken for pictorial purposes. Why it is called "An Artist" I do not know, but the composition is quite original. The entire interest of the picture is concentrated in the upper left corner. The highlight on the shoulder,

BESSIE BUEHRMANN: An Artist.

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the dim reflection in the mirror with its oblique lines balanced by another slanting line of the curtain, are well managed. The values of the white gown (a trifle ill-fitting I fear) are soft and harmonious and fill the rest of the picture in a satisfactory manner. The lower left corner is perhaps a trifle too dark, but after all furnished a good note of contrast. Exceedingly clever is the management of the background to the right. Notice how the empty space is broken by the Japanese print on the wall and the line of the seat, with book and flower pot. There is nothing forced in the arrangement, everything is simple, and yet every object tells and helps towards the general harmony of the picture.

I also have very little fault to find with the portrait of Donald Robertson. The pose is unconventional, though natural, and it seems to be a good likeness. Even if one is unacquainted with the sitter, one can generally tell from the expression of the face whether there is any resemblance or not. The foreshortening of the right arm is a trifle careless; it looks too small in comparison with the other. The background is well handled, the dark mass on the left gives solidity to the picture, but I object to the spotty manipulation behind the head. It is the one false note in the composition. There could be of course stronger highlights in the face, but as the modeling of the feature is satisfactory, perhaps little could be gained by it. The Coburn style avoids strong accents, and although the print has very few Coburn characteristics, it after all strives for the softness of effect which he has introduced into portraiture.

The study head "Erna" is more ordinary. It is merely a pretty face taken in a conventional way. The hand is rather bad; it is awkwardly placed, and

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has lost all resemblance to human shape. The background is too monotonous. The best part is the silhouette of the head. The flesh tints are a trifle muddy, and the hair entirely too opaque. These however are minor shortcomings; on the whole it is a pleasing picture of the popular kind.

The "Portrait of Mme. Modjeska" comes very near being a masterpiece. I told Miss Buehrmann that her fame would be assured if she could make a dozen portraits as good as that. There is something in the management of the lines, in the distribution of light and shade, and in the sympathetic attitude of the aged actress (once the ideal "Rosalind" and "Viola" of the American stage) which gives this portrait a superior quality to the others. I do not know how much this may have to do with the sentiment that the beholder involuntarily adds to the pictorial qualities of the portrait. I only know that if a picture is capable of arousing even a particle of emotion which makes one forget or at least look less critically at the composition, it is superior portraiture. What we want is character, as artistically rendered as possible, and here we have both. Anybody who has ever seen Modjeska in the heydays of her triumphs must like this portrait. It tells its story.

One can hardly believe that the *decolletée* fur-beruffled lady in profile is meant for a portrait. It looks more like a whimsical fancy, a study in eccentricity. It is a space arrangement, cleverly handled. The dark mass of the hair (cut off at the top in the impressionistic manner) is well balanced by the flesh-tints of the shoulders and back. By making these a trifle lighter than the face, the eye, strange to say, is lead directly to the soft yet distinct outlines of the face. From the point of composition (although I do not approve of the heavy lines on the neck), this is the most interesting head I have yet seen by Miss Buehrmann. It shows that she is guided at all times by an exquisite taste. Whenever she fails it is lack of experience, and she could easily cover up that deficiency by merely showing her successful prints. One can also show good taste in the discrimination of one's own work.

Above. BESSIE BUEHRMANN: Portrait of Mme. Modjeska.

Opposite page right. BESSIE BUEHRMANN: Erna.

Opposite page left. BESSIE BUEHRMANN: Portrait of Donald Robertson.

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BESSIE BUEHRMANN: Portrait.

BESSIE BUEHRMANN: In a Paris Studio.

The last picture of our series, "In a Paris Studio," is another delightful composition. Apparently Miss Buehrmann favors arrangements in slanting lines. They break up the space better than horizontal and vertical ones, and adapt themselves more readily to picturesqueness of effect. The pose of the girl is a graceful one. She is slightly out of proportion, and the left arm looks entirely too long, but one hardly notices these shortcomings. The tonal arrangement as in most of her pictures envelops all details in an atmosphere of harmony, and the light coming from some unknown source (one of the greatest charms of home portraiture) accentuates the figure just enough to make it the principal object of interest.

The accompanying reproductions need not be taken as a final test; they were selected because they show a fair average of a photographer's work, portraits far superior in conception and quality than she has produced hitherto. I shall look forward to her work with interest and curiosity, and if I have induced my readers to share my feelings, I shall have realized my expectations to the full.

—1907

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MEREDITH JANVIER

With a Rush

HERE WE HAVE a man who is neither to hold nor to bind. He is the most energetic, "go-ahead" man in the business. He has made up his mind to get to the top and he will get there by sheer nerve and pluck. He is almost there now, and yet a few years ago he was absolutely unknown to the profession. He was an amateur who exhibited at the Philadelphia Salon, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and at the Linked Ring, London.[1]

And now look at his record. He himself has furnished the data:

1900	Began as amateur.
1900–1902	Amateur work—all classes.
1903 (July)	Began a one-man's studio.
1904	Began home and studio portraiture.
	Hired one woman assistant.
1905	Hired one man assistant.
1906	Hired one more man and one more woman assistant.
1907	Hired one more man assistant. Rebuilt studio (entire four-story house). Made trip to Europe on money made after the first four years.

This is doing fairly well. Plugging away, building up his business steadily, step by step; from a one-man plant with one room for studio and work-room, to nine rooms and five selected assistants within four years. Very few men could repeat this feat; to take up a profession in that short span of time, own a place to work in, and top the fourth year's close by a trip to Europe, having made the money out of his business in competition with the best men in America. It seems to become the fashion for successful photographers to summer in Europe. It is meant to convey to the outsider a certain air of prosperity, but as going abroad is (or at least comparatively) cheaper than staying here, I do not attach so very much importance to it.

The Janvier studio is a quaint and old building—built, some say, as early as 1812. Its decorations were, many of them, made by Mr. Janvier's own hands. Thus, in some cases, if the artist could not secure in the shops just the right sort of an Indian mask or the totem pole he wanted, he carved them himself. He also made many of the frames in which his portraits are shown, and he always asks his sitters to allow him to select the frames for their portraits, so that a good print may not be ruined by its surroundings.

The studio proper is quite different from the ordinary gallery. It has no skylight and there are no painted backgrounds, no iron headrests, and none of the regulation accessories in sight. Large, single slanting side-light (facing north) with top skylight connected (à la Notman[2] of 1879), side windows

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MEREDITH JANVIER: Portrait Study.

eight feet up from the floor at each end, and green burlap in place of wall paper. On entering the room it seems to be almost empty. There are two of the King light controllers—a rotary dais, and, of course, a camera. There is a movable frame, too, with which he can utilize dark, gray, or white backgrounds. The new studio opens where a section of wall was removed into the old room, a part of the house proper. A cozy fire is burning in the open grate. The walls are covered with old arms, paintings, and engravings; and some bits of unique furniture make the room attractive.

Personally, the photographer is quite interesting. He has a fine, sensitive face allied to a stalwart person. He is a short man, possibly not more than five feet eight inches tall. In his studio he wears a gray Norfolk jacket, but it is not of velvet, and his hair is not long, for which his admirers praise the saints. His manners are easy and very cordial; he says he is a man without nerves and he looks it. It might be added that he was eight years a lawyer; his butting up against all kinds of people has made him a good "mixer." He is never off his guard and handles conversation "like a Jap juggling tennis balls" (these are his own words). And really the best way to get an idea of the man and his method is to let him explain things.

"The average man," he may tell you, "comes into the studio and throws himself down in a chair and says: 'Take my photograph as soon as you can, please. I don't want it, but my wife does, and I suppose I will have to humor her.' He is a good subject. He will walk away forgetting all about himself, and I will snap him for one of his best

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Meredith Janvier: Dr. Jacobi, New York.

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MEREDITH JANVIER: Mother and Child.

expressions, and the picture will be a great success, and so pronounced by his friends. This is the average man. There is another class which is as particular about the folds of its coats and the sets of its cravats as a woman could possibly be about her gown. I leave it to you to determine whether it is above or below the average. A third class is much more fastidious than women and is very troublesome. There is only one rule to observe in taking the portrait of a woman, and that is one of the English school of artists—to flatter, flatter, and flatter. As a rule, pretty women take ugly photographs and homely women usually take pretty ones."

"My object in taking a photograph is to catch my subject while he is in repose, of course, but with as alert and forceful an expression on his face as possible. In order that I may do this I bring him into the studio, if he is going to have his likeness taken here, and ask him to sit down. I have the camera here in the only dark corner of the room, as you see. Then I begin to talk with my sitter, having first ascertained that his chair is properly focused. When he is interested I say suddenly, 'When did you say you were going to Washington?' or something of the sort. Of course, he hasn't said he was going to Washington, and so when he looks up, surprised, and eager to correct my false impression, I snap him. During the course of our conversation I ask something else which calls forth another good expression, and I snap that. Thus I have two negatives, one of which, at least, will probably be good. After this I pose my subject and try to get one or more of him as he sits more artistically posed."

Like Mr. Stieglitz in New York, Mr. Janvier in Baltimore enjoys the reputation of being a splendid lunch entertainer and of dining his sitters first before he snaps them.

"Come about lunch time," he will say, "and take the whole course—lunch, a talk, and be photographed. Thus will you learn much more about my methods than I can possibly tell you. You know," he will furthermore explain to you, "it was a rule of Sir Joshua Reynolds never to paint a subject until he had dined with him, and I do like to have a long talk with my people and a chance to study them before I place them in front of the camera. I am not an artist. I could not in a hundred years sit down here and paint a portrait of anyone, and I have not the patience to paint it if I could; but I hope I am artistic. One reason I like the camera is because it gives quick results. You can see what you have done before you have time to cool off. You have results before discouragement comes. There are lots of discouragements in the work you know. It is a discouragement in a way to find that you got as good a picture the first week you began this work as you can the fourth year after you have been in the profession. And yet an accident of this sort often happens, and it brings a shade of discouragement with it. In this, as in everything else, one likes to feel that he has progressed. But there is so much that is delightful about photographic portraiture that it is

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idle and foolish to dwell on the occasional bad moments one has."

I have not yet said anything about his work. I have seen portraits by him of all kinds—low key, high key, and a conversative of lines. His tones and gradations are at times very soft and delicate. For a time he made a specialty of carbons transferred on porcelain and canvas, and of enlarged negative work, head studies of children half life-size, along artistic lines. I will refrain from further criticism. I do not know whether I would patronize him; I might and I might not. Certain it is that he charges as much for his work as anybody in the business. It is not his work I am particularly interested in. In this instance it is the man.

I admire him for his determination, for his ambition, and for his ability to deliver such goods as to make him successful. He ferrets things out for himself; he does not need conventions, he teaches himself; he is ever on the alert, picks up things here and there, and experiments until he has put into practice what he wants and is in need of.

Every photographer in business could learn a lot from Meredith Janvier.

—1907

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F. BENEDICT HERZOG

A Master of Decorative Composition

THE NAME OF F. Benedict Herzog—absolutely unknown four years ago—has of late become fairly well known in photographic circles. He has received an unusual amount of publicity, and publicity that can not be sniffed at—an article in the *Century Magazine* being after all the highest literary appreciation a photographer, and for that matter also an artist, can get in this country.[1] Although his method, or rather his photographic technique, has been subject to severe criticism, the general trend of these articles is by far more laudatory than otherwise.

The "art gentlemen" who penned these appreciations seemed to realize that Herzog attempted something new, and that "story telling" in photography had never before been treated in such an ambitious and elaborate manner as, for instance, in his "Tale of Isolde," "Banks of Lethe," etc. They were not far from the truth, although their estimates on the whole lacked definiteness; they arrived at no conclusions, they failed to tell us in what particular phase of artistic endeavor Herzog excels, and why he, perhaps more than anybody else, has the right to call himself an exponent of "the higher photography."

I believe I was one of the first art writers who became acquainted with his work, and I was attracted by it from the very start, but somehow I had no opportunity until today to express my opinion about his work in print. I met Herzog for the first time about four years ago in the New York Camera Club. It was a chance meeting. I was introduced to him as a man who "was trying to do some new stunts," and soon after Herzog produced a wallet containing some hundred photographs of draped figures and nudes. I was astonished at the apparent ease with which he posed and draped figures. I did not remember of ever having encountered in painting, as well as in photography, a more decided talent for the handling of drapery as was revealed to me in those tattered proofs. And this criticism still holds good today.

As a photographic critic, with straight photography as an ideal, I of course am not in the position to fully endorse Herzog's departure. Even as Bernard Shaw did with Demachy[2] I have to do with Herzog and call him a traitor in the photographic camp. My objection is not so much to his method of arranging and bringing together various photographs, and by some intelligent means or other to build up a pictorial mosaic, but rather to his neglect of certain technical qualities which to me constitute the greatest charm of photography. The natural gradation of values, the principal characteristic of photographic texture, cannot be brought into perfect harmony with such "control and embellishment," no matter how cleverly it may be imparted. The means cannot be entirely concealed, and as

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F. Benedict Herzog: The Tale of Isolde. imp-geh.

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long as they are not concealed the photographic texture will suffer thereby. But this is an old story, and although there is no getting around it, it should not influence one's judgment of other accomplishments.

Herzog has probably realized as well as I have certain technical shortcomings in his work. But they seem small and unimportant to him, as he tries for other and perhaps bigger things. He conceives his pictorial visions as a master painter would, on a grand scale, in decorative friezes and panel compositions of several feet in length, built up of several groups. There are twenty to thirty or even more figures in some of his compositions. This is the new note he has added to pictorial photography. He has lifted it out of the ruck of one-figure composition, and proved beyond doubt that it lends itself to the display of higher constructive and creative qualities. This was Herzog's aim, and he could not accomplish it in any other way. Already Salomon,[3] in the seventies of the last century, and the ingenious Rejlander,[4] who combined thirty different negatives in his "Two Ways of Life" (1887), realized this, and Herzog is a true descendant of these two men. Only he reaches farther and attempts subject-matter from the fields of poetic romance and allegory which were far beyond the pale of combination printing.

Herzog, if I understand him rightly, does not so much wish to be ranked as a pictorial photographer (in the sense of Stieglitz and Steichen), but rather as an artist who uses photography solely as a medium for the expression of art problems and emotions. If that is his standpoint, of course he should be judged accordingly. A critic's business is largely to find out what a man is driving at and to convey his observations in a logical manner to the public. It may be difficult to classify Herzog for some time; but what of that? Innovations, no matter in what field of activity, are always difficult to classify. They arouse our curiosity, and we are apt to regard them as strange phenomena whose ultimate value we are unable to determine; time alone can do that. And so it will be with Herzog's work.

F. Benedict Herzog: Portrait of Alvin Langdon Coburn. IMP-GEH.

In the meanwhile let us admire what there is to admire, and there is much. First of all, I admire how he goes about his work. He does not believe in portfolio photography. Nearly all his finished prints are enlargements, some fourteen by twenty inches or more, and they are made with an idea of that size. They are story-telling pictures, but conceived for no other purpose than decorative embellishments. They are *objets d'art*, pure and simple.

Having looked at hundreds of them, again and again, during the last four years of our acquaintance, I must confess that they impress me as something very apart and praiseworthy. I have met many artists in my day, but I do not remember of ever having met an artist (and I refer to artists of high standing and superior skill) who had such a wide and intimate knowledge of drapery. Considering that Herzog sometimes makes forty to fifty

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F. BENEDICT HERZOG: Two Maids of St. Ives.

F. BENEDICT HERZOG: Angela. IMP-GEH.

exposures in an afternoon—compositions of a never-ending variety and all of a fair average excellence—one can not help pronouncing this gift an extraordinary one. He is at home in all styles. No matter whether it is the crushed and crumpled drapery of the Pre-Raphaelites, the pompous style of the Venetians with its broad planes of shining velvet, or the pliable, soft, stunning effects of a Reynolds or a Gainsborough, he masters them all; and, although his imagination is haunted with the souvenirs of former, more-picturesque periods in the history of costume, he is invariably the interpreter of his own moods. His feeling for line is exceedingly fine, in detail as well as in the rhythm of long, sweeping curves, and is perhaps nowhere better expressed than in his management of hands and the twist he knows how to give to the neck and shoulders of his figures. In his big compositions he is at times a true poet; he has in his mind some vague idea, suggestive of some poetical sentiment, as, for instance, in his "Men Kiss and Ride Away," and he carries it out with rare sympathy and grace, and a perfect balance as far as lines and masses are concerned.

To be able to do this in photography is indeed a rare accomplishment, as all photographers who have entered upon the pictorial field well know from experience, and they will no doubt agree with Herzog's own words on these "photographic difficulties":

"To costume, pose, light, and arrange the bodies, draperies, hands, and faces of a group of even only two or three of the most adaptable and willing models; to watch until the end of the exposure every fold of the drapery, every changing shadow which may be cast at some undesired point as the

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models are moved tentatively; to study every movement of the head or expressive feature of the face or the nervous and often unconscious change in the fingers or hands of the nerve-strained models—all this furnishes an exercise in patience, invention, and concentration of faculties which I find about as good a test of what engineers call 'the maximum efficiency' as any task I have ever performed."

Herzog is by profession a civil engineer and inventor, and was also for some time engaged in art work, I believe as a poster painter, previous to his photographic exploitations; and I believe his success is largely due to this combination of scientific precision and artistic aspiration.

His decorative schemes are no productions of chance—he is too much a constructionist for that—they are carefully planned and patiently carried out, and he has at all times enough of the temperament and enthusiasm of an artist to lend grace and beauty to his original ideas.

Herzog has said a new word. He has widened the scope of pictorial photography and fashioned for himself an individual and personal mode of expression—and if that be not genius, it is at least a serviceable substitute, and we cannot but admire it.

—1907

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FREDERICK I. MONSEN

The Stamp of Reality

"AMERICAN INDIANS are undoubtedly pictorial and perhaps semi-picturesque," was Walter Shirlaw's[1] verdict about the possibilities of the American Indians as artistic material. This was after a western trip which he and Gilbert Gaul,[2] the battle painter, had made in the interest of the Indian Department. The verdict, over-exacting as it may seem, comes nearer to the truth than one may imagine at the first glance. The native tribes with their characteristic make-up, their wild way of living, and their peculiar ceremonial rites, contain for the artist all the elements of the pictorial; but even to the layman, they do not seem as picturesque as, for instance, the Arabian horsemen that Schreyer[3] paints.

The majority of our American painters, if they have given the subject any thought at all, apparently share Walter Shirlaw's opinion, as the number of those who have made the Indians their special genre is very limited. Among them we find the well-known names of C. Wimar,[4] W. Cary,[5] Farny,[6] E. W. Deming,[7] Gaspard Latoix,[8] Schreyvogel,[9] Frederick Remington,[10] De Cost Smith,[11] de Forrest Brush[12] (the last the most successful artistically of all, though not always archaeologically correct), and the latest recruit to this rank of artists, Louis Akin.[13] Of those painters who have handled the subject occasionally, Henry Mosler,[14] Shirlaw, Gaul, and Dodge[15] should be mentioned. Among the sculptors Bush-Brown[16] has made some busts of different Indian types and Cyrus Dallin[17] and Hermon MacNeil[18] several statues which are quite effective.

In photography the real Indian has been a less popular subject than one might expect and suppose. Of course any amount of amateurs have photographed an Indian, but there are few who have produced any notable achievements like Mrs. Käsebier, or Goldensky.

The trouble is that the subject is rather difficult to get at. The ordinary art school model will hardly do, except for artistic studies. Pictures of ethnological value, of the true Indian as he really is, leading a wild open-air life with all its curious customs and manners and strange spectacular ceremonies, are only accessible at the spot. To get satisfactory and comprehensive results, one must live years and years among the various tribes, just as Monsen has done.

Monsen is a serious photographer who photographs with a purpose. He has made the southwest his specialty. His observation has been long and thorough. He has studied attentively every phase and detail of America's Wonderland, during eighteen years of extensive travels and long sojourns in Mexico, New Mexico, and Hopi Land, the Land of the Navaho, and the mountains of California. He has followed the trail of the Spanish pioneers that

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FREDERICK I. MONSEN: The Edge of the Cliff.

leads from the city of Mexico to the villages of Pueblo Indians; he has lingered among the picturesque old churches of Mexico, and camped out in the ancient habitations of the Cliff Dwellers. He has tramped through Death Valley and explored the Colorado River and the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

A collection of more than three thousand photographs; numerous note books filled with valuable observations; a dozen lectures or more, illustrated by colored transparencies, panoramic motion and transition pictures; and animated pictures of aboriginal sports and dances are the splendid results of Monsen's extraordinary gift of exploration and pictorial representation. Each part of this country, and each tribe has its peculiarities, and this photographer succeeds in showing us their characteristic features, and manages to tell us in pictorial representations how little these people of the desert have been changed by the influences of the world around. Being as successful in landscape as in figure subjects, his work has a double interest.

The Kodak always gets nearer to this sort of subject than the painter's brush. Of course a painting has its own beautiful value, as a fragment of nature, but it does not really make us acquainted with the characteristics of the depicted scene, which may exist more in the imagination of the painter than in reality. If we get interested in far away countries of such vastness and beauty as the southwest, we want to become acquainted with its topographical peculiarities, the structure of the barren plateaus and gorges, the scant vegetation of the desert, and the life of the strange people in the reservations. Paintings rarely give us this information. Look for instance at the paintings of Arizona, by A. L. Groll[19] and F. Lungren.[20] The former draws the sky lines so very low that the depicted scene occupies one-fourth of the canvas, while the rest is all sky and rolling clouds. The other draws the sky line so high that three-quarters of the picture is devoted to the depiction of the desert with a mere strip of sky at the far horizon. Both try to express the immensity and desolation of the

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country, but at the same time sacrifice the actual material to their individual conception of the esthetic possibilities of the subject.

Monsen is proud to give us facts; true enough facts that are rendered as artistically as possible—but they are after all pre-eminently records that give us the desired information in a pleasant and interesting manner. Some of his photographs are strikingly pictorial, as for instance the young Mexican girl stooping down to fill a water jug, or "The Edge of the Cliff," a group of Hopi children looking down from some sunburnt rock to the plain below. But he never forgets that instruction is their principal aim and object. Though an enthusiast, he never allows his enthusiasm to mar his judgment. His pictures are excellent specimens of clear straight photography. His sympathies are not with the Secession method which sacrifices everything to clever decorative use and arrangement. He is as a matter of course a realist and likes to take his subjects with their natural incident and interests. The distribution of light is particularly fine. They are always to the point, *i.e.*, they tell their story in a simple straightforward manner.

Not unlike most photographers who wish to obtain descriptive result, Monsen has had the experience that a large camera and plates of the same size as the finished picture seldom produce atmosphere, perspective, or unconventionality of pose. Monsen began to work in the early days of the dry plate when every subject had to be posed and focused. The pictures somehow lacked naturalness and convincing local color, but gradually as Kodak and films reached their present state of perfection, Monsen was able to realize his long cherished ambition—to reproduce the unconscious expression of pose and character, results that were impossible by the old method of using plates.[21]

Monsen's particular method of working is to carry three Kodaks of small size which fit in cases without covers that are slung to a belt around his waist, so they are ready for use by a single turn of his hand; long practice in focusing has made it possible for him to get the unobtrusive desired snapshots

FREDERICK I. MONSEN: At the Well—Hopi Land.

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Above. Frederick I. Monsen: Untitled. Courtesy of the Museum of Photography, University of California, Riverside.

Opposite page. Frederick I. Monsen: Untitled Portrait of Indian Children. Courtesy of the Museum of Photography, University of California, Riverside.

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almost by instinct, "as an expert rifleman will hit the target when firing from the hip." His subjects seldom knew when they are photographed. They are not on dress parade or posing for costume picture, but are presented just as they are with all their individual characteristics. Some of the figure compositions look a trifle overcrowded, but as they were taken for the special purpose of being thrown upon the canvas, this is a virtue not a shortcoming. A cartridge film picture must be sharp and full of interesting details. The enlargement will mellow the effect, soften the outlines, diffuse the light and deepen the shadows, and convey to the print as well as the slide the feeling of distance and sunshine, of atmosphere and color.

Visiting an exhibition of Frederick Monsen's photographs, one realizes that he has accomplished his task of producing "the most complete ethnographic series of pictures of Indian life and manners of Southwestern United States." He has dealt effectively with the vast subject, so suggestive and so full of the deepest interest. His work bears the unmistakable imprint of sincerity and practical utility. His collection appeals not only to the traveler and student of foreign parts of the world, but also to the general public whose interest in the American Indians with their ancestral manners and ceremonies has been greatly on the increase in recent years.

Every print of this collection bears the stamp of reality, and long after the tribal communities will have passed from their native conditions, these pictures will serve to call back to every true lover of the human race, the noble figure of the American Indian.

In Frederick Monsen we possess an indefatigable draftsman of the camera who has not been spoiled by successes already achieved, and who continues to devote infinite patience and a rare fund of knowledge to the laudable employment of registering for future generations the aspects of a vanishing race.

—1909

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ARNOLD GENTHE

A Photographer of Japan

THAT JAPAN IS a land of poetry is evident to all who, seeking below the outward appearance of things Japanese as stray to this country, probe into the heart of them. The simple designs of flowers and birds that decorate our screens or porcelain ware, or illuminate with a few flashing touches the dainty folding fan, are oftentimes reminiscent of some vague poetical thought, of some pleasant emotion or happy inspiration.

But the real Japan, its temples and bridges, its cherry trees and ancient statuary, its mountains and picturesque population, is to most people but a sealed book; the student of sights and scenes longs in vain for a magic key to unlock the treasures, the soft contours, and subtler suggestions of her scenic beauty. The solitary instances of adequate artistic depiction—beyond examples of ordinary view photography, exquisite as they are at times—have only whetted our appetite for more, and the work of Dr. Arnold Genthe of San Francisco, which we have now under view, is therefore especially welcome.

Direct products of snapshot photography, with a rare command of pictorial possibilities, Genthe has presented us with a number of original prints, all of which are of interest and some of great beauty. One thing that is very evident in these pictures is the manner in which the photographer has given free rein to his imagination in selecting his subject. For this type of photography there are rules prescribed

ARNOLD GENTHE: Statue—Hakone Road.

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by custom and long usage, fixed conventions which are held to be good enough to guide the camera worker, simply because they have served his predecessors for many years. He is supposed to confine himself to recognized formalities, and in a large number of instances he is not, it must be admitted, any too anxious to put himself to the trouble of seeking out new forms of expression.

For one thing, those people which may put his interpretations to practical usage are quite disposed to be satisfied with the sort of work to which they are accustomed, and ask only that the work he gives them should be executed with sufficient skill. For another, the repetition of old ideas with, perhaps, some slight modifications which will pass as new readings of the unfamiliar stories, is easier to manage and imposes no task upon his inventive capacities. Only the conscientious artist who finds pleasure in thinking out things for himself and rebels against stereotype modes of expression would exert himself to do for his own satisfaction what the general public does not specially demand of him.

Dr. Genthe undertook the trip as a recreation; he tramped and "jinrickisha'd" all over the islands. Many a mechanical or technical problem—caused partly by the climatic conditions and partly by unforeseen difficulties of travel in a foreign land—had to be overcome. But nowhere can he be said to have failed to show himself equal to the task which was calculated to test him severely, and his success is all the greater because it has been attained under

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conditions which might well have excused many deficiencies.

What is most remarkable in these pictures is that the most interesting qualities emanate from Genthe himself.

He is first of all a master of composition who seeks and finds in scenes, landscapes, of figure groups, special opportunities for carrying to completion a logical design. About the pattern of each of his pictures he greatly concerns himself; he adjusts lines and harmonizes forms by selecting the most favorable viewpoint, and he plans his light and dark grays with the closest consideration for its balance, not only of area but of degree. As a consequence his work has definitely the charm and suavity and repose; it bears the stamp of scholarly consideration and matured judgment, and there is in its restraint evidence that he has mastered the most perplexing of artistic problems, how to use his material to the best advantage.

A motive, which pictorially may be without any special significance, can become valuable by emphasizing certain natural subtleties of local values or illumination which are in themselves worthy of being studied and recorded. And Genthe's intention is always to visualize a mood or sentiment, to present a scene which has impressed him in its entirety as being beautiful and photographable.

We recognize this characteristic particularly in his pictures of Japan. Here, one feels, is not only a faithful rendering of the scenes depicted, but an insight into the more subtle charms of their peculiar beauty. The series of Japan is, perhaps, the more interesting partly because the artist was exploiting a country which has not hitherto been much interpreted by American amateurs, but principally because the softer and more subdued tones were more in harmony with his natural leaning towards "atmospheric" composition and he could be more entirely himself.

One of the best pictures of the series is the one reproduced here, "Fuji from Hakone," a strong and simple composition, showing delightful freedom in the handling of forms, combined with rich and

Above. ARNOLD GENTHE: Cave Temple—Northern Japan.

Opposite page. ARNOLD GENTHE: Japanese Shop Front.

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ARNOLD GENTHE: Little Nursemaid.

sober tones. Hardly less successful are his "Japanese Shop Front,"—a delightful study of Eastern physiognomies—and his Jigo statue, which well display the artist's facility of adding a human or sentimental interest to inanimate objects.

In most instances, however, he takes more pains to arrive at unity of effect than to tell a story or to illustrate an episode in which the people he photographs might be supposed to be concerned. His love of picturesqueness is the dominant factor in his art, and it influences him as much in his treatment as in his choice of subjects. He aims at recording the life he sees about him, but he aims also at recording it with its right sentiment, its right atmosphere, and above all with its true balance of essentials.

The pictorialism in which he believes is neither half-hearted nor one-sided; it influences every stage of his practice as nearly as it determines his point of view and controls the manner of his observation. Indeed not many photographers who depict figures in combination with landscapes strive so consistently to keep all parts in their pictures in strictly correct relation, and not many attain to such thorough mastery over subtleties of representation.

Genthe is as free from conventions of observation as he is from tricks of handling, and he allows no mannerism to cramp the freedom or to sap the vitality of his representation. Breadth and reticence are among the chief characteristics of his work, but they come from perfect adjustment of complex details, and from singularly skillful use of the material which nature makes available. He sees things in a big way, in a few large and impressive facts, but he is fully conscious of the small matters as well, and quite ready to give them the place that is due to them.

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ARNOLD GENTHE: A Japanese Family.

Concerning his powers as an executant there is this to be said, that he has a thorough command over the mechanism of his machine, that he is an expert in the process of bromide enlargement, and that he possesses a sense of values and tones that is quite unusual. His use of materials is always skillful and always free from trickery; he affects neither painter-like freedom nor minute precision of handling; his prints lack finish but they are executed in a simple, broad and direct fashion, with a touch that is flexible and full of meaning. His technique is that of the ideal recorder, the photographic illustrator *par excellence* who knows what he wants to do and how it should be done, and who is so far sure of himself that he has no desire to imitate the executive devices of anyone else. He photographs, in a word, with an individuality that is much to be commended in the present day, when pictorialists are far too apt to follow fashions and to work in the manner introduced by this or that school.

As an instance of the sensitiveness of his line and space composition, his "Fuji from Hakone" and "Cave Temple, Northern Japan" are well worth studying; and as an illustration of the sincere appreciation of form and graceful contours his "Japanese Family" and "Little Nursemaid" are not less deserving of consideration.

Some of the prints of his "Japanese Series" have made their appearance in public from time to time in magazines and at various exhibitions in London, Dresden, and the Secession, but the number of works thus exhibited are few compared with the entire number he executed. The examples now reproduced have been selected from a large accumulation with the idea of showing his versatility and various styles of interpretation.

—1910

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MAUDE WILSON

Poet of Sunshine and Mist

SOFT GRAY DAYS along the coast, lone tracts of duneland basking in shimmering sunlight, scant vegetation straggling its way through the dry soil, mission-buildings with the play of light and shadow on the white walls, the surf among quaint rock-formations, the mist from the ocean rolling in among the hills, bare foregrounds with a few decorative weed-stalks, sunshine and mist, mist and moonlight—such is California, at least the California which Maude Wilson depicts.

Maude Wilson is a new name in the world of pictorialism. Her prints, hitherto, have escaped exploitation in the magazines. She is an alien to the Annual Salon, competitions and camera-club exhibitions; in fact, she had never exhibited. She has worked quietly for several years in a studio at Carmel-by-the-sea, doing professional portraiture for the transient tourists, and indulging in her leisure hours in view-photography. She endeavored to record the beauty of her native State in the way she saw it, what it meant to her; and there vague atmospheric versions and misty scenes gained so much recognition that the proceeds of a few years' work enabled her to make a study-trip to Europe.

On her return she may settle in the East and devote herself entirely to pictorial photography. This is about all there is to say about her biographically. She has developed under the influence of Genthe, and is like him an adherent of the snap-shot-and-enlargement school, but she went her way quite independently, and her work—however we may value it—shows strange subtleties of workmanship and a clean artistic aim.

Is it not strange that a talent like hers can grow up, unnoticed and unappreciated, right in our midst? Her indifference to ordinary photographic ways and honors may be the cause of it. Or is it the difficulty of reproducing and popularizing her poetic visions that reject all detail, and are as faint as "fleeting dreams"?

She is an extremist in elimination. She does not care for any subject-matter. She focuses upon the lyrical vein of things. A shiver of light in the eager morning air, a moon rising behind dew-drenched trees, a whitewashed wall where wavering lights and shadows come and go—impressions like these furnish the inspiration for her prints. And she succeeds in recording these impressions in such a manner that they produce in the beholder very much the same emotion as the author received from the original. She invented a technique of her own to produce these effects. She underexposes, the image is vague from the start, and from these thin negatives she enlarges up to portfolio size. The result is generally an extremely light (or middle-tint) tonality, an annihilation of all detail, contour and modeling, a process of reducing to two or three tones in which form is expressed in blurred shapes

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MAUDE WILSON: Mist From the Ocean.

and silhouettes. Her range of values is frequently limited to five per cent of what is possible in the medium. She frees her art-ideas from all the trammels of material flaws, but does not succeed in making her technique equally bold and free. Although her black and white palette possesses both tint and tone, it represents merely a limited phase of photographic expression.

Most of her *motifs* are uninteresting as far as grace of landscape is concerned. The lines are ineffective in themselves; there is no mastery of composition, no selection of a favorable view-point, no picturesqueness, even, merely an atmospheric mood; and with this mood of shimmering light-mist or spume, she clothes, like a magician, each scene of her selection with a touch of beauty. She sacrifices everything else—line, form, space-arrangement spotting, chiaroscuro, relief, highlights, contrast, suggestion of color. It is all obliterated. There is rarely a trace of it. She avoids all stronger accents. In her seashore-delineations she does not give broad generous sunlight, a sudden glow of pleasure, but rather a mystical veil of radiance that hovers calmly over the sandhills. Her "Surf at Point Lobos" reduced the frolicsome seas to dark indistinct shapes and large sweeps of foam in which all wave and rock structures are lost.

Pictorially her prints create no *illusion;* they are naught but haphazard fragments of nature that *suggest the feeling,* the inner law of beauty of the object shown. They are whimsical, like Whistler's lithographs; they have their shy suggestion, but naturally lack the seductive ease, the mental flavor which lend a special fascination to the painter's

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MAUDE WILSON: Among the Hills.

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MAUDE WILSON: Surf at Point Lobos.

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MAUDE WILSON: An Altar-Dresser—San Juan Capistrano.

work. A bromide enlargement cannot compete in textural qualities with a crayon lithograph, and a few gray touches do not prove sufficient to enliven a large area of white.

Elimination in photography is one of the qualities which may reflect the range and limit of the craftsman's thought, but there is also a limit to this elimination and it is easier reached than in the other graphic arts. Our nocturne painters, Dabo,[1] Wuerpel,[2] Lucas,[3] in their vague fashion of representing twilight and night—although they deal with juxtaposition of colors—never go as far as Maude Wilson. They still cling to a decided division of space. As soon as all line and suggestion of detail are lost, the planes lose their translucency, they become monotonous and not even the vibration of atmosphere (which is the saving grace in all of Maude Wilson's pictures) will prevent the texture from becoming flat, cold and motionless.

Even Maude Wilson is best in those pictures where she is least vague. Of course, there are differentiations. In one of her masterpieces, "Silence," there is actual palpitation, the tones melt into each other; while in her "Moonlight," a more popular rendition (and one which she does not herself fancy), we have the ordinary mellow sheen of a shining sea. No subtlety, no elusive changes, merely vividness of effect.

In "Silence" we feel the stillness of evening, the muffled pulsing vibration of light conquering darkness, and yet there is still a distinct suggestion of form, contrast, and the repetition of shapes in the branches which by their very parallelism of indistinctness produce the optical effect of tremor and wavering masses. I do not believe mood-representation can go any farther.

Maude Wilson, as we see her to-day, is not a versatile performer. She merely sings one song, but that one well. In her little way she has a new message to deliver, she has a style of her own—a rare thing to say!—a tempered technique and a convincing grace that will please amateurs and experts alike.

—1911

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J.E. MOCK

A Study in Backgrounds

One evening in Kodak town, I strayed to that old tavern—the Lafe Heidell Café, known for generations to all travelers as one of the gay landmarks of Rochester—and was astonished to be confronted not with the marble seat rotunda that has sheltered so many illustrious spirits, but with a few large genre-pictures of a monk that brought me straight back to the very beginning of pictorialism, when Dumont[1] shared the enviable reputation of an advanced amateur with Stieglitz, Eickemeyer and Bullard[2] of Philadelphia.

Dumont's story-telling pictures were perfection in a way. His "Clarinet-Player" has never been surpassed. But there were three factors in his success: first, the presence of an excellent actor-model in the person of the tavern-keeper, jovial Lafe; second, his own artistic appreciation combined with a genial enthusiasm for photography; and, third, the technical craftsmanship of J. Ernest Mock, who at that time had only an unpretentious gallery.

Mock was a serious student from the start. He was not only a good reliable technician, sensitive to all changes and improvements, but a lover of art with sufficient skill to make a vivid and interesting crayon-sketch. He had only one ambition—to get to the top of the ladder, to make portrait-photography as beautiful an expression of interpretation of character as possible, and so he studied composition as thoroughly, I believe, as any man in the profession. He has told me himself that he has re-read Beck's and Poore's books on composition,[3] as well as my humble efforts in that direction, three or four times. Mock was also a level-headed business-man, so the ladder-climbing after all came not so very difficult to him.

Mock's work has been familiar to me for nearly twenty years. He represented to me for many years the photographer's straining for "dramatic expression," as all I ever saw of him were strange concoctions of draped women, of tragic deportment, endeavoring to represent passion by the help of dagger and sinister facial expression. They were clever "stunts" at the best—exhibition pictures. And yet I recall one head of a woman (reproduced in *Photo-Era* years ago), dramatic in expression, with chin thrust upwards, treated in regard to drapery and background with the utmost simplicity which showed that it was in Mock to do a truly artistic thing.

Since then many years have passed and Mock to-day is known to the profession as a successful portraitist who has his own artistic notions—or principles if you prefer the term—and who pursues his path unabashed and with more genuine enthusiasm than most of his contemporaries are able to muster.

He has become known as a master of back-

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J. E. Mock: Lady Vere de Vere.

grounds.* He is the professed champion of backgrounds. It is his hobby (unless it were his beautiful country-home in Irondequoit) and he can talk background for hours at a stretch. Of course his Van Dyck-Gainsborough column and park-vista backgrounds are a trifle old-fashioned. But can anything that has ever made good in art in a big way really become old-fashioned? Does not my attitude arise either from my status of taste or my desire of novelty, as I have been too long in criticism and am tired of things that I am too well acquainted with?

Sir Joshua Reynolds said that the most difficult thing in a portrait was the background, and no doubt he meant the selection as well as treatment of it. What kind of a background can the modern portraitist select? It is either the plain background, the home-portraiture background, or the background suggested by the old masters. The plain background is rarely artistic, particularly so in photography, as it is too monotonous in texture and incapable of suggesting atmosphere except in some cases (when handled by a Carrière or a Whistler, for instance). The background of modern accessories is always too accidental, and it is difficult to make the interiors of most homes conform to esthetic and fundamental laws of background-composition. The background of the English portrait-school has made good. It may look a little out of place in this material world of ours, but it is, after all, reliable. If handled with skill, it always produces an effect, and the peculiar setting of the scene adds a certain poetic sentiment and charm that can be attained in no other manner.

Mock is versatile. He can express himself in many ways. The big head proves that. It is an excellent up-to-date space-composition. But is there a demand for this kind of work? Only a very limited one. The public clings tenaciously to the conventional and traditional. It may be induced

*The editors were unable to secure satisfactory copies of the photographs discussed as representative of Mock's best work in backgrounds.

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to patronize a—shall we call it—"photographic sketch," as of the boy. Although this is neither photography nor drawing, it may appeal as a novelty and something special. But in the ordinary portrait the public wants something that it understands, and it understands only such things as have become familiar through long usage.

Mock, knowing this, has endeavored to attain perfection within the very limitations of his medium of expression. He has experimented for many years. In the two full-length portraits the backgrounds are too elaborate. The one is a modern interior background, the other of the Gainsborough order. In the latter there are too many lines, and yet they display a rare knowledge of composition. The principal lines of the background radiate from the figure and balance each other. All the picture lacks is simplicity. The simpler a background is (one that suggests distance, space, perspective or atmosphere), the more difficult the test becomes.

Mock has made wonderful strides towards this frugality of expression. The two women holding roses—the seated bride and the full-face view of the woman with the necklace—are masterful in treatment. They are surpassed, however, by the portrait of the young girl leaning against a column. This is not far from being a masterpiece, and surely it is a masterpiece of Mock's career as a photographer.

Mock's backgrounds are all painted and specially composed. One may object to this method as a method; but no one can deny Mock's rare artistic discrimination. His figures all stand in space (outdoor-space at that), and they are correctly lighted—the rarest accomplishment in portrait-photography. Most photographers who apply this method introduce the background in a haphazard manner, merely for pictorial effect, and thereby commit the unpardonable blunder of having lighted the figure from one side and the accessories from another, or of having a strong light come from some "exit" in the background without influencing the outlines of the figures. Mock's pictures are all judiciously lighted; it is one source of light that is

J. E. Mock: H. Oliver Bodine.

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J. E. Mock: The Duet.

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J. E. Mock: A Convention Prize Winner, 1897.

carried triumphantly throughout the whole composition and which pervades the entire picture. Study the accompanying pictures and you will see that the light throughout is logical and masterful. There is the proper entrance and exit, combination of highlights just at the right place and a suggestion of receding distance.

Mock's art has many other distinguishing traits. I mention only his manipulation of drapery, and the ability to bring out a pleasing facial expression. He discovers in every face a beauty which the casual observer fails to see. But it is in the realm of backgrounds that Mock reigns preëminent, and where he soars far above even the most accomplished efforts of contemporary portraiture.

It has always been a characteristic of my criticisms to bring out the one quality in which a man excels—as an object-lesson to others, and that is what I have endeavored to do in this brief analysis. Mock has solved one of the most serious and difficult problems of portraiture in a popular yet superior manner; this should command the respect and admiration of every practitioner in the profession. The public is with him, and if his contemporaries appreciated his point of view and accomplishments and would themselves adopt his principles, they might have less reason for the everlasting complaints of slack seasons and nonpatronage.

—1913

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NOTES

FOREWORD

1. For additional discourse on the criticism of photography and Hartmann's aesthetics see: Kay Tucker, *The Educated Innocent Eye: Some Criteria for the Criticism of Photography* (Berkeley: The Image Circle, Inc., 1972).

2. *Camera Notes* 4 (Dec, 1903):183. The essay is published under Hartmann's pseudonym of Sidney Allan.

3. "A Few Reflections on Amateur and Artistic Photography," *Camera Notes* 2 (Oct. 1898):41.

4. Ibid.

5. Tucker, *The Educated Innocent Eye*, p. 7.

6. Representative of his least successful work is the piece signed Sidney Allan on "Scherril Schell, Portrait-Pictorialist," *Photo Era* 28 (Apr. 1912):141–145.

7. Hartmann's connections within the Stieglitz circle come to mind, but more indicative of his wide range of investigations are the several hundred essays written for the German language newspaper *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* between 1898 and 1902. A number of these pieces were translated by Hans-Peter Breuer of the University of Delaware for the *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter*.

EDITORS' INTRODUCTION

1. Thomas F. Barrow, "A Letter With Some Thoughts on Photography's Future," *Album* 6 (July 1970):3.

2. See Alexander S. Horr, "Sadakichi Hartmann as a Photographic Writer," *Photo-Beacon* 16 (Oct. 1904):308. The article incorrectly quotes "E. W. Stimson" rather than J. W. Stimson. Stimson was a contributor to Hartmann's magazine, *The Art Critic* (1893–94).

3. Benjamin De Casseres, "Five Portraits on Galvanized Iron," *American Mercury* 9 (Dec. 1926):398.

4. Ibid., pp. 397–98. To his disciple, De Casseres, Hartmann was a "Dionysiac welbbly," who was "Half God, half Hooligan, all artist." De Casseres describes one of Hartmann's drunken sprees: "Or Sadakichi doing his dervish dances at Joel's at 5 A.M., passing around the hat among the boozers, one of whom kicks the hat full of cash in the air, Sadakichi throwing a tableful of glasses in our faces. Unforgettable rough-house."

5. *Des Moines Register and Leader*, Oct. 5, 1906. Clipping in Hartmann scrapbook titled "Revelations" (Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside).

6. Jerome F. Mellquist, *The Emergence of an American Art* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1942), p. 232.

7. Ibid.

8. Barbara Rose, ed., *Readings in American Art Since 1900* (New York: Frederick A. Praeger, 1967), p. 50.

9. James Gibbons Huneker claimed to have been the first American writer to mention Gauguin, apparently in an American newspaper sometime after 1900, according to Oliver W. Larkin, *Art and Life in America* (New York: Rinehart & Co., Inc., 1940), p. 325. Hartmann, a naturalized American, appears to have precedence. He mentions Gauguin in passing among a group of French impressionist painters in his unsigned article, "Modern French Painting: An Art Historical Study (Unfinished)," *The Art Critic* 1 (Jan. 1894):29.

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10. See Hartmann's attack on "sur-realists [sic], abstractionists, and whatnots" in his *Strands and Ravelings of the Art Fabric* (Hollywood: Author's Edition, 1940), pp. 5–8.

11. James Gibbons Huneker, "Younger American Painters," *Camera Work*, No. 31 (July 1910), pp. 43–44; Sadakichi Hartmann, review in Huneker, "Younger American Painters," pp. 47–49.

12. Sadakichi Hartmann, "Structural Units," *Camera Work*, No. 36 (Oct. 1911), pp. 18–20.

13. Hartmann, review in Huneker, "Younger American Painters," p. 48.

14. Sadakichi Hartmann, "Through Semi-Japanese Eyes," *Camera Notes* 4 (July 1900):47.

15. W. M. Chase, "Foreword," in Sidney Allan, *Composition in Portraiture* (New York: Edward L. Wilson, 1909), p. 5.

16. Horr, "Sadakichi Hartmann as a Photographic Writer," p. 307.

17. Roland Rood, "The Three Factors in American Pictorial Photography," *The American Amateur Photographer* 16 (Aug. 1904):348. Rood repudiated the article *in toto* after publication, charging that the magazine's editor and Hartmann had made unwarranted alterations and additions without his permission (see "Letters to the Editor," *The American Amateur Photographer* 16 [Oct. 1904]:421). J. P. Chalmers, assistant editor of the magazine, replying in the same letters' column (pp. 421–22), assailed Rood's writing ability, denied Hartmann had any hand in the editing, and insisted numerous corrections were necessary to render the article in "readable English." He said the only addition was twenty lines at the end of the article about Curtis Bell and the newly-formed American Federation of Camera Clubs, designed to bring the essay up to date. Hartmann jumped into the dispute with a letter to *The Camera* 8 (Oct. 1904):403–404. He defended the editing of the article (which Chalmers had shown him in manuscript), charged Rood was an amateurish writer who needed blue penciling, and said he had been embarrassed by Rood's "puerile and sycophantic appreciation of my efforts in the photographic field." He admitted instigating the article, which suggests he was on friendly terms with Rood prior to publication. The ramifications of the quarrel are complex and an outgrowth of squabbles occurring at the time between partisans and opponents of Curtis Bell and his American Photographic Salon. Hartmann had joined the Bell faction, whereas Rood appears to have favored the Photo-Secession group. It seems doubtful if the section of the manuscript dealing with Hartmann was altered in any significant way by editing, since this would have then been the probable focus of Rood's attack.

18. Hartmann's claim that he discovered Frank Eugene is reinforced in a letter to Stieglitz, Sept. 2, 1904, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University. Berating Stieglitz for having been "abusive" to him after a Hartmann reading at Steichen's studio, Hartmann says: "It was a similar case as once with Eugene whom you call 'the sloppy fellow with the black finger nails, I don't want him to come to my house' until he revealed himself as a fairly good photographer."

19. Roland Rood, "The Three Factors in American Pictorial Photography," pp. 348–49.

20. Dennis Longwell, assistant curator of photography, Museum of Modern Art, is of the opinion that the amount of hatred generated between Hartmann and the younger critic was founded upon a genuine sense of betrayal, presupposing a "prior period of friendship and trust" (ltr. to Michael Elderman, Jan. 24, 1972). He notes that Rood in a 1906 letter to Stieglitz speaks of having been assisted by Hartmann in selling articles to the photographic press.

21. See the editorial tribute, "J. Wells Champney," *Camera Notes* 6 (Dec. 1903):196–97. The writer observes that Champney served for many years as Club Critic of the Camera Club, finally resigning "simply from the dread of hurting 'some one's' feelings."

22. Horr, "Sadakichi Hartmann as a Photographic Writer," p. 308.

23. The reference is to Paragot, Bohemian hero of William J. Locke's *The Beloved Vagabond* (London: John Lane Company, 1900). There is no basis to claims made repeatedly by Hartmann's friends that the popular best-seller was modeled on his life and character. Probably Hartmann encouraged this apocryphal story.

24. Edward Weston in Nancy Newhall, ed., *The Daybooks of Edward Weston: California* (New York: Horizon Press & George Eastman House, 1966), II, p. 60.

25. Tape-recorded interview by Harry Lawton of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Krasnow, Los Angeles, June 6, 1970.

26. Weston, *The Daybooks* p. 61.

27. Sadakichi Hartmann, "Black Butterflies," *Forum* 51 (Feb. 1914):299–304.

28. C. Sadakichi Hartmann, "My Autohiography," *The Theatre* 6 (July 1890):248.

29. Sadakichi Hartmann, "Uncle Ernst," Chap. 6, pp. 20–21 of the unfinished manuscript titled "Autobiography." Hartmann's copy is in the Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside. A

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second copy, formerly owned by Gene Fowler with marginal annotations in his own hand, is in the Special Collections, Library of the University of California, Riverside.

30. Sadakichi Hartmann, "Learning the Language of Sense Perception," Chap. 5, p. 10 of an unpublished manuscript, "Esthetic Verities." The original is in the Ridgeway Branch of the Library Company of Philadelphia. A copy is in the Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside.

31. Sadakichi Hartmann, *Conversations with Walt Whitman* (New York: E. P. Coby, 1895). See also George Knox and Harry Lawton (eds.), *The Whitman-Hartmann Controversy: Including Conversations with Walt Whitman and Other Essays* (Frankfurt: Lang, 1976).

32. Hartmann, "Learning the Language of Sense Perception," pp. 11–12.

33. Ibid., p. 12.

34. [Unsigned, untitled.] *The Weekly Review* 3 (18 March 1893):336.

35. "List of Artist Subscribers," *The Art Critic* 1 (Jan. 1894):42.

36. Sadakichi Hartmann, *Christ: A Dramatic Poem in Three Acts* (Boston: Privately Printed, 1893). (Reprinted in Sadakichi Hartmann, *Buddha, Confucius, Christ: Three Prophetic Plays*, ed. Harry Lawton and George Knox [New York: Herder and Herder, 1971].)

37. For an account of the short-lived life of the *Daily Tatler* see Carolyn Wells, *The Rest of My Life* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1937), pp. 174–175. See also her "Post-Mortem Statement," *The Chap-Book* 6 (1 Feb. 1897):251–52.

38. [Unsigned.] "The Death of Napoleon Sarony," *The Daily Tatler* 1 (11 Nov. 1896):4.

39. Sadakichi Hartmann, "The New York Camera Club," *Photographic Times* 32 (Feb. 1900):59.

40. See account of the merger in Robert Doty, *Photo-Secession: Photography as a Fine Art* (Rochester: The George Eastman House, 1960), pp. 17, 19. For an excellent early history of the Society of Amateur Photographers see F. C. Beach, "The Society of Amateur Photographers of New York," *American Amateur Photographer* 6 (Apr. 1895):157–69.

41. Sadatichi [sic] Hartmann, "Die Kunst-Photographie in ihrer Beziehung zur Malerei," *Sonntags-blatt der N.Y. Staats-Zeitung*, 30 Jan., 1898, p. 17, cols, 1–6.

42. Ibid.

43. *Camera Notes* 2 (April 1899):162.

44. Ibid., p. 178.

45. Hartmann, "The New York Camera Club," p. 60.

46. Ibid., p. 60.

47. Gorham Munson, "The Limbo of American Literature," *Broom* 2 (June 1922):252. Munson also writes on the same page; "Harte and Monahan and Sadakichi Hartmann will probably always remain in the limbo and be discovered only by the curious from time to time. Their talents lack momentum, but let us honor them for their level heads and true eyes and gallant spirits which, in a time of most confused provincialism, chose and fought on the intelligent side."

48. S. H., "Puritanism, Its Grandeur and Shame," *Camera Work*, No. 32 (Oct. 1910), p. 17. For a much earlier attack by Hartmann on Puritanism in America, see the unsigned column, "As You Like It," *The Weekly Review* 3 (15 April 1893):472–73.

49. Roger P. Hull, "The Stieglitz-Hartmann Letters: The Toy Balloonist and the Great Aerialist," *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter* 2 (Fall 1971):1–2, 4–7.

50. When Hartmann's prose poem, "White Chrysanthemums," originally published in *Camera Work* (Jan. 1904) reappeared in Hubbard's magazine, *The Fra* (April 1909), Stieglitz wrote to Hubbard providing a detailed explanation of the essay's history, stating that he felt "inclined to believe that Mr. Hartmann has probably sold you something which does not belong to him. . . ." Ltr., Stieglitz to Hubbard, May 3, 1909, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University Library.

51. See Robert Eugene Haines, "Image and Idea: The Literary Relationships of Alfred Stieglitz," Diss. Stanford University, 1967, pp. 65–66.

52. Ltr., Stieglitz to Hartmann, May 25, 1915, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University.

53. Sadakichi Hartmann, "An Art Critic's Estimate of Alfred Stieglitz," *Photographic Times* 30 (June 1898):259.

54. Sadakichi Hartmann, "A Walk Through the Exhibition of the Photographic Section of the American Institute," *Camera Notes* 2 (Jan. 1899):86–89.

55. Ibid., p. 88.

56. J. T. Keiley, "The Philadelphia Salon: Its Origin and Influence," *Camera Notes* 2 (Jan, 1899):125. Keiley specifically mentions a Hartmann pastel, "Poe's Cottage." A list kept by Hartmann of pastels sold or given away records Keiley

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purchasing this pastel for $15 in 1896 (Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside). Hartmann also gave pastels to Zaida Ben-Yūsuf, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr., and Paul B. Haviland.

57. Ltr., Hartmann to Stieglitz, undated, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University.

58. Sadakichi Hartmann, "The Broken Plates," *Camera Work*, No. 6 (April 1904), pp. 35–39.

59. Following Harris' death, Stieglitz selected the Hartmann portrait as an entry in the International Art Exhibition of 1901 in Glasgow. See "The American Pictorial Photographs for the International Art Exhibition in Glasgow," *Camera Notes* 4 (April 1901):275. This was possibly the earliest portrait of Hartmann by a prominent art photographer, and appears to have been taken in 1898. Cliff Wesselmann was a photographer for the *Los Angeles Examiner*.

60. Sadakichi Hartmann, "In Search of My Likeness," p. 1, unpublished essay. The typed original draft is in the Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, University of California, Riverside. Hartmann in this essay satirizes the many "pictorial transfigurations" of his face by photographers.

61. Ltr., Hartmann to Stieglitz, July 26, 1899, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University.

62. The address was reprinted in *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 42 (Sept. 1905):422–26; *Saint Louis and Canadian Photographer* 29 (Oct. 1905):452–58; and *The American Amateur Photographer* 17 (March 1905):469–75.

63. Sadakichi Hartmann, "Random Thoughts on Criticism," *Camera Notes* 3 (Jan. 1900):103.

64. A fuller account of Day's exhibition may be found in Doty, *Photo-Secession*, pp. 24–25. See also Beaumont Newhall, *The History of Photography From 1839 to the Present Day* (New York: The Museum of Modern Art & George Eastman House, 1964), p. 104.

65. Sadakichi Hartmann, "A Few Reflections on American Amateur and Artistic Photography," *British Journal of Photography* 45 (7 Oct. 1898):650–51.

66. [Unsigned.] "Plastic Psychological Syntheses at Russell Square," *British Journal of Photography* 47 (26 Oct. 1900):677–78.

67. Ibid.

68. Ibid., p. 678.

69. Frederick H. Evans, "To The Editors," in "The Exhibition of American Photography at Russell Square," *British Journal of Photography* 48 (2 Sept. 1900):702.

70. Sadakichi Hartmann, "The Photo-Secession Exhibition at the Carnegie Art Galleries, Pittsburgh, Pa., *Camera Work*, No. 6 (April 1903), p. 48.

71. Sadakichi Hartmann, "A Photographic Enquête," *Camera Notes* 5 (April 1902):233–38.

72. "An Apology," *Camera Work*, No. 1 (Jan. 1903), p. 15.

73. See Roger Hull, "Hartmann in Camera Work: A Bibliography," *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter* 1 (Fall 1970):1–3.

74. Roger Hull, "The Stieglitz-Hartmann Letters: The Toy Balloonist and the Great Aerialist," *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter* 2 (Fall 1971):5.

75. Sidney Allan, "The Value of the Apparently Meaningless and Inaccurate," *Camera Work*, No. 3 (July 1903), p. 17.

76. Sadakichi Hartmann, "Structural Units," *Camera Work*, No. 36 (Oct. 1911), pp. 18–20.

77. Hartmann, "The Esthetic Significance of the Motion Picture." *Camera Work*, No. 38 (April 1912), pp. 19–21.

78. Sidney Allan, "The 'Flat-Iron' Building—An Esthetical Dissertation," *Camera Work*, No. 4 (Oct. 1903), pp. 36–40.

79. Hartmann, "The Photo-Secession Exhibition at the Carnegie Art Galleries, Pittsburg, Pa.," p. 47.

80. Klingsor the Magician, "A Pilgrimage to the Secession Shrine at Pittsburgh," *Camera Work*, No. 6 (April 1904), pp. 54–56.

81. Sadakichi Hartmann, "The Salon Club and the First American Photographic Salon at New York," *American Amateur Photographer* 16 (July 1904):305.

82. Ltr., Hartmann to Stieglitz, undated (received Sept. 2, 1904), Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University.

83. Walter Zimmermann, "Another Letter to the Editor," *Camera Craft* 10 (April 1905):246–48. After the First American Salon, a controversy occurred in the photographic press over whether European exhibitors were promised that their work would be shown *hors de concours*. One of Hartmann's letters was published by *Camera Craft* on page 247, substantiating that such a promise was made. Zimmerman, first vice-president of the American Federation of Photographic Societies, stated in his letter that he and officers of the Salon could not read German and therefore were ignorant of any offer which Hartmann might have made in the invitations.

84. Ltr., Keiley to Stieglitz, undated, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University. Quoted at greater length in Doty, *Photo-Secession*, pp. 36–37.

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85. Juvenal, "Little Tin Gods on Wheels," *Photo-Beacon* 16 (Sept. 1904):282–86.

86. Alfred Stieglitz, "The 'First American Salon at New York'," *Camera Work*, No. 9 (Jan. 1905), pp. 50–52.

87. Newspaper clippings in Hartmann's scrapbook "Revelations" (Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside).

88. In a ltr. to Stieglitz, July 19, 1918, Hartmann writes from Homestead, San Mateo County: "Bruguière is coming to New York. Doing real good stuff at times. Otherwise photography out here (with the exception of a gum printer in Santa Barbara [Maude Wilson?]) is as dead as the true spirit of democracy." Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University. Hartmann's relationship with Bruguière is explored by James Enyeart, director of the Friends of Photography, Carmel, California, in a forthcoming monograph titled *Francis J. Bruguière* to be published by Alfred Knopf.

89. [Juan C. Abel] "National Convention Notes: Foremost Art Critic of Country Engaged to Give Public and Private Criticisms of Pictures at the National Convention." *Abel's Photographic Weekly* 10 (13 July 1912):32–34.

90. Ltr., Hartmann to Stieglitz, Aug. 22, 1908, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University.

91. Ltr., Hartmann to Stieglitz, Nov. 3, 1912, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University.

92. Ltr., Stieglitz to Hartmann, Dec. 22, 1911, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University. The first two sentences of this passage and two later sentences are quoted in Doty, *Photo-Secession*, p. 58.

93. Ltr., Hartmann to Stieglitz, Oct. 21, 1912, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University.

94. Hartmann, originally given the leading supporting role of the Chinese prince in Fairbank's film, suffered a severe asthmatic attack after three weeks of shooting, which he partly attributed to a costume weighing forty pounds. Fairbanks was forced to shoot around his role, reputedly at a cost of thousands of dollars. Letters between Fairbanks and Hartmann (Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside) support Sadakichi's illness, contrary to apocryphal accounts that he walked out to inconvenience Fairbanks. See Sadakichi Hartmann, "My Experience at the Fairbanks Studio," *Camera!* 6 (Feb. 2 1924):16–18.

95. Ltr., Stieglitz to Hartmann, April 27, 1919, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University.

96. Ltr., Stieglitz to Hartmann, Nov. 22, 1930, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University.

97. Hull, "The Stieglitz-Hartmann Letters: The Toy Balloonist and the Great Aerialist," p. 6.

98. Ltr., Hartmann to Stieglitz, Dec. 16, 1930, Alfred Stieglitz Archive, Collection of American Literature, Yale University.

99. The unpublished "Autobiography" (314 pp.) ends with Hartmann's meeting his first wife, Elizabeth Blanche Walsh, in 1891. An outline for other volumes indicates one chapter would have dealt with Stieglitz (Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside, California).

100. See "Sadakichi's Autobiography," in Hartmann, *White Chrysanthemums: Literary Fragments and Pronouncements*, edited by George Knox and Harry W. Lawton (New York: Herder & Herder, 1971), pp. 23–29. Hartmann writes: "1898. Wrote first article on pictorial photography. This has become a regular habit with the author. It would be easy to wallpaper a palace with his contributions to photographic literature. His pseudonym 'Sidney Allan' became as well known as Sadakichi. . ."

101. See Foreword, Note 3; also *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 42 (Sept. 1905):422–26.

102. See *Camera Work*, No. 3 (Apr. 1910), pp. 21–23.

103. See *Camera Work*, No. 4 (Oct. 1903), pp. 36–40.

104. Sidney Allan, "A Visit to Steichen's Studio," *Camera Work*, No. 3 (Apr. 1903), p. 25. See Chap. 28, p. 202.

105. Sidney Allan, "John H. Garo—An Appreciation," *The Camera* 19 (Apr. 1915):195–99.

106. See Kay Tucker, "Sadakichi's Impact on Photography," *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter* 1 (Summer 1974):1–3.

107. See Vance Thompson, "Sadakichi Hartmann, Art Critic," in George Knox and Harry W. Lawton (eds.), *The Life and Times of Sadakichi Hartmann*, 1867–1944, (Riverside: University Library and The Riverside Press-Enterprise Co., 1970), p. 11. Catalog of an exhibition of paintings and photographs on the life of Sadakichi Hartmann held from May 1-30, 1970, University of California, Riverside.

108. See Henry Holmes Smith, "Models for Critics," in Van Deren Coke (ed.), *One Hundred Years of Photographic History: Essays in Honor of Beaumont Newhall* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1975), pp. 139–43.

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109. See Peter Plagens, "The Critics: Hartmann, Huneker, De Casseres," *Art in America* 61 (July-Aug. 1973):66–71.

1. PORTRAIT PAINTING AND PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY

1. Prince Peter Kropotkin (Piotr Alekseyevich Kropotkin, 1842–1921), Russian social philosopher and anarchist, who wrote *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* (1899). Hartmann, a friend of Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman, and many of the other anarchists of his period and a contributor to Goldman's magazine, *Mother Earth*, claimed to have briefly served as a voluntary attache to Kropotkin during the latter's American visit in 1900. Hartmann and Goldman are central characters in the anarchist milieu of J. F. Burke's novel, *Noah* (New York: Bantam Books, 1969).

2. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729–1781), German dramatist and critic, and one of the most influential literary figures of the eighteenth century. Hartmann discusses Lessing's impact on his own aesthetic and critical ideas in several unpublished manuscripts (Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside).

3. León-Joseph-Florentin Bonnat (1833–1922), French religious, historical, and portrait painter, known for his portraits of many famous contemporaries.

4. Giovanni Boldini (also cited as Giordigino Boldini, 1845–1931), Italian portrait painter. Boldini's portrait of Whistler appears on the cover of Hartmann's *The Whistler Book* (Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1910).

5. Franz von Lenbach (1836–1904), Bavarian portrait painter, noted as a brilliant colorist and technician. See Sidney Allan, "Masters in Portraiture—Franz von Lenbach," *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 46 (Oct. 1909):454–59.

6. Jean François Raffaeli (1850–1924), French painter, etcher, and lithographer known for genre scenes of the poor. See Hartmann's unsigned essay, "*A Conversation with Jean François Raffaelli About American Art*," Hartmann's *Art News* 1 (April 1897):3–4; also "Should an Artist be National or Cosmopolitan? A Conversation with Jean François Raffaeli," *Greenwich Village* 2 (June 23, 1915):7–9.

7. Henri Gervex (1852–1929), French painter and member of the impressionist school.

8. Jacques Émile Blanche (1861–1942), French still-life painter and portraitist, strongly influenced by English masters of the seventeenth century.

9. Jan van Beers (1852–1927), Belgian painter of historical subjects, later of genre portraits, especially of women, and finally landscapes.

10. Pierre Puvis de Chavannes (1824–1898), French painter known for his symbolical and allegorical decorations and murals, particularly in America for a mural commissioned in 1900 by the Boston Public Library. See Hartmann's essay, "Puvis de Chavannes," *The Art Critic* 1 (Jan. 1894):30–31; also Hartmann's column "Art and Artists," *Musical America* 1 (Nov. 12, 1898):39.

11. Edouard Manet (1832–1883), French painter credited with originating impressionism, who was a victim of critical hostility throughout his life, dying before recognition of his genius had become general. See Hartmann's essay on Manet, "The Fight for Recognition," *Camera Work*, No. 30 (April 1910) pp. 21–23.

12. Claude Monet (1840–1926), French painter, one of the founders of impressionism and a great landscape painter.

13. George Frederich Watts (1817–1904), English painter known for his portraits of notable contemporaries. See Hartmann's essay, "Masters in Portraiture—George Frederich Watts," *Wilson's Photog. Mag.* 46 (Nov. 1909):506–511.

14. Eleonora Duse (1859–1924), famous Italian actress, who interpreted Sardou, Ibsen, D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, etc. See Hartmann's unsigned essay, "Eleonora Duse," *The Weekly Review* 3 (Jan. 28, 1893):32.

15. F. P. Vinton (1846–1911), Boston painter, who studied in Munich and Paris, and is best known for his portraits.

16. Thomas Wilmer Dewing (1851–1938), American painter who studied in Paris under Lefebre and was a member of the Society of the Ten American painters (organized in Jan. 1898). See Hartmann's essays, "The Tarbellites," *Art News* 1 (March 1897):3–4; and "Thomas W. Dewing," *The Art Critic* 1 (Jan. 1894):34–36. Hartmann's essay "On the Elongation of Form," *Camera Work*, No. 3 (April 1905) is illustrated with Dewing's painting "In the Garden," a popular painting even today under the title of "In the Moonlight" at the National Gallery of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. In Hartmann's unpublished biography, he describes Dewing's model for three Graces—identified only as "Ruth"—as his first girl friend in 1888 in Boston (Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside). He writes: "She embodied the American pre-Raphaelite type to me, and I composed a sort of rhapsodical description of her in my essay on Thomas W. Dewing, which was dragged all over the country, printed innumerable times, and finally embedded in my *History of American Art* [Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1901, Vol. 1, pp. 302–04]."

17. Alfred Stevens (1828–1906), Belgian genre painter and impressionist, whose chief subjects were society women and fashionable interiors.

18. Jules Bastien-LePage (1848–1884), French painter and disciple of Courbet and Manet. See C. Sadakitshe [sic]

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Hartmann, "A Picture of Bastien-LePage," *Boston Evening Transcript*, Oct. 15, 1887, p. 6. In about 1890, Hartmann began dispensing with the Germanic transcription of *Sadakitshe* and started writing under the name of C. Sadakichi Hartmann, later dropping the first initial.

19. Gustave Courbet (1819–1877), French realist who painted scenes of everyday life and autobiographical events.

20. Anders Leonhard Zorn (1860–1920), Swedish etcher, impressionistic landscape painter, and portraitist who achieved fame as an etcher with studies of Verlaine, Proust, Rodin, etc., and a series of nude studies. His paintings deal mainly with Swedish peasant life.

21. Théobald Chartran (1849–1907), French painter, whose works are chiefly portraits and religious subjects. In 1885, 1886, and 1887, Hartmann made summer trips to visit relatives in Germany with many side excursions to see painters and theatrical personalities whom he admired. He may have seen Chartran on one of these excursions or in 1892 during his honeymoon in Paris with Elizabeth Blanche Walsh.

22. Joseph T. Keiley (1869–1914), associate editor of *Camera Work* and pictorial photographer. See Hartmann's review of Keiley's work, "Through Semi-Japanese Eyes," *Camera Notes* 4 (July 1900):46–47.

23. Lafcadio Hearne (1850–1904), American journalist, novelist, and travel writer, who became a naturalized Japanese citizen in 1893 and wrote many works centered on Japan. Although Hartmann frequently mentioned Hearne in his writings, he appears not to have met him.

24. The physiognomists listed by Hartmann appear to be Giambattista della Porta (1540–1615), Italian natural philosopher and alchemist, who published the first account of the *camera obscura* in his *Natural Magic* (1558); John Kaspar Lavater (1741–1801), Swiss poet and theologian, who was founder of the so-called science of physiognomy; Theodor Piderit, a nineteenth century writer on physiognomy; and Klaus Harms (1778–1855), a German protestant theologian. The editors were unable to identify Shyler. Hartmann's interest in physiognomy dates back to the 1880s in Boston when he taught Delsarte and was fascinated by what some psychologists today call "body language."

25. W. M. Hollinger, New York portrait photographer. See Hartmann's review of Hollinger's work, "The Man With A System—W. M. Hollinger." *Wilson's Photog. Mag.* 43 (May 1906):201–04.

26. Emmeline Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy Amélie Rives, 1863–1945), American novelist, playwright, and poet, whose first book, *The Quick, or the Dead?*, was a sensational best-seller in 1889.

27. Anthony Hope (pseudonym of Sir Authony Hope Hawkins, 1863–1933), English novelist, best known for *The Prisoner of Zenda* (1894).

28. Moritz Rosenthal (1862–1946), Polish piano virtuoso, pupil of Franz Liszt, noted for his brilliant technique.

29. Saxe-Meiningen: a former duchy of central Germany, now in East Germany. In the second half of the nineteenth century the ducal theater of Meiningen acquired an international reputation and set the style for German dramatic performances.

30. Sir Henry Irving (1838–1905), English actor and stage manager, who took over the Lyceum Theatre in New York in 1878. See the review of Irving and Ellen Terry in "The Merchant of Venice" by C. Sadakichi Hartmann, "Recent New York Productions," *The Theatre Magazine* 6 (Feb. 15, 1890):264–66. See also Hartmann's essay, "Where Are the Gestures of Yesterday." *The Curtain* 9 (January 1930):3–4.

31. Fritz-Karl von Uhde (1848–1911), German genre painter, best known for pictures of scriptural subjects in modern costumes and setting.

32. Albert Gustav Edelfelt (1854–1905), Finnish artist who worked in many different media in a naturalistic style. Hartmann may be alluding to one of his best known paintings, *Christ and the Magdalene*.

33. Cécile Louise Stéphanie Chaminade (1861–1944), French composer, best known for her piano pieces.

34. Robert Demachy (1859–1937), Parisian banker and leading French photographer, who perfected the bichromate printing process and in 1911 introduced the oil transfer process for prints. See Hartmann's essay, "Constructive Criticism—No. 10. A Weekly Pictorial Review," *Bull. of Photog. and the Photographer* 5 (Aug. 11, 1909):81, 84.

35. Georg Einbeck, German photographer, gifted amateur in the *art noveau* movement in Hamburg.

36. George C. Cox (?–1902), American photographer, particularly known for his portrait of Walt Whitman, seated facing camera, wearing a large hat, right hand in coat pocket, left hand on the head of a cane. See Ida M. Tarbell, "A Great Photographer," *McClure's Magazine* 9 (May 1897):558–64. See Sadakichi Hartmann's booklet, *A Note on the Portraits of Walt Whitman* (New York: At the Sign of the Sparrow, 1921). See also Knox and Lawton, *The Whitman-Hartmann Controversy*, pp. 115–22.

37. John White Alexander (1856–1915), American painter influenced by Whistler, who specialized in portraits. Alexander's oil painting of Whitman is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Hartmann mentions the portrait in *A Note on the Portraits of Whitman*, p. 115. See Hartmann's essay on Alexander, "A Painter of Women," *The Stylus* 1 (Jan. 1910):1–4.

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38. James L. Breese, professional New York photographer. From 1895 to 1900 he was a partner with Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr., operating the Carbon Studio in New York.

39. Yvette Guilbert (1869–1944), French comedienne and songstress, who achieved fame in the 1890s with a revival of the old French ballads. Hartmann wrote about Guilbert prior to her American tour of 1896 in an unsigned essay, "Notes on the Fin de Siècle Movement in Parisian Art and Literature," *The Art Critic* 1 (Nov. 1893):4–9.

40. See Note 37 above.

2. A PLEA FOR THE PICTURESQUENESS OF NEW YORK

1. Théophile Alexandre Steinlen (1859–1923), French painter, etcher, lithographer, and illustrator, particularly known as a chronicler of Montmartre life.

2. *Gil Blas*, a French newspaper. The illustrated supplement ran from June 1891 to Aug. 1903.

3. Emile Zola (1840–1902), French writer, critic, and leader of the naturalist movement. While a correspondent for the McClure Syndicate in 1892, Hartmann wrote an interview with Zola. See Hartmann's "A Chat With Emile Zola," *The Louisville Courier-Journal*, Nov. 13, 1892, p. 15. See also Hartmann's unpublished essay "Confessions of an Ex-Journalist" (Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside). In this essay, Hartmann describes journalistic practices of the nineteenth century and competitive pressures that led newspaper reporters to heavily embroider or fabricate news stories and interviews. According to Hartmann, he succeeded in interviewing Zola, his editor found his story dull, and he rewrote it with embellishments gathered from library research. His account of common reporting methods during the period should make any scholar wary of celebrity interviews in the press of that era.

4. The Sezession (*Sécession*) emerged first in Munich in 1892 after the furor caused by an Edvard Munch exhibit, then it appeared in Berlin. The Viennese *Sezession* was apparently organized in the 1890s under the leadership of Gustav Klimt and associated with *Jugendstil* (Art Nouveau). These movements were part of a larger European and Russian turn to new standards and an escape from Academism. See Hartmann's essay "Notes on the Fin de Siécle Movement in Parisian Art and Literature," *The Art Critic* (Nov. 1893):4–9.

5. John George Brown (1831–1913), American genre painter, best known for his humorous studies of street urchins. See Hartmann's review of Brown in his Column "Art and Artists," *Musical America* 1 (November 26, 1898):31.

6. Vance Thompson (1863–1925), biographer, essayist, critic, and poet, best known for his book on the French symbolist movement, *French Portraits* (1900), and as co-editor with James Gibbons Huneker of the magazine, *M'lle New York*. Hartmann first met Thompson at the New York debut of Yvette Guilbert and later frequently in the company of Huneker. He described the man's whimsical personality and Beau Brummel tastes in "Reminiscences of Vance Thompson," *The Literary Digest International Book Review* 3 (Sept. 1925):688. Thompson's reputation suffered a severe blow with the publication of Bruce A. Morrissette's "Vance Thompson's Plagiarism of Teodor de Wyzewa's Articles on Mallarmé," *Modern Language Notes* 68 (1952):175–78. Morrissette showed that Thompson's exposition of Mallarmé's theories in *French Portraits* was plagiarized from Wyzewa's *Nos maîtres*. This fact appears to have been known to some of Thompson's contemporaries, however, who did not take such cut-and-paste "cribbing" as seriously as modern scholars. In his own piece on Thompson, Hartmann first called attention to his friend's book as a "clever assembly of borrowed materials" constructed with "skill and sympathy" through a "judicious use of the scissor" from *Figaro*, *Gil Blas*, and other literary magazines of the period. Hartmann's article has been overlooked by Morrissette, Haskell Block, and other modern scholars of the symbolist movement. Our own research on Hartmann has convinced us that such cribbing was relatively common in the nineteenth century. For example, many paragraphs from Hartmann's earliest published essays on art may be found spliced into S. C. de Soissons's book, *Boston Artists: A Parisian Critic's Notes* (Boston: Privately Printed, 1894).

7. Claude Lorrain (1600–1682), French landscape painter of idyllic scenes known for their golden light.

8. Dudley Hardy (1866?–1922), English painter and illustrator for many magazines.

9. Gaston Latouche (1854–1913), French painter and etcher, influenced by Manet and the naturalistic motifs of Zola.

10. See Chap. 1, Note 6.

11. Vasili Vereschagin (1842–1904), Russian painter of battles and executions and author of a book of travel sketches.

3. ON PLAGIARISM AND IMITATION

1. Joost Van den Vondel (1587–1679), Dutch poet and dramatist. Hartmann is referring to *Lucifer* (1654), a powerful dramatic poem, thought by some to be an allegorical account of the rise of the Netherlands against Philip II of Spain.

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Miltonists with whom the editors have consulted discount the possibility that Milton was influenced by the poem, although there are certain parallels with *Paradise Lost*.

2. John Addington Symonds (1840–1893), English literary critic, historian, and scholar, author of *History of the Renaissance in Italy* (1875–1886).

3. Victorien Sardou (1831–1908), popular French dramatist and leading innovator of the "well-made play."

4. See Chap. 1, Note 4.

5. Clifford Prevost Grayson (1857–1951), American painter of landscapes, street scenes, and genre pieces.

6. Frederick Leighton (1830–1896), English historical and portrait painter.

7. Edwin Howland Blashfield (1838–1936), American painter known for his monumental decorations including one in the central dome of the Congressional Library, Washington, D.C. See Hartmann's review of Blashfield's work in his column, "Art and Artists," *Musical America* 10 (Dec. 10, 1898):39.

8. Max Liebermann (1847–1935), German genre painter, portraitist, and etcher.

4. RANDOM THOUGHTS ON CRITICISM

1. August Emile Bergerat (pseudonym, "Caliban" 1845–1923, French journalist and dramatic writer.

2. *Le Figaro*, satirical Parisian journal, founded in 1826, discontinued in 1833, and refounded by Villemessant in 1854.

3. Gilbert Hamerton (1834–1894), English artist and essayist. Hartmann is referring to his masterwork, *Etching and Etchers* (1866).

4. See Chap. 1, Note 2.

5. Nicholas Boileau[-Despréaux] (1637–1711), French critic and poet, whose chief work is *Ars Poëtique* (1674).

6. Hippolyte Taine (1828–1893), French philosopher, historian, and critic. Hartmann is alluding to his *La Philosophie de l'Art* (1865–69).

7. See Chap. 1, Note 34.

5. ON COMPOSITION

1. Jean Léon Gérôme (1824–1904), French painter, especially of historical subjects and romantic eastern scenes.

2. Anton Mauve (1838–1888), Dutch painter and one of the greatest landscapists of his time, influenced by Corot and Millet.

3. Jean Baptiste Camille Corot (1796–1875), French landscape painter, who sacrificed unity of detail to harmony of effect.

4. See Chap. 1, Note 22.

5. A. Wesley Dow (1857–1922), painter and art theorist, author of *Composition* (Boston: Bowles, 1899).

6. Unidentified. Possibly Elizabeth Mill Reid (1858–1931), owner of the *New York Tribune* and wife of Whitelaw Reid, Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

7. Mrs. James Brown-Potter (*née* Cora Urquhart, 1859–1936), American actress and anthor of a number of books of essays and poetry.

6. ON GENRE

1. Mariano y Carbo Fortuny (1839–1874), Spanish genre painter and aquafortist, known for his rococo pictures.

2. Ludwig Knaus (1829–1910), German genre painter.

3. Franz von Defregger (1835–1921), Austrian genre and historical painter, noted for popular pictures of Tyrolean life.

4. Very likely Pierre Vauthier (1845–1916), French landscape painter.

5. Henry Mosler (1841–1920), American genre painter.

6. Josef Israëls (1824–1911), Dutch genre painter.

7. See Chap. 3, Note 8.

8. Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier (1825–1891), French painter, noted for small, meticulous genre pictures, frequently of military subjects.

9. Eduardo Zamaçois (1842–1871), Spanish figure painter.

10. See Chap. 1, Note 17.

11. See Chap. 5, Note 1.

12. John E. Dumont of Rochester, New York, who in 1898 exhibited his work with Stieglitz and Eickemeyer, Jr. at the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, London. See Hartmann's review, "The John E. Dumont Exhibition," *Camera Notes* 3 (July 1899):38.

13. Ednuud Stirling, Philadelphia photographer, and one of the twelve founders with Stieglitz of the Photo-Secession on Feb. 17, 1902.

14. Probably Frederick Dielman (1847–1935), German-

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born genre painter, whose chief subjects were society women and fashionable interiors.

7. A PHOTOGRAPHIC ENQUÊTE

1. Daniel Chester French (1850–1931), American sculptor, known for character studies and decorative, idealized motifs.

2. George C. Barnard (1863–1938), American sculptor, strongly influenced by Rodin.

3. William Merritt Chase (1849–1916), American painter, academic in tradition, who established a school of landscape painting in the Shinnecock Hills, Long Island. See Hartmann's review of a Chase exhibition, "A Special and Unique Event," *The Stylus* 1 (Feb. 1910):200–31.

4. Frederick Stuart Church (1842–1923), American painter, illustrator, and etcher.

5. Albert Pinkham Ryder (1847–1917), American painter of glowing compositions, particularly moonlit seas and night scenes. See the following Hartmann essays: "A visit to A. P. Ryder," *Art News* 1 (March 1897):1–3; "Eremites of the Brush," *American Mercury* 11 (June 1927):192–96; "Albert Pinkham Ryder," *Magazine of Art* 31 (Sept. 1938):500–03, 550. Hartmann visited Ryder frequently over a twenty-three-year period, beginning in 1893, and a number of addresses for the painter may be found in Hartmann's address books (Atma Dorothea Gilliland Collection, Library of the University of Oregon). One of the fullest accounts of Ryder's life as a painter is Hartmann's unpublished 17,000-word manuscript, titled *The Story of an American Painter* (Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside).

6. Childe Hassam (1859–1935), American painter and etcher, known for his impressionistic landscapes. See Hartmann's discussion of Hassam's work in the column "Studio Talk," *International Studio* 29 (1907):267–70.

7. George de Forest Brush (1855–1941), American painter, best known for his poetical renderings of American Indian scenes.

8. Dwight Williams Tryon (1849–1941), American landscape painter. See Hartmann's essay, "W. D. [sic] Tryon: A Painting in Prose," *Art News* 1 (April 1897):1–3.

8. THE INFLUENCE OF PHOTOGRAPHY ON INTERIOR DECORATION

1. See Chap. 7, Note 8.

2. See Chap. 1, Note 16.

3. Horatio Walker (1858–1938), Canadian painter, known for his scenes of simple life on the Ile d'Orleans in the St. Lawrence River.

4. Stanford White (1853–1906), leading American architect, responsible for designing such structures as the old Madison Square Garden, the Washington Arch in Washington Square, New York, and Trinity Church, Boston. White was shot to death by Harry Thaw in one of the most sensational scandals of the period as a result of his pursuit of Thaw's wife, Evelyn Nesbit. In 1896, Hartmann worked briefly as a librarian for the architectural firm of McKim, Mead, and White. Later, he appears to have encountered White regularly at New York social events, including those hosted by "Miss Kuehne Beveridge, that remarkable hetaera who entertained at her *petits levees*, in a studio atmosphere sick with sex, such remarkable personalities as Stanford White, Richard Harding Davis, Buffalo Bill, Blaine, and sculptor Noble." (See Sadakichi Hartmann's *White Chrysanthemums* [New York: Herder and Herder, 1971], pp. 153–54.

5. A wall picture composed of an oblong piece of silk, framed in strips of brocade, and mounted on a long narrow strip of canvas with wooden rollers.

6. John Rogers (1829–1904), American sculptor, best known for his statuettes illustrating literary and dramatic figures and scenes from American country life.

7. George Romney (1734–1802), English portrait painter.

8. William Morris (1834–1896), English artist and poet, whose manufacturing and decorating firm of Morris & Co. created new standards of taste in furniture, stained glass, and textiles.

9. REPETITION WITH SLIGHT VARIATION

1. See Chap. 2, Note 4.

2. See Chap. 1, Note 10.

3. See Chap. 7, Note 8.

4. Maurice Maeterlinck (1862–1949), Belgian dramatist, poet, and essayist, whose symbolic dramas such as *Pelléas et Mélisande* (1892) were clearly an influence on Hartmann's own symbolist plays of the 1890s: *Christ: A Dramatic Poem in Three Acts* (Boston: Privately Printed, 1893), and *Buddha: A Drama in Twelve Scenes* (New York: Author's Edition, 1897). Hartmann may have corresponded with Maeterlinck, and he served as translator of the short essay "Message from Maurice Maeterlinck," which arrived too late for inclusion in *Camera Work*, No. 2 as planned by Stieglitz and therefore was circulated with *Camera Work*, No. 3 for insertion in No. 2.

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5. A vaudeville troupe of the 1890s.

6. See Chap. 7, Note 7.

7. Abbott H. Thayer (1849–1921), American painter, whose figure paintings were characterized by an unaffectedness and healthy vitality. See Hartmann's discussion of Thayer, "Eremites of the Brush," *American Mercury* 11 (June 1927):192–96.

8. F. H. Tompkins, Boston figure painter of genre scenes. See Hartmann's essay, "A Boston Artist: F. H. Tompkins," *The Art Critic* 1 (Nov. 1893):17–18. A copy of a sketch of Hartmann drawn in 1896 by Tompkins may be found in the Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside.

9. Mary Cassatt (1845–1926), American figure painter and etcher, who spent most of her life in France. A friend of Manet and Degas, her paintings were influenced by the French impressionists. In a letter written in 1894 from Paris to Hartmann in Boston, the American artist Frederick Dana Marsh reported encountering Cassatt at Degas' studio. Marsh's letter also asked Hartmann about the progress of Robert Henri, indicating that Sadakichi was familiar with that painter's work as early as 1894 in Philadelphia, which was prior to Henri's establishing himself in New York and joining other artists in laying the foundations for the famous "Ash Can School" of American painting (Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside).

10. THE PHOTO-SECESSION EXHIBITION AT THE CARNEGIE ART GALLERIES, PITTSBURGH, PA.

1. The exhibition at the Corcoran Art Galleries, held in January, 1904, was arranged by the Secession under the auspices of the Capitol Camera Club. The Carnegie Institute exhibition opened on February 6, 1904 and attracted 11,000 visitors in three weeks.

2. Lee has not been identified by the editors.

3. Oscar Maurer, San Francisco photographer and member of the Photo-Secession.

4. Augustus Saint-Gaudens (1849–1907), famous American sculptor, who worked on numerous commemorative monuments. Saint-Gandens was a subscriber to Hartmann's magazine, *The Art Critic* (1893–1894). In a publication announcement for Hartmann's first collection of short stories, *Schopenhauer in the Air* (New York: Privately Printed, 1899), Saint-Gaudens is quoted as having written Hartmann in Oct. 1896, saying: "What you think in matters of art, I think of high value." The editors have been unable to locate this ltr. or a second ltr. to Hartmann from Saint-Gaudens, dated Sept. 5, 1896, comprising three pages. The latter ltr. was sold together with a photograph of Saint-Gaudens mounted in the same frame on Oct. 17, 1913, at an auction of the library of Mary M. Ward by Merwin Sales Company, New York. An early Hartmann essay on Saint-Gaudens appeared in his column "Art and Artists," *Musical America* 1 (Oct. 29, 1898):31.

5. Emmanuel Signoret (1870–1900), founder of the symbolist magazine *Le Saint-Graal* (1892–1899) and author of *Daphne* (1894). Hartmann met many of the French symbolists on his excursion to Europe in 1892, and later corresponded with Mallarmé and quite possibly several other members of the movement. He described meeting Mallarmé, Henri de Régnier, and Stuart Merrill in his essay, "A Tuesday Evening at Stéphane Mallarmé's," *The Art Critic* 1 (Nov. 1893):9–11. See also Thomas B. Brumbaugh, "Odilon Redon and Sadakichi Hartmann," *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter* 2 (Fall 1972):6–7; Elizabeth Stanton Blake, "Un Correspondent Américain de Mallarmé Avec Deux Lettres et un Document Inédits," *Revue d'Histoire Littéraire de la France* 68 (Jan.-Feb. 1968):26–35; and Hans-Peter Breuer's translation of an article written by Hartmann in German for the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* of March 4, 1899, "An Essay on Henri de Régnier and the Symbolists," *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter* 1 (Winter 1970): 10–12.

6. See Chap. 5, Note 5.

7. *Eben Holden* (1900), a popular novel by Irving Bacheller (1859–1950).

8. A short story by Clara Morris, illustrated by White photographs, which appeared in *McClure's Magazine* 22 (Feb. 1904):429–34.

9. See Chap. 6, Note 13.

10. W. F. James, Chicago photographer and a member of the Photo-Secession.

11. John G. Bullock, Philadelphia photographer and a member of the Photo-Secession.

12. William B. Post, photographer from Fryeburg, Maine, and a member of the Photo-Secession.

13. Rose Clark, pictorialist photographer from Buffalo, New York. See Hartmann's review of her work in Sidney Allan, "The Recent Exhibition of the Photo-Secession Society," *Camera Craft* 8 (May 1904):243–48. Rose Clark often collaborated with Elizabeth Flint Wade, another Buffalo pictorialist.

14. Mary Devens, Boston photographer and a member of the Photo-Secession.

15. C. Yarnall Abbott, Philadelphia photographer, who served as president of the Photographic Society of Philadel-

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phia and was a prolific contributor of articles to the photographic journals of the 1890s, particularly *Photo-Era*.

16. William B. Dyer, Chicago photographer and a founding member of the *Photo-Secession*.

17. S. L. Willard, Chicago photographer and a member of the Photo-Secession.

18. Herbert G. French, Cincinnati photographer and a member of the Photo-Secession.

19. Ernest Walter Histed (1860–1947), Anglo-American photographer who was usually referred to in the photographic press only as "Histed." He had a studio at 569 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and was a summer resort photographer in Newport, Rhode Island. See Hartmann's essay, "Histed—Photographer of Celebrities," *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 44 (Oct. 1907):457–59. See also Harry H. Brodine's essay, "Up and Down Fifth Avenue," *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 50 (Oct. 1913):418–22.

11. A PLEA FOR STRAIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY

1. See Chap. 10, Note 15.

2. See Chap. 10, Note 14.

3. Charles Emile Jacque (1813–1894), French painter and etcher, who excelled in etchings of rural life.

4. Adolphe Appian (1819–1898), French etcher.

5. Jules Jacques Veyrassat (1828–1893), French painter, engraver, and etcher.

6. Charles Meryon (1821–1868), French etcher, best known for a series of etchings on the old sections of Paris, *Eaux-Fortes sur Paris* (1850–1854).

7. See Chap. 6, Note 12.

8. See also Hartmann's essay, "The Gum Process and Its Proper Application," *Photo-Era* 19 (July 1907):3–4. Here again Hartmann argues for moderation in the application of the gum-bichromate process to preserve the photographic texture of the finished print.

9. See Chap. 1, Note 33.

10. See Chap. 10, Note 11.

11. See Chap. 10, Note 13.

12. See Chap. 10, Note 16.

13. See Chap. 10, Note 18.

14. Russel has not been identified by the editors.

15. Eva Watson Schütze (1867–1935), Chicago photographer and a founding member of the Photo-Secession.

16. See Chap. 10, Note 9.

17. See Chap. 10, Note 17.

12. THE BROKEN PLATES [A Short Story]

1. Hartmann experimented periodically with photography, and this short story probably reflects his abandonment of the idea of becoming an artistic photographer even though he is on record as disclaiming ever having had such an ambition. A few examples of Hartmann's photographic work may be found in the Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside.

13. THE SALON CLUB AND THE FIRST AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON IN NEW YORK

1. See Hartmann's essay, "A Note on Louis Fleckenstein and His Work," *The Photographic Times-Bulletin* 36 (Oct. 1904):433–37.

2. Jeanne E. Bennett, Baltimore photographer.

3. Curtis Bell, New York photographer and chairman of the Salon Club. For a description of his New York studio see the anonymous article, "The Photographer's Metropolis," *Abel's Photographic Weekly* 3 (Jan. 16, 1909):74–75.

4. Adolph Petzold, Philadelphia photographer.

5. See Hartmann essay, "The Landscape Work of the Salon Club," *American Annual of Photography and Photographic Times Almanac* 19 (1905):139–42.

6. See Chap. 1, Note 4.

7. Baron Wilhelm von Gloeden (1856–1931), German count and photographer, who settled in the Sicilian village of Taormina, selling to magazines and connoisseurs photographs of local male youth in the nude or draped in togas and wreathed with laurel crowns.

8. Albert L. Groll (1866–1952), American painter and etcher. See Sidney Allan, "An Appreciation of Albert L. Groll—Landscape Painter," *Brush and Pencil* 11 (Oct. 1902):36–41.

14. RECENT CONQUESTS IN NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY

1. Aart Van der Neer (1603–1677), Dutch painter.

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2. Godfried Schalcken (1643–1706), Dutch portraitist.

3. W. M. Van der Weyde (1871?–1929), New York photographer.

16. UNPHOTOGRAPHIC PAINT: THE TEXTURE OF IMPRESSIONISM

1. Marsden Hartley (1878–1943), American landscape and still-life painter, who, influenced by the Italian impressionist Segantini and other European modern painters, adopted an impressionist technique based on form and color.

2. In 1905 Edward Steichen suggested that Stieglitz take over two rooms adjoining his own quarters at 291 Fifth Avenue and run it as a gallery for the Photo-Secession. The "Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession" opened formally on Nov. 24, 1905.

3. Giovanni Segantini (1858–1899), Italian impressionistic genre painter.

4. Adolphe Joseph Thomas Monticelli (1824–1886), French painter, whose work was characterized by masses of color and almost invisible figures in an impressionistic style.

5. Antonio Mancini (1852–1930), Italian genre portrait and landscape painter.

6. Guido Reni (1575–1642), Italian painter.

7. Andrea del Sarto (1486–1531), Florentine painter, noted for his draftsmanship and harmonious use of color.

8. Beato Angelico, also Fra Angelico, real name Guido di Pietri (1387–1455), Italian painter, beatified after his death, whose ethereal treatment of angels gave him his name.

9. Camille Pissarro (1830–1903), French impressionistic painter whose landscapes were characterized by the use of fine small strokes and subtle tonal shading.

10. Alfred Sisley (1839–1899), French impressionist painter.

17. THE DAGUERREOTYPE

1. Gilbert Stuart (1755–1828), American portrait painter, known for his portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and other notable men and women of his time.

2. Thomas Sully (1783–1872), American portrait painter, born in England, best known for his painting, "Washington Crossing the Delaware."

3. Hartmann is incorrect in asserting that the daguerreotype never became popular in America. The first successful daguerreotype in the United States, a view of St. Paul's Church, New York, was taken in 1839 by D. W Seager, an English resident of New York. Within two years almost every major town in the United States had a daguerreotype studio, and by 1853 there were approximately 10,000 people earning their living as daguerreotypists. Hartmann is right about the short-lived reign of the daguerreotype, although its popularity continued on into the 1860s, longer than in Europe and elsewhere. See Helmut and Aline Gernsheim, *L. J. M. Daguerre: The History of the Diorama and the Daguerreotype* (New York: Dover Publications, Inc., 1968), pp. 129–42.

4. John W. Draper (1811–1882), chemist, physiologist, and historian, who helped found the medical school of New York University and was renowned for his research into photochemistry and spectrum analysis.

5. Dorothy Catherine Draper. The portrait was taken during the summer of 1840.

6. Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre (1789–1851), Parisian scene painter who, beginning in 1826 after correspondence with Niépce, set out on the path that led to development of the daguerreotype.

7. Joseph Nicéphore Niépce (1765–1833), French chemist, lithographer, and inventor of heliography, whose attempts at true photography began in 1816, when he discovered how to briefly fix the images of pictures taken by the *camera obscura*. Hartmann unknowingly–in the light of recent research–minimizes Niépce's achievements. See Helmut Gernsheim, "The 150th Anniversary of Photography," *History of Photography* 1 (Jan. 1977):3–8.

8. Alexander S. Wolcott (1804–1844), a New York manufacturer of dental supplies who, with his partner John Johnson, began experimenting with photographic portraiture in the 1830s. The camera apparatus he designed was patented on May 8, 1840, becoming the first invention in the United States to receive a patent relating to photography. See Gernsheim, *L. J. M. Daguerre: The History of the Diorama and the Daguerreotype*, pp. 132–34.

9. Henry James, Jr. (1843–1916), American novelist. Hartmann is alluding to James' short story, "The Real Thing" (1892).

18. WHAT REMAINS

1. The Albright Gallery exhibition, which opened on Nov. 4, 1910 and ran through Dec. 1, has been credited with vindicating the belief that photography had a right to recognition as a fine art. The show, organized by Stieglitz with the encouragement of Cornelia B. Sage, acting director of the gallery, was under the control of the Photo-Secession, although Stieglitz planned to include the Photo-Pictorialists of

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Buffalo as well as an open section. The Buffalo group refused to participate and the show was attacked bitterly by many of the photographic journals. See Robert Doty, *Photo-Secession: Photography as a Fine Art* (New York: George Eastman House, 1960), pp. 56–57.

2. James Craig Annan (1846–1946), leading English art photographer.

3. Baron Adolph De Meyer (?–1946), founder of the elegant style of fashion photography, beginning with the reproduction of his work in *Vogue* in 1913.

4. The Vienna Camera Club, whose members included Heinrich Kühn, Dr. Hugo Henneberg, and Dr. Frederick Spitzer, was one of the world's most illustrious pictorialist groups, having been affiliated with the Linked Ring in England as early as 1895. See Helmut and Alison Gernsheim, *The History of Photography from the Camera Obscura to the Beginning of the Modern Era* [1685–1914] (New York, St. Louis, San Francisco: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1969), p. 465.

19. THE ESTHETIC SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MOTION PICTURE

1. Lucas Fildes (1844–1927), English genre and portrait painter.

2. Elizabeth Vigeé-Lebrun (1755–1842), French portrait painter.

3. Charles Dana Gibson (1867–1944), American illustrator, creator of the "Gibson Girl," whose work appeared in many magazines, including *Life*, *Harper's*, *Century*, and *Scribner's*.

4. Hartmann first referred to some of the possibilities of cinematography in his 1898 essay on portrait painting and portrait photography (see Chap. 1, p. 35). He accurately prophesized the future of home cinematography in "The Chances of Moving Picture Portraiture," *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 51 (Sept. 1914):408–10. See also Howard A. Burton, "A Gift for Film Theory: The Film Criticism of Sadakichi Hartmann," *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter* (Winter 1972):1–3. Burton commenting on the essay presented here states: "The remarkable thing about Hartmann's 'The Esthetic Significance of the Motion Picture,' published in *Camera Work*, No. 38 (April, 1912), pp. 19–21, is that he wrote it at all. In 1912 the art of the film was still almost as primitive as it had been in the 1890's when the films were first shown in public . . . Hartmann's looking beyond the flimsy sets, the over-acting, the complete artificiality, the awkwardness of silence in vehicles whose point lay in their dialogue is really an important bit of prophesy . . . Hartmann's predicting sound, color, and home movies deserves recognition . . . "

5. See Chap. 1, Note 30.

6. Edward Gordon Craig (1872–1966), English actor, stage designer, and producer. Craig carried on a correspondence with Hartmann in the 1930s and some of his letters to Sadakichi may be found in the Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside.

7. Arnold Böcklin (1871–1901), Swiss painter, mostly of mythological subjects.

8. See Chap. 3, Note 6.

9. Jules Adolphe Aimé Breton (1827–1906), French painter of rustic scenes and peasant life.

10. Charles Cottet (1863–1925), French landscape and genre painter.

11. See Chap. 3, Note 8.

20. ALFRED STIEGLITZ: AN ART CRITIC'S ESTIMATE

1. See Chap. 1, Note 34.

2. Alfred Stieglitz, *Picturesque Bits of New York and Other Studies* (New York: R. H. Russell, 1897).

3. Guiseppe de Nittis (1845–1884), Italian genre painter known for his Parisian and London street scenes.

4. See Hartmann's discussion of night photography, Chap. 14.

5. See Chap. 3, Note 8.

6. Hermann Wilhelm Vogel (1834–1898), professor of photography, Technische Hochschule, Berlin.

7. August Wilhelm von Hoffmann (1818–1892), great German chemist whose students included famous persons in many fields.

8. Fritz Thaulow (1847–1906), Scandanavian impressionist painter.

9. Albert Besnard (1849–1934), French impressionist painter.

10. See Chap. 1, Note 14.

11. See Chap. 1, Note 39.

12. See Chap. 1, Note 3.

21. ZAIDA BEN-YÚSUF: A PURIST

1. Hartmann probably first viewed Miss Ben-Yúsuf's work at her exhibition in 1898. See William M. Murray, "Miss Zaida Ben-Yúsuf's Exhibition (Nov 24 to 26)," *Camera Notes* 2 (April

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1899):168–72. See also Richard Hines, Jr., "Women in Photography," *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 36 (March 1899):137–41. Hines described Miss Ben-Yûsuf as "an English girl, transplanted to America," who conducted a studio on Fifth Avenue, and had already exhibited at the Vienna Camera Club and had two pictures represented at a Kodak loan exhibition.

2. See Chap. 1, Note 22.

3. Julia Margaret Cameron (1815–1879), noted English photographer of eminent persons, who won many gold medals in Europe and America.

4. Richard Le Gallienne (1866–1947), English poet and essayist, first visited America in 1895 and resided in New York for many years. Hartmann and Le Gallienne were drinking companions and moved in the same Bohemian circles. The two writers parted company when Hartmann punched Le Gallienne in the nose during a drinking bout.

5. Fridtjof Nansen (1861–1930), Norwegian explorer. Hartmann speaks of interviewing Nansen in New York Harbor after his North Pole attempt of 1896 (unpubl. ms., "Confessions of an Ex-Journalist," Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside). Hartmann was then working as a feature writer for the German language newspaper, the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*.

6. See Chap. 1, Note 6.

7. See Chap. 1, Note 1.

8. Henriette Hovey, a student of Delsarte and wife of the American poet Richard Hovey, was noted for her eccentric dress. In 1896, Hartmann served as art columnist for the Hovey's short-lived magazine, *The Daily Tatler*.

9. See Chap. 1, Note 38.

22. FRANK EUGENE: PAINTER-PHOTOGRAPHER

1. Hartmann first wrote about Eugene as a painter in his column "Art and Artists," *Musical America* 1 (Oct. 22, 1899):27.

2. An essay by Hartmann on the Player's Club of New York appeared in the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung* on Oct. 15, 1899. See Hans-Peter Breuer's transl. "The Player's Club of New York," *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter* 2 (Spring 1971):7–10.

3. The reference appears to be to a portrait of Elizabeth Blanche Walsh, Hartmann's first wife. An original Eugene portrait of her manipulated in the manner described is in the Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection, Library of the University of California, Riverside. See portrait on p. 13.

4. See Chap. 11, Note 8.

5. Ole Bull Bornemann (1810–1889), Norwegian violinist who after a triumphal tour of America in 1848 established a Norwegian settlement, Oleana, in Pennsylvania.

6. Fernand Khnopff (1858–1928), Belgian painter and sculptor and one of the founders of the *Cercle des Vingt*.

23. CLARENCE H. WHITE: A METEOR THROUGH SPACE

1. See Chap. 1, Note 34.

2. See Chap. 18, Note 2.

3. Mary Wilkins Freeman (1852–1930), New England novelist and short story writer, married in 1902 to Dr. Charles Freeman.

4. Hartmann is referring to the exhibition of White's work at the New York Camera Club, Oct. 10 to 31, 1899. See the review by Joseph T. Keiley, "Exhibition of the Pictures of Clarence H. White of Newark, Ohio (Oct. 10 to 31, 1899)," *Camera Notes* 3 (Jan. 1900), 123–24.

5. See Chap. 10, Note 4.

24. F. HOLLAND DAY: A DECORATIVE PHOTOGRAPHER

1. See Chap. 1, p. 46 (*Camera Notes* 3 [July 1899], p. 15).

2. British photographic journals and critics seized with great glee upon the term "plastic psychological synthesis" in debunking American photographic criticism and American photographers. See discussion in Editors' Introduction, p. 19.

3. According to Elbert Hubbard, Day's eccentricities also included affecting a fez and turned-up Turkish slippers, worshipping a squat number ten joss, and writing only by the light of thirteen candles. See Herbert White Taylor's essay, "F. Holland Day: an Estimate," *Photo-Era* 4 (March 1900), p. 77.

25. RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR.: MASTER OF THE FOREGROUND

1. Eickemeyer's winter studies were the subject of his book, *Winter, Pictured by Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr.* (New York: R. H. Russell, 1903) to which Hartmann contributed an introduction. According to critic Roland Rood ("A Retrospect," *The Burr McIntosh Monthly* 18 [Dec, 1908]:6 pp. [unnumbered]) credit for first introducing photographs as illustrations in the big literary magazines of America belonged to Eickemeyer. Hartmann collaborated for several years with Eickemeyer on a series of nature studies in the tradition of

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Thoreau and John Burroughs, which were published as "illustrated essays" or as Sadakichi termed them "photo-essays." See, e.g., "A Winter Ramble," *Harper's Monthly Magazine* 103 (Nov. 1901):989–96. Since Hartmann had published nature essays prior to becoming acquainted with Eickemeyer, he may have been the collaborator who first perceived the possibility of illustrating such articles with photographs.

26. GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER: A SENSE OF THE PICTORIAL

1. See Stieglitz's note, "Our Illustrations," *Camera Notes* 3 (July 1899):24.

2. Henry Ward Ranger (1858–1916), American landscape painter.

3. Arthur Bowen Davies (1862–1920), American romantic painter and key figure in the New York Armory Show of 1913, the first major exhibition of modern art in America. Hartmann was an early supporter of Davies in his magazine *The Art Critic* 1 (Jan. 1894):40. Subsequently, Hartmann attacked Davies as having become an imitator rather than an innovator in his essay, "The Echo," *Art News* 1 (June 1897):4–5. Yet Hartmann stood ready to revise his critical opinions in the face of later work by any artist or photographer he wrote about. In *A History of American Art* (New York: L. C. Page & Company, 1902), Vol. 2, p. 267–69, Hartmann described Davies as "the most intellectual painter we possess" and said that if Davies develops into a great painter, his deep culture will have made him one."

4. Pamela Colman Smith's drawings were displayed by Stieglitz in Jan. 1907 at the first non-photographic exhibition of the "Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession."

5. Mrs. Käsebier's generosity of spirit was reflected in the fact that the editor of *The Photographic Times* showed the manuscript of this article to her and offered to blue-pencil some passages he considered unduly harsh. Mrs. Käsebier insisted the article be published as written by Hartmann. See "Editorial Notes," *The Photographic Times* 32 (May 1900):237. For another studio interview with Mrs. Käsebier see R. Child Bayley, "A Visit to Mrs. Käsebier's Studio," *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 40 (Feb. 1903):73–74.

27. EDWARD STEICHEN: A VISIT TO STEICHEN'S STUDIO

1. See Chap. 1, Note 10.

2. See Chap. 7, Note 8.

3. See Chap. 9, Note 4.

28. H. H. PIERCE: A TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHER

1. The reference is to the 1905 convention of the Photographer's Association of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. At one of the afternoon sessions, Hartmann took the delegates on a tour of the Smithsonian Institution and the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, D.C.

2. A. T. Proctor of Huntington, West Virginia, whose photographic work was exhibited in many smaller galleries. See Sadakichi Hartmann, "A. T. Proctor—A Maker of Exhibition Prints," *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 44 (April 1907):169–71.

29. ELIAS GOLDENSKY: IN THE PROLETARIAN INTEREST

1. Charles H. Davis of Davis & Sanford, New York City. Hartmann used Davis frequently in his essays as an example of the "ideal average" of craftsmanship to which every professional photographer should aspire. See Sidney Allan, "The Ideal Average—Charles H. Davis," *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 43 (Jan. 1906):7–10.

2. Possibly A. H. Griffith, director of the Detroit Art Museum. Hartmann and Griffith delivered the major address before the Ohio-Michigan Photographer's Convention in 1905.

3. E. B. Core, New York specialist in children's portraits.

4. S. L. Stein, Milwaukee professional photographer. See Sidney Allan, "The Man Without a Pose—S. L. Stein," *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 43 (Dec. 1906):557–59.

5. Richard was unidentified by the editors.

30. J. H. GARO: WANDERER ON NEW ROADS

1. The reference is to the twenty-fifth convention of the Photographer's Association of America, Aug. 8–11, 1905, in Boston.

2. See Chap. 28, Note 2.

3. See Chap. 1, Note 4.

31. B. J. FALK: AN EXQUISITE TEMPERAMENT

1. Vogel (see Chap. 20, Note 6) was the first to discover

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that by dyeing photographic emulsion could be made sensitive to light waves. This made possible color photography.

2. The editors have no information on Bierstadt's experiments. Born in Solingen, Germany, Bierstadt was an art photographer and a brother of the American painter, Albert Bierstadt. He was in charge of the Photo-Mechanical Section of the American Photographic Exhibition held Sept. 6 to Oct. 8, 1898 in the National Academy of Design, New York City. Color work was one of the three classes featured in this section of the exhibition. Further information on Edward Bierstadt may be found in Robert Taft's *Photography and the American Scene* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1938), pp. 432, 515.

3. William Kurtz of New York, collaborating with Ernst Vogel, made the first satisfactory three-color prints in 1892, employing azaline plates. See Josef Maria Eder, *History of Photography*, transl. by Edward Epstead (New York: Columbia University Press, 1945), pp. 653–654. See note on Kurtz attributed to Hartmann, *The Weekly Review* 3 (March 11, 1893):366.

4. Edmond Becquerel of France, who between 1847 and 1855 made several major contributions to photochromy.

5. Alphonse Louis Poiteven (1819–1882) of France, inventor of callotype (1855) and pigment printing.

6. Gabriel Lippmann (1845–1921), professor at Sorbonne and Nobel prizewinner in physics (1908), produced direct color photographs in 1891 by the phenomena of interference of light waves.

7. John Joly (1857–1933), credited with producing the first mosaic-screen color photographs in 1897.

8. James Clerk-Maxwell (1831–1897), Scottish physician and first person to conceive of color reproduction by means of three-color light filters.

9. Napoleon Sarony (1821–1896), pioneer photographer in Europe and New York. See anonymous editorial obituary attributed to Hartmann, "The Death of Napoleon Sarony," *The Daily Tatler* 1 (Nov. 11, 1896):4.

10. Many of Falk's photographs of theatrical personalities and the world of the stage may be found throughout the 1890s in *The New York Dramatic Mirror*. The magazine is a rich, unmined source for photo-historians.

32. J. C. STRAUSS: THE MAN WITH A SYSTEM

1. The "Growlery" was a huge tile room in the basement of Strauss' St. Louis tower studio, where photographers, writers, painters, and other friends of the photographer met for convivial drinking sessions.

33. JOSEPH BYRON: THE STAGE IS MY STUDIO

1. More commonly "willy-nilly," which is to say Byron could not escape the label of being the "theatrical flashlight man."

2. Grace M. Mayer in *Once Upon a City* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1958), p. xi, gives 1888 as the year in which Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Byron arrived in America. The Byron photographic collection, presented in 1942 to the Museum of the City of New York by Byron's son, Percy, contains over 10,000 prints and negatives of every aspect of the city.

3. George W. Lederer (1861–1939), American theatrical producer and originator of the word "vaudeville."

4. See Chap. 1, Note 30.

5. See Chap. 1, Note 14.

6. Gabrielle Réjane (1856–1920), French actress, equally gifted in comic and tragic roles, enjoyed considerable popularity in both England and America. See Byron's photograph of Madame Réjane, p. 243.

34. BURR McINTOSH: PHOTOGRAPHER OF FADS AND FANCIES

1. M. J. Steffens, Chicago photographer specializing in social celebrities. See Sidney Allan, "The Well-Made Print—Steffens," *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* (Nov. 1906):43: 498–500.

2. See Chap. 29, Note 4.

3. McIntosh was publisher of the *Burr McIntosh Monthly* (1903–1910), a journal reflecting his interest in society, sports, and mass culture.

35. GUIDO REY: A MASTER OF DETAIL COMPOSITION

1. See Chap. 6, Note 8.

2. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema (1863–1912), Dutch-English painter of classical subjects.

3. Pierre Oliver Joseph Coomans (1816–1889), Belgian painter of genre and historical subjects.

4. See Sidney Allan, "A Plea for Straight Photography," *American Amateur Photographer* 16 (March 1904):101–09. See also Chap. 11.

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36. ALVIN LANGDON COBURN: SECESSION PORTRAITURE

1. See Sidney Allan, "The One-Print Exhibition," *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 44 (May 1907):217–19.

2. W. H. Partridge, a member of the Lens and Brush Club of Boston (see *Photo-Era* 14 [April 1904]:217–19).

3. Eugene Carrière (1859–1906), French painter with misty, monochromatic style, known for melancholic atmosphere and maternal subject matter.

4. The Harris portrait appeared as the frontispiece for Sidney Allan, "A Plea for Straight Photography," p. 101.

37. RUDOLF DÜHRKOOP: A GERMAN PICTORIALIST

1. Probably a typographical error for Franz Grainer. Hartmann discussed the work of the German photographer Franz Grainer (1871–1948) in Sidney Allan, "Composition in Portraiture—On the Arrangement of Groups," *Wilson's Photographic Magazine* 45 (Oct. 1908):453–59.

2. Albert Edward Sterner (1863–1946), American portrait painter and book and magazine illustrator. See Hartmann's essay on Sterner in his column, "Art and Artists," *Musical America* 1 (Nov. 1898):31.

3. See Chap. 10, Note 13.

4. See Chap. 10, Note 13.

5. Henry Rankin Poore (1859–1940), author of *Pictorial Composition and Critical Judgment of Pictures.*

6. Alon Bement (1878–1954), painter, educator, and author of *Figure Composition* (New York, Chicago: The Gregg Publishing Co., 1921).

7. Otto Walter Beck (1864–1938), art and photographic critic. Author of *Art Principles in Portrait Photography* (Chicago: The Photo-Beacon Co., 1897–1899).

8. F. Dundas Todd (1858–1926), editor of *The Photo-Beacon* and author of *A Reference Book in Practical Photography* (Chicago: The Photo-Beacon Co., 1897–99).

38. E. S. CURTIS: PHOTO-HISTORIAN

1. Edward S. Curtis, *The North American Indian* (Seattle: E. S. Curtis; Cambridge: The University Press, 1907–1930), 20 vol.

2. See Chap. 13, Note 8.

3. See Chap. 7, Note 7.

4. Adolf Schreyer (1826–1899), German painter, primarily of military scenes, mostly involving cavalry, and of North African scenes, featuring Arabian horses.

5. Carl [Karl] Ferdinand Wimar (1829–1863), German-born American painter, who worked in St. Louis, and sketched various frontier scenes along the Missouri River.

6. Walter Shirlaw (1838–1932), American painter, muralist, and illustrator, who painted the Crow and Northern Cheyenne, while serving as a special agent on the U.S. Census of 1890 of the Indians.

7. Gilbert Gaul (1855–1932), American painter and illustrator, known for his battle scenes. In September, 1890, while serving as a special agent on the U.S. Census of Indians, Gaul painted a portrait of Sitting Bull a few months before the chieftain's death.

8. William de la Montagne Cary (1840–1922), prominent western illustrator of the 1850s and 1860s, who captured many phases of frontier life. His work appeared in *Harper's Weekly, Leslie's Weekly, Scribner's,* and other magazines.

9. Henry T. Farny (1847–1916), American painter and illustrator, who had studios in Cincinnati, and made a specialty of Indian portraits and drawings.

10. Edwin Willard Deming (1860–1942), American painter, whose first training as a professional artist occurred in 1887 when he visited the Apaches and the Pueblos in the Southwest and the Umatillas in Oregon. De Cost Smith and Deming traveled together in the 1890s, sketching the Sioux and Crow Indians.

11. E. W. D. Hamilton (1862–?), Boston painter, best known for his painting titled "Canal, Venice" in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

12. Not identified by the editors.

13. De Cost Smith (1864–1939), American painter, who lived among various Indian tribes, including the Sioux, Crow, Omaha, and Winnebago, studying their customs and languages and painting and sketching them.

14. See Chap. 6, Note 5. Although living most of his life in France and best known for his genre scenes of Brittany, Mosler visited Santa Fe in 1886 with two commissions for Indian paintings.

15. Both Gertrude Käsebier and Elias Goldensky made a number of portraits of Indians. Käsebier's best known Indian portrait is titled "Lone Bear."

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39. PIRIE MacDONALD: PSYCHOLOGY IN PORTRAITURE

1. See Chap. 1, Note 13.

2. See Chap. 1, Note 5.

3. See Chap. 1, Note 18.

4. Jacob Riis (1849–1914), noted journalist and reformer, who in waging battle against conditions in New York tenements first enlisted photography as a weapon in reform. His *How the Other Half Lives* (1890) resulted in child labor laws, elimination of New York's worst slum, and other reforms.

40. BESSIE BEUHRMANN: UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE SECESSION

1. Hartmann's first extended visit to Elbert Hubbard's semi-communal Roycroft colony at East Aurora, New York, occurred in the summer of 1907. He participated in a socialist symposium on the night of July 13, which featured Hartmann and Carl Sandburg as guest speakers. Between 1911 and 1916 Hartmann lived intermittently at East Aurora, where he undertook ghost-writing assignments for Hubbard. It was there he met his second wife, Lillian Bonham. See Charles Hamilton, "The Roycroft Period: Hartmann, Hubbard, and East Aurora," *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter* 2 (Spring 1907):1–5.

2. See Chap. 11, Note 15.

3. See "Sadakichi Hartmann," a portrait by Edward J. Steichen, *Camera Work*, No. 7 (July 1904), [4].

41. MEREDITH JANVIER: WITH A RUSH

1. In 1872 George Davison and other artistic photographers seceded from the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain and founded the Linked Ring Brotherhood, whose international exhibitions were the most important events in the photographic world up to 1914.

2. William Notman (1826–1891), Canada's first internationally known photographer; his studio, William Notman and Son, was based in Montreal and had branches in several cities, including New York and Boston.

42. F. BENEDICT HERZOG: A MASTER OF DECORATIVE COMPOSITION

1. See Christian Brinton, "Herzog's Decorative Photographs," *The Century Magazine* 44 (May 1907):51–57.

2. See Chap. 1, Note 34.

3. Anthony Adam-Salomon (1818–1881), Parisian photographer who contributed outstanding portraits of contemporary celebrities to the *Galerie Contemporaine*.

4. Oscar G. Rejlander (1813–1875), great Swedish photographer, noted for his allegorical compositions.

43. FREDERICK L. MONSEN: THE STAMP OF REALITY

1. See Chap. 38, Note 6.

2. See Chap. 38, Note 7. Hartmann is alluding to their role as special agents in the U.S. Census of 1890 of Indians.

3. See Chap. 38, Note 4.

4. See Chap. 38, Note 5.

5. See Chap. 38, Note 8.

6. See Chap. 38, Note 9.

7. See Chap. 38, Note 10.

8. See Chap. 38, Note 12.

9. Charles Schreyvogel (1861–1912), American painter, most of whose canvasses dealt with cavalry soldiers on the frontier. He was catapulted into sudden popularity at the turn of the century for his painting "My Bunkie" (1899).

10. Frederick Remington (1861–1902), the best known and greatest of all American painters and illustrators of the Old West.

11. See Chap. 38, Note 13.

12. See Chap. 7, Note 7.

13. Louis B. Akin (1868–1913), American painter who specialized in Indians and decorated the Southwestern Room at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

14. See Chap. 38, Note 14.

15. William de Leftwich Dodge (1867–1935), American mural painter, known for his classic themes and ornate decorative compositions. See Hartmann's discussion of Dodge in his column, "Art and Artists," *Musical America* 1 (December 10, 1898):39.

16. Henry Kirke Bush-Brown (1857–1935), sculptor, best known for his "Indian Buffalo Hunt," exhibited at the Chicago Exposition of 1893.

17. Cyrus Edwin Dallin (1861–1944), American sculptor,

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particularly of Indian subjects. His works include two equestrian statues, "The Medicine Man" and "A Signal for Peace," and the life-size nude "The Indian Hunter." See Hartmann's *Modern American Sculpture* (New York: The Architectural Book Company, 1918).

18. Hermon Atkins MacNeil (1907–?), American sculptor, who executed many monuments and assisted in the decoration of buildings for the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893.

19. See Chap. 13, Note 8.

20. Ferdinand Harvey Lungren (1872–1932), American magazine illustrator.

21. See Monsen's own essay, "Picturing Indians with the Camera," *Photo-Era* 25 (Oct. 1910):165–72. See also Monsen's "The Colorado Desert and the Colorado Delta," *Camera Craft* 5 (May 1902):1–8.

45. MAUDE WILSON: POET OF SUNSHINE AND MIST

1. Leon Dabo (1868–1960), American landscape and mural painter.

2. Edmund Henry Wuerpel (1866–?), American painter.

3. Albert Pike Lucas (1862?–1945), American painter and sculptor.

46. J. E. MOCK: A STUDY IN BACKGROUNDS

1. See Chap. 6, Note 12.

2. Bullard is probably a typographical error for Bullock. See Chap. 10, Note 11.

3. See Chap. 37, Notes 5 and 7.

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SADAKICHI HARTMANN: A PHOTOGRAPHIC BIBLIOGRAPHY

Extensive as this bibliography of Sadakichi Hartmann's photographic writings may appear, there are still areas which might profitably yield further citations. Several foreign and American periodicals were not available to us for consultation or were seen only in broken runs. In addition, no thorough search was made of newspapers. Scrapbooks in the Wistaria Hartmann Linton Collection at the University of California, Riverside, indicate that Hartmann wrote about the arts for newspapers in many major American cities. Undoubtedly, some of these newspapers contain articles by Hartmann on photography.

Although many articles on arts other than photography are included here, such entries are confined to those appearing in photographic periodicals, such as *Camera Notes* and *Camera Work*, where Hartmann was writing for an essentially photographic audience. Although ostensibly about other arts, such essays are often concerned with the relationship between art and photography—a relationship which Hartmann particularly explored in *The Whistler Book* (1910). The wisest course in selection, therefore, appeared to be to include all publications by Hartmann from the photographic press.

The first section of the bibliography contains all articles written by Hartmann under his own name or pseudonyms; all unsigned articles attributed to Hartmann are presented in the second section. Publications by other authors in which Hartmann is mentioned and those of an associational nature are presented in the third section. Often a brief annotation in brackets follows an entry to clarify a source of possible confusion or to provide additional information. Essays appearing in the text of this volume are noted with an asterisk preceding the entry, which is then followed by a bracketed reference to the chapter number.

The bibliography would not have been possible without the aid and encouragement of many people. I particularly wish to thank the General Reference and Humanities Staff of the New York Public Library for two years of continuous assistance in compiling bibliographic data. I also want to express appreciation to the reference staffs of the San Francisco Public Library, the Los Angeles Public Library, the University of California Library at Berkeley, the University of Texas Library at Austin, the Boston Public Library, the Library of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the Library Company of Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Historical Society, the St. Louis Public Library, the University of Southern California Library, and the Riverside Public Library.

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—MICHAEL J. ELDERMAN

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———. "The Works of Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jr." *The Photo American* 15 (July 1904):195–99.

———. "Younger American Painters." *Camera Work*, No. 31 (July 1910), pp. 47–49. [Exhibition, Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth Avenue, New York.]

HARTMANN, SADAKITCIII [sic]. "The Photo-Secession: A New Pictorial Movement." *The Craftsman* 6 (Apr. 1904):30–37.

HARTMANN, SADATICHI [sic]. "Die Kunst-Photographie in ihrer Beziehung zur Malerei." *Sonntags-blatt der N.Y. Staats-Zeitung*, Jan. 30, 1898, p. 17, cols. 1–6. [Hartmann's earliest known article on photography as a fine art. See Breuer, Hans-Peter (below).]

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KLINGSOR, THE MAGICIAN. [Pseud.] "Our Second Pilgrimage." *Camera Work*, No. 33 (Jan. 1911), p. 72. [On the Photo-Secession Exhibition at Buffalo.]

———. "A Pilgrimage to the Secession Shrine at Pittsburg." *Camera Work*, No. 6 (Apr. 1904), pp. 54–56.

S. H. [Initials only.] "Dawn Flowers." *Camera Work*, No. 2 (Apr. 1903), p. 29. [A poem dedicated to Maurice Maeterlinck, suggested by Steichen's photograph of the same title.]

———. "De Zayas." *Camera Work*, No. 2 (Apr. 1903), pp. 31–33.

———. "Dolor." *Camera Work*, No. 2 (Apr. 1903), p. 35. [A poem suggested by Steichen's photograph of the same title.]

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———. "To the 'Flat-Iron.'" *Camera Work*, No. 4 (Oct. 1903), p. 40. [Poem.]

———. "Visions of the Nude." *Camera Work*, No. 31 (July 1910), pp. 29–31.

UNSIGNED. "A Branch of Cherry Blossoms." *Camera Work*, No. 29 (Jan. 1910), pp. 21–22. [Firmly attributed to Hartmann on the basis of a list prepared by him ca. 1940 of articles which he identified as his own work.]

———. "The Death of Napoleon Sarony." *The Daily Tatler* 1 (11 Nov. 1896):4. [As art critic for Richard Hovey's literary magazine, Hartmann in all likelihood wrote this editorial obituary.]

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———. "Old Colonial Rooms." *Camera Work*, No. 32 (Oct. 1910), pp. 24–25. [Included by Hartmann in a list of 33 essays which he planned to publish in an anthology of his work.]

———. "The Elements of Pictorial Composition." *American Amateur Photog.* 17 (July 1905):318–24. [Attributed to Hartmann on the basis of internal textual evidence. Cf., "On Composition," *Camera Notes* 4 (Apr. 1901):257–62.]

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———. "Unphotographic Paint:—The Texture of Impressionism." *Camera Work*, No. 28 (Oct. 1909), pp. 20–23. [Initialed by Hartmann as his work in the Aileen Pringle scrapbook. See Chap. 16.]

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III. PUBLICATIONS CONTAINING MATERIAL RELATING TO SADAKICHI HARTMANN

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———. "Editorial Comment: Hartmann Again." *Abel's Photog. Weekly* 1 (22 Feb. 1908):115.

———. "Editorial Comment: Hartmann's New Attack on MacDonald." *Abel's Photog. Weekly* 2 (8 Aug. 1908):339.

———. "Editorial Comment: Prizes or No Prizes." *The Photographer* 7 (21 May 1907):51.

———. "In Passing By." *Abel's Photog. Weekly* 9 (17 Feb. 1912):571. [Announcement of Hartmann's series "An Analysis of Facial Expression."]

———. "In Passing By." *Abel's Photog. Weekly* 10 (26 Oct. 1912):387.

———. "National Convention Notes. Foremost Art Critic of Country Engaged to Give Public and Private Criticisms of Pictures at the National Convention." *Abel's Photog. Weekly* 10 (13 July 1912):32–34.

———. "The Photographer's Metropolis." *Abel's Photog. Weekly* 3 (16 Jan. 1909):75.

———. "Program of the W.Va. Convention to be Held in Wheeling, Oct. 9-10-11, 1912. *Abel's Photog. Weekly* 10 (28 Sept. 1912):293–94.

———. "The Week in Review." *Abel's Photog. Weekly* 7 (21 Jan. 1911):47–48.

ANON. Untitled article on Wistaria Hartmann Linton collection at the University of California, Riverside. *At UCR*, 1, No. 6 (Sept.-Oct. 1976), 8–9. [Includes photographs of Hartmann by J. C. Strauss, Cliff Wesselman, one sculpture by Leon Saulter, one pastel by Leslie Cauldwell, one photograph of Hartmann as the Magician in "The Thief of Bagdad," and one photograph of Hartmann with John Barrymore.]

BARROW, THOMAS F. "A Letter With Some Thoughts on Photography's Future." *Album*, No. 6 (July 1970), p. 23.

BEACH, HOWARD D. "Portrait of Sadakichi Hartmann." *Photo-Era* 29 (July, 1912):3. [Photograph.]

BEN-YÚSUF, ZAIDA. "Portrait of Sadakichi Hartmann," *Camera Notes* 3 (July 1899):8. [Photograph.]

———. "Portrait of Sadakichi Hartmann." *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter* 3 (Winter, 1972):8.

———. "Sadakichi Hartmann," *Brush and Pencil* 14 (Apr. 1904):51. [Photograph.]

BLOISS, HARRY A. "The 'Open Letter.'" *The Photographer* 8 (9 July 1907):174. [Response to Sidney Allan ltr. in June 11 issue.]

BRADLEY, A. F. "Reply to Sidney Allan's Open Letter." *Wilson's Photog. Mag.* 44 (June 1907):245. [Allan's ltr. appears in the same issue.]

BREUER, HANS-PETER (Transl.) "Sadakichi's First Photography Essay." *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter* 5 (Summer, 1974):3–6. [A reprint of Hartmann's "Art Photography in Its Relationship to Painting." See above, Hartmann, Sadakitchi (sic).]

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BURTON, HOWARD A. "A Gift for Film Theory: The Film Criticism of Sadakichi Hartmann." *Sadakichi Hartmann Newsletter* 3 (Winter, 1972):1–3.

CHALMERS, J. P. "Art Terms Explained. Definitions of Words and Phrases Used by Picture Critics and Writers on Art Subjects." *American Amateur Photog.* 19 (Jan. 1907): 11–14. [Authorship of this article was claimed by Sidney Allan.]

———. "Correspondence." *The Photographer* 7 (14 May 1907):43. [Ltr. dated 13 May 1907. Chalmers says he was "fully justified in signing" "Art Terms Explained." Says Hartmann furnished "at my request" some notes. But "fully three-fourths of the article" was Chalmers' own work.]

———. "The Facts in a Personal Matter." *American Amateur Photog. and Camera and Dark Room* 19 (May 1907):268–69.

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COBURN, ALVIN LANGDON. *A Portfolio of Sixteen Photographs.* Introduction by Nancy Newhall. Rochester, N.Y.: George Eastman House, 1962, p. 5. [Hartmann quoted twice.]

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———. "Echoes." *Saint Louis and Canadian Photog.* 29 (Nov. 1905):497–98.

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"Doug Discovers New Types for 'Bagdad.'" *Camera!* 6 (23 June 1923):13. [On the casting of Hartmann as the Chinese prince in "The Thief of Bagdad."]

DRINNON, ROBERT. *Rebels in Paradise: A Biography of Emma Goldman.* New York: Harper/Colophon Books, 1976, pp. 62, 99.

EDENS, STEPHANIE T. "The Silent Decade[:] 1900–1910. Chronology." *Art in America* 61 (July-August 1973):32–33. [Hartmann is mentioned as having written *The History of American Art.*]

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———. "Camera Work, No. 6." [Review.] *American Amateur Photog.* 16 (Apr. 1904):186.

———. "Camera Work, No. 21." [Review.] *British Jour. of Photog.* 55 (31 Jan. 1908):89.

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———. "Sadakichi Hartmann Here." *Camera Craft* 23 (Dec. 1916):504. [Brief announcement of Hartmann's move to San Francisco.]
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FOURNIER, PAUL. "Sidney Allen [sic]." *Photo-Era* 20 (Feb. 1908):71. [Winning Photograph in the "Professional Portrait Class" of *Photo-Era's* Fifth Annual Photographic Contest of 1907.]

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FRANK, WALDO, et al., (eds.). *America and Alfred Stieglitz*. New York: The Literary Guild, 1934, p. 83.

From 1839: Revolution in a Box. Catalogue of Exhibition. An Historical Survey of Photographica in two parts, Presented by the Art Departments at Pomona College, and the University of California, Riverside, 1973, [6.] [J. C. Strauss' portrait of Hartmann on a pedestal is included in the photographs reproduced in the catalogue.]

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GOULD, JEAN. *Winslow Homer*. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1962, p. 260. [Gould states that Winslow Homer's picture "The Lookout," which he had priced at $850 "was hailed as a 'great painting' by the most discerning of critics, Sadakichi Hartmann, and (Thomas B.) Clarke bought it soon afterward."]

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LYONS, NATHAN. (ed.). *Photographers on Photography.* Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1966, p. 13. In Collaboration with the George Eastman House, Rochester, New York.

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"If one had not been oneself, it wd. have been worthwhile being Sadakichi."—Ezra Pound

"...a grotesque etched in flesh by the drunken Goya of Heaven. A grinning, obscene gargoyle on the Temple of American letters. Super-bum. Half God, half Hooligan, all artist."—Benjamin de Casseres

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I HAD SEEN *them depart on their great mission, those valiant knights of Daguerre, Amfortas–Stieglitz, suffering from acute pictorialitis; Gurnemanz–Keiley, his faithful friend and adviser; Titurel–Steichen, whose pictures were not quite immaculate enough to prove him the best photographer in the world; and young Parsifal–Coburn, who but recently started from Ipswich in quest of the Grail— I had seen them depart, fully armed with kodaks and cameras, on their perilous journey over the Allegheny Mountains to open the Secession Shrine at Pittsburgh, leaving me behind with deep yearnings in my heart. Imagine my ecstatic joy when I received a telegram which read as follows: "The Shrine will be opened tomorrow. Take the next train and join us. Money enclosed. We can not do without you. We need somebody to write us up." So I sharpened my pencil, took my dress-suit out of pawn, packed both into my suit-case which had led a dream-like existence in the garret, as my traveling of late consisted largely of "L" trips in the rush hours, seized it with a grim grip, bade farewell to my wife and off-spring, and set forth on my nocturnal pilgrimage.*

SADAKICHI HARTMANN, 1902

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